



THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

HOMOMETRICALLY TRANSLATED.

BY

C. B. CAYLEY,

Translator of Dante's "Comedy," &c.

ARMA GRAVI NUMERO, VIOLENTAQUE BELLA PARABAM,
EDERE, MATERIA CONVENIENTE MODIS.—*Ovid.*



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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE,

—— Colla bella Scola

Di quel Signor, dell' Altissimo Canto,
Che sovra gli altri, come Aquila, vola.

* * * * *

—— Per esser giusto e pio

Salito a tanta gloria.

(*Il "Cantor della Rettitudine."*—DANTE.)



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P R E F A C E.

DONS, undergraduates, essayists, and public, I ask you,
Are these hexameters true-tim'd, or Klopstockish uproar,
Like "Wie's den tausendmal Tausend der Todten Gottes einst seyn
wird,"

Or like "that wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark mountains,"
Where "they found Andromeden and Persea, fairest of mortals?"
Such measure I'd never hear! sooner blank-verse chloroform me,
Seesaw me couplets, gape for me sooner, immense Earth!

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THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK I.

THE STRIFE OF THE LEADERS.

MUSE, of Pelidéan Achilles sing the resentment
Ruinous, who brought down many thousand griefs on Achaïans,
And untimely banish'd many souls to the mansion of Hades
Of warriors puissant, them making a booty for hounds and
5 All manner of prey-birds, wherein Jove's will was accomplish'd
From that time forward, when first was in enmity parted
Atrides, king of hosts, from Jove-examplimg Achilles.

To strife and bickerings will ye hear what deity mov'd them ?
'Twas Jove's and Leto's offspring, wi' the king when offended,
10 Sent a fell infection, whence heaps fell on heaps in his army.
This wrought he for a priest, whom lord Agamemnon affronted,
For Chryses, who had hied to swift war-ships of Achaïans
His daughter to redeem, and bearing a ransom enormous ;
Holding aloft wool-wreaths in his hand of th' archer Apollo,
15 On gold sceptre attach'd, he pray'd to the banded Achaïans
And the two Atridæ foremost, folk-marshalling heroes :
" Hear me, O Atridæ, O Achaïans well to the greaves arm'd ;
May the divine denizens of Olympus not disappoint you
Of Priam's city sack'd, or of homeward safely returning ;
20 But my dear daughter restore me, and here have a ransom ;
Show reverence to the child of Jove, far-shooting Apollo."

Then the common murmurs proclaim'd the desire of Achaïans,
Showing honor to the priest, to receive so splendid a ransom.

Not so at all minded prov'd Atreus-born Agamemnon,
 25 Who with grim menaces dismiss'd, and sternly rebuk'd him :
 "Thou'dst better, old father, no more be taken amongst us
 Lingerin', or back anew wending to the barks hollow-built,
 Lest not a whit wool-wreaths o' the god, nor sceptre avail thee.
 And I'll not give her up, be assur'd, ere Age cometh o'er her,
 30 Far from her own birthplace, within our habitation at Argos,
 In labours o' the loom employ'd, and my bed attending ;
 But go forth, irritate me not, lest hurt should arrest thee."

He spoke, and th' old man, terrefied, 'gan obey the commandment.
 Down went he in silence to the beach, where loudly the sea frets ;
 35 Lonely then he wander'd, and call'd many times on Apollo,
 Great paramount, brought forth by Leto comelily braided.
 "Argent bow's bender, that Chryse mightily guardest,
 Great lord through Tenedos, through Killa's bounds hallow'd-holy,
 Hear me, if I've garnish'd thy beautiful halidom, hear me,
 40 If once by me upon thine altar smoke hath ascended
 From fat of herds or goats—this alone vouchsafe that I ask thee ;
 Let Danaans my tearshed atone, thine archery tasting."

These he utter'd praying, not unheard by Phœbus Apollo,
 Who started from Olympus's heights, with his heart full of anger,
 45 With quiver all garnish'd, and bow slung athwart his shoulders.
 Loud his arrows knister'd in rear of the Power offended,
 Answering his footfall, and like very night was his advent.
 Soon sat he over against their ships, and dreadfully signal'd,
 With that bow's argent resonance, his first arrow's onset.
 50 Their mules and dapper hounds for a while at first he assaulted,
 Then with deadly weapons he against themselves began aiming,
 Till fires from death-piles were uninterruptedly burning.

Nine full days the divine arrows hail'd i' the midst o' the wide camp ;
 Then for a great folkmote did Achilles bid them assemble ;
 55 So was his heart prompted by white-arm'd Hera, divine queen,
 Ill-brooking th' Argives to behold, who amain were a-dying.
 They being all muster'd, and in fitting order assembled,
 Rose i' the midst, and spoke the rapid-footed hero, Achilles :
 "Twere better Atrides, methinks, for us all to push homewards ;
 60 If so 'tis possible to 'scape from death, for if haply

Pest and war should alike consume these hosts of Achaians—
 But go to, let us ask some priest, or reader of omens,
 Or dream-expounder, for a dream's from Jupiter also,
 Why wrath is kindled in Phœbus's heart thus against us.
 65 Is 't unutter'd orisons, hecatombs unpaid, that he urges ?
 Might he be entreated, from goats or bulls on inhaling
 Savour of untainted sacrifice, to remit this affliction ?”

So said he, and sat down ; whereat then arose up among them
 Thestoridan Calchas, well vers'd above all men in omens,
 70 Knowing that which is, and hath been, and is to be after.
 He was it, who guided Troywards the fleet of Achaia
 All with his art's prescience, given him by Phœbus Apollo.
 He, with a friend's bearing, now arose, and thus 'gan address them :
 “ Thou would'st have me affirm, O Achilles, dear to supreme Jove,
 75 Why the divine marksman, Phœbus, thus against us is anger'd :
 I'll utter it therefore ; but swear, and make me a protest,
 Thou wilt be strenuous by word and deed to protect me.
 Scarce might I not offend, I trow, that person amongst us
 Who now reigns paramount, and most is obey'd by Achaians.
 80 Sure the strife of a king with a meaner wight is unequal !
 Even if he swallow down his wrath for a while, or appear to,
 Yet with him he'll keep it, not appeas'd, till occasion arriveth,
 Deep in his heart's chambers ; speak therefore, wilt thou uphold me ?”
 Him then in answer address'd the rapid-footed hero, Achilles :
 85 “ Speak the divine oracles, whatso thou know'st, with assurance,
 For by Apollo belov'd of Jove, whose power evoking,
 Thou tell'st us Danaans, Calchas, the behests of immortals,
 No man, whilst yet alive I view day's brightness aboveground,
 Shall from amongst Argives with a hand ungente approach thee,
 90 Though thou shouldst Agamemnon arraign, who deems of a surety
 Himself now paramount amid all these hosts of Achaians.”
 Then rose up to speak, unappall'd, that consummate augur :
 “ 'Tis no pray'r, no vow'd hecatomb, that he urgeth against us,
 But for a priest chides he ; that priest Agamemnon affronted,
 95 Not brooking to release his child, nor taking a ransom.
 'Tis for this the divine marksman sends evil amongst us,
 And will send further, nor at all check his hand's heavy working,
 Till to her own parent that maid swift-glancing is handed,
 Unbought, unransom'd, with a great hecatomb carried after

- 100 To Chryse ; so appeas'd he again may chance to befriend us."
 So said he, and sat down ; then in anger rose up among them
 That lord of regions, th' Atreïan heir, Agamemnon,
 With vitals gathering dusk gall, with his eyes enkindled ;
 And, first on Calchas inimically fast'ning his aspect,
 105 Cried, " Prophet of mischief, lucky word from thee never heard I !
 Thy spirit is gratified always by an evil announcement,
 And good things never are spoken by thee, nor accomplish'd.
 Now then among Danaans, i' the name of the god, thou averrest
 'Tis for this the divine marksman sends evil amongst us,
 110 That 'gainst yon bondmaid, Chryseïs, a ransom enormous
 I choose not to receive, but rather at home to retain her,
 Since o'er Clytemnestra, my own bed's plighted associate,
 She wins my preference, nor at all inferior is she
 In body, nor feature, nor mind, nor works of adroitness.
 115 Yet why not restore her, if I'm convinc'd it is equal ?
 I'd see this people well at ease, not see them a-dying ;
 But then a new portion find me, that alone of Achaians
 I go not prizeless, since who could think of it even ?
 Now that ye all witness, my prize is a new way awarded."
 120 Answer'd him straightway the rapid-footed hero, Achilles :
 " Sublime Atrides, above all men fiercely rapacious !
 Where would'st thou get a portion among mickle-hearted Achaians ?
 Sure there's no common hoard we know so wealthily furnish'd ;
 When cities are ransack'd, their spoils are parted amongst us,
 125 And to scrape them up out o' this host would scarcely beseeem thee.
 Nay, give her up rather to the god this time ; we Achaians
 Will triple and fourfold indemnity grant thee, if only
 Jove ever of Trojan palaces the spoil should afford us."
 Made answer straightway the commander of hosts, Agamemnon :
 130 " Do not, though valorous thou be, superhuman Achilles,
 Argue against judgment, for it ill can avail to defraud me.
 Thou, thy prize keeping, threat'nest of mine to deprive me,
 For thou sayst, ' Give her up ! ' nay, let mickle-hearted Achaians
 Unto my own liking then afford me a gift that is equal.
 135 But say they will not ! from thee perchance then, or Ajax,
 Must I go to bring off my guerdon, or else from Ulysses ;
 And the man I come upon, doubtless will account it a grievance !
 But these for later counsels ! Now tow'rd the superb sea
 We'll have a dusk galley drawn, with rowers fitly provided,

- 140 And put a great hecatomb inside, and lead then aboard it
 Sweet-hued Chryseïs : we'll have to direct it an able
 Ruler, as Idomeneus, Ajax, or noble Ulysses,
 Or thee, Pelides, thou most astounding of all men,
 Who'll with hallow'd service to the far-off worker atone us."
- 145 Then swift Pelides obliquely beholding him, answer'd :
 "Ah wight pelf-hearted, with boundless effrontery furnish'd !
 How shall thy mandate be obey'd by a single Achaian
 With willing heart henceforth on a march, or manfully fighting ?
 For sure Troy's spearmen to the wars here no whit aroused me ;
- 150 They never have driven off my kine, or robb'd me of horses !
 They never have Phthie deep-geleb'd, host-nurturing, enter'd,
 And laid lands desolate ; well enough they're held at a distance
 With many broad-shadowing mountains, many surging waters.
 We for thy solace only follow'd, man of hateful assurance,
- 155 That thou mayst win honor from Trojans with Menelaus,
 Thou that of all takest no thought or notice, O hound's-face !
 Lo now, thou threat'nest thyself of a prize to bereave me,
 Earn'd with sore labours, bestow'd by sons of Achaïans ;
 But not a prize equal with thine to me e'er is awarded,
- 160 When cities of Trojans, well-mann'd, we Achæi have enter'd ;
 Nay, but pre-eminently my hands upbear the direction
 Of surgeful conflict, but if e'er we come to the parting
 Of plunder, thou'st more by a deal, and I to the navy
 With little and glad of it come back, with combating outspent.
- 165 Now then am I starting for Phthie, since to push homeward
 With barks prow-curling, 'twould appear, is most to the purpose ;
 And if thou tarriest disdain'd, thou'lt hardly be henceforth
 Of riches and foison sucking up such a superabundance."
- 170 Answer'd him straightway the commander of hosts, Agamemnon :
 "Flee then if it gratifies thine humor ; think not I ask thee
 For my sake to remain ; I'll have many more yet about me,
 Perchance mine honorers, and wisest Jove above all things.
 Sure above all sovereigns Jove-nurtur'd hateful I hold thee,
 For bickerings, contest, and strife are dear to thee always.
- 175 Great may thy strength be, but a gift of a god's I account it.
 Go with thy galleys home, and take thy company with thee,
 And thy Myrmidonēs control ; I reckon not about thee,
 Nor mind thy stormings ; and mark, what threats I read thee !
 Since of this damsel, Chryseïs, Apollo deprives me,

- 180 I'll send her with my galley now, with my men about her,
 To Chryse : but come will I eke to the tent, to set hands on
 Sweet-hued Briseis, thy guerdon, if only to show thee
 How much I am greater than thou, that charier henceforth
 Men may grow to set up themselves and front me as equals."
- 185 So said he, and ended ; but stung to the quick was Achilles,
 Two counsels in his heart's shaggy lair for mastery coping,
 His good sword to pluck out from his hip, to repel the beholders,
 And to kill Atrides, or again, give truce to resentment,
 And rein his spirit in ; thus his heart and mind in him argued.
- 190 Whilst his good broadsword from sheath was emerging, Athena
 Came from heaven, prompted by white-arm'd Hera, divine queen,
 Who those two men alike favor'd and dearly regarded :
 She, standing to the rear, by his head's yellow hair took Achilles,
 By him alone witness'd ; to the rest she was not apparent.
- 195 Marvell'd Pelides, and turn'd on her, and was aware of
 Pallas Athēnaïë ; for her eyes on him awfully fasten'd ;
 And his voice lifting, with wing-borne words he address'd her :
 " Birth of Jove Gorgon-buckler'd, what means thy arrival ?
 Wouldst witness the presumption of Atreus-born Agamemnon ?
- 200 This to thee I'll tell though, deeming the result shall avouch it ;
 He'll ere long spill his own heart's blood by his over-assurance."
 Him the goddess thereat bespoke, bright-glancing Athena :
 " I came thine anger to refrain, if thou be obedient,
 Down from heaven, prompted by white-arm'd Hera, divine queen,
- 205 Who you two men alike favors, and dearly regards you.
 Come, cease from contest ; keep not thine hand to the sword-hilt ;
 With words I grant thee, to thy own content, to rebuke him,
 But to thee I promise here, and well the result shall avouch it,
 That double and threefold of splendid gifts shall await thee
- 210 For this browbeating ; pause, and be rul'd by us only."
 Answer'd her straightway the rapid-footed hero, Achilles :
 " Needs must I to the words of you twain, O goddess, hearken,
 Although sorely within displeas'd, sith it only behoves me.
 Who to the gods yieldeth, they'll surely give ear to him also."
- 215 Resting against argent sword-handle his hand's heavy seizure,
 Here ceas'd he, then again to the sheath restor'd his immense
 blade ;
 Nor disobey'd Pallas ; she had already made for Olympus,

- Where Jove dwells Gorgon-buckler'd, where dwells the divine kin.
 Then the son of Peleus with words of rancor accosted
 220 Atrides, for he had not at all dismiss'd yet his anger :
 " Wine-bibber, whose aspect is a dog's, whose heart is a roe's heart,
 Who 'mid this people never hast endur'd to don armour
 Or sit in ambuscade, compass'd wi' the best of Achaians ;
 No ! for thy spirit halts where grim destruction appeareth,
 225 And thou'st more profit hence, when amongst wide-camping
 Achaians
 Thou go'st round, snatching up prizes, should a man gainsay thee,
 Folk-ravening sovereign, while 'tis poltroons that obey thee—
 Else were thy latest outrage, Agamemnon, accomplish'd.
 Yet mark my protest ; for an oath of might shall avouch it—
 230 Yea, by this sceptre, which again shall spread never henceforth
 In boughs, nor greenshoots (for of old its trunk on a mountain
 Lies sunder'd), nor burgeon anew, since brass hath around it
 Its leaves all and bark cut away—now sons of Achaians
 Bear it in hand, judgments dispensing, namely, the guardians
 235 Of Jove's high mandates (lo, an oath of might to suffice thee),
 Surely to this people shall a craving come for Achilles,
 Unto them all and each ; nor at all thine hearty repentance
 Shall work their rescue, when a crowd by slaughtering Hector
 Sinks perishing ; then amain thou'lt rive thine heart with annoyance,
 240 Thou, that couldst not honor more wisely the best of Achaians."

- So spoke Pelides ; then he hurl'd to the ground his sceptre
 Gold-spik'd, and sat again ; meantime Agamemnon on his part
 Was raging ; thereat Nestor rose over against them,
 Soft-spoken Nestor, Pylos's clear-toned haranguer,
 245 Whose mouth of parlance honey-sweet was a fountain abateless.
 Already he'd witness'd the decline of two generations
 Of men confabulant, from his own coeval associates,
 In sacred Pylian confines ; yea, a third now obey'd him.
 He, with a friend's bearing, now arose, and thus 'gan address them :
 250 " Ah me, great mourning for Achaian land is appointed !
 These were glad tidings for Priamus and for his offspring ;
 And his other Trojans would at heart be dearly delighted,
 Could they but be aware of this contention amongst you,
 You two, pre-eminent in conclave over Achaians,
 255 And in fight likewise ; but now be rul'd by an elder,

- Both of ye. I whilom, of a truth, have walk'd among heroes
 By you scarce equall'd, nor did they lightly regard me.
 What men have I witness'd, what men can I hope to behold yet,
 Like as Pirithous, Dryas, pastors of a people,
 260 Cæneus, Exadius, Polyphemus, peer of immortals,
 Ægidan Theseus, most like as a god to set eyes on?
 Lo, these were strongest upon earth in man's generations,
 Mighty beyond utterance, and fought with mighty resisters,
 With mountain-stabling demi-brutes, and frightfully quell'd them.
 265 And I among these men mingled, and they, for a comrade,
 From Pylian confines, from a far peninsula call'd me;
 And I fought, as it in me lay; but against such opponents
 There's none among mortals, nowadays, could make a resistance.
 Yet did they meditate my word, they obey'd my counsel;
 270 Be rul'd you, likewise, in a way such as only behoves you.
 Think not thou, matchless paramount, o' the maid to deprive him,
 But leave his guerdon, given him by sons of Achaians.
 And thou, Pelides, to the king be loth to oppose thee
 At manifest variance; for there's no glory that equals
 275 That sceptred sovereign's, whose worship Jove hath assign'd him.
 And be thou stronger, be thy mother also immortal—
 Nath'less he is greater, for a greater people obeys him.
 Atrides, put aside thy wrath; and I will Achilles
 Implore from rancour to desist, who of all us Achaians
 280 Is chiefest bulwark, to resist war's hateful approaches."
 Hereat made answer the commander of hosts, Agamemnon:
 "Yea, veteran, true is all thou say'st, and timelily noted;
 But this man would others place under him all, to give orders
 And be king to them all, which I hold he scarce will accomplish
 285 Or prompt us to give in to. What if the supernal immortals
 Made him a good spearman, must all foul speech be allowed him?"
 Then spoke out, cutting off his words, the divine man Achilles:
 "Yea, call me craven, poltroon, if I 'ield to thee always,
 Whatso thou threat'nest; look about elsewhere for allegiance!
 290 'Tis little henceforward thou wilt be obey'd by Achilles.
 And mark this likewise, to revolve it deeply within thee—
 Take your gifts back again; mine hand's not rais'd for a female
 'Gainst thee, 'gainst any man; but apart from her, aught I am owning
 By yon ship rapid and dark-hull'd, myself not allowing,
 295 Thou shalt not carry thence, nor snatch, be assur'd o' this only;

And if not, come, attempt it ; amid this people I ask thee !
Thy dusk blood would about my lance very soon be streaming."

- They, when this contest of words inimical had ended,
Rose both, and led away from Achaian ships that assembly ;
300 Down went Pelides to the beach and th' equally-built'd
Ships, with his own followers and with the Menœtiad hero.
But the king Atrides a swift vessel on the superb sea
Bade launch out straightway, whereon should twenty selected
Rowers mount, with a great hecatomb, for Phœbus appointed,
305 And sweet-hued Chryseïs, aboard ; then he also among them
Sent, as chief captain singled, the deviceful Ulysses.
So these all got aboard, and forth to the paths o' the surges.
Hereupon Atreides ordain'd to the people a cleansing,
Who cleans'd their persons, and cast to the sea their ablutions.
310 Then to the god Phœbus, with goats and bulls well elected,
They made great offerings, close unto the sea's barren acres,
Whence, coil'd in smoke-jets, to the welkin a savour ascended.
Thus was his host therefore occupied ; meantime Agamemnon
Gave not up his threat'nings, the which erst he'd aimed at Achilles,
315 But forth calling a pair of heralds and trusted attendants,
By name Eurybates and Talthybius, thus he urg'd them :
" Go to the tent, you twain, of Pelidean Achilles,
Thence to remove sweet-hued Briseis, her hands within your hands.
See whether he'll give her up, whether he'll have me come about her
320 With many good followers, which might still worse for him answer."
So said he, and urg'd them with a word of fear added after ;
They much misliking, went down to the sea's barren acres,
And to the Myrmidonēs their tents and ships were approaching.
Him then anon found they, near tent and black galley seated ;
325 Nor joy'd Pelides to behold them, as over against him,
Shame-fast and reverent they stood, nor durst yet accost him,
Nor press on him, till, of all well aware, he thus 'gan address
them :
" Hail, O heralds, delegates of mortals and the supreme Jove !
Draw near ; 'tis not against you at all, but against Agamemnon
330 I chide, on Briseis' account, if you here for him enter.
But go, Jove-nurtur'd Patroclus, lead her away now
For these men to receive, who'll faithful witness accord me
'Fore the divine aspects, and 'fore death-amenable earthlings,

And to this hard-dealing paramount, should a need be hereafter
 335 Felt of me, to repel from his host uncomely disaster,
 Not from him, who's goaded by a mood so fatally frantic—
 Since he knows not a whit to look out to the rear or vanward,
 So that safely before their ships may fight yon Achaians.”—

He spoke ; and Patroclus obey'd his dear fellow-champion,
 340 And led that sweet-hued Briseis abroad to the tent-door,
 And gave her to the twain, to remove to the ships of Achæa ;
 So with small readiness she started, by them attended.
 But, from his whole fellowship parted, sat weeping Achilles,
 Nigh to the white breakers, looking out to the sea's livid heavings,
 345 And with his hands outstretch'd, invoc'd his dear mother hotly :
 “ O mother, who barest, barest me born to die early,
 Fairly to my portion the supernal shaker of lightnings
 Ow'd honor and privilege ; now he 'ields me no reputation,
 Since yon great paramount, th' Atreïan heir, Agamemnon,
 350 Browbeats me, for he holds my prize in his own grip arrested.”

These he utter'd praying, till his own august mother heard him
 Where she sat, with her ancient sire, i' the depths o' the waters :
 Like as a mist riseth, she rose rapid out o' the white surf,
 Sat next her son adown, whose tears were thickly descending,
 355 And on his head set her hands, and stroking his hair, thus
 address'd him :

“ My child, why sorrowing ? what grief thy bosom hath enter'd ?
 Speak out ; why cover up thy mind ? let me know it also.”
 And uttering deep groans, answer'd her swift son Achilles :
 “ Thou know'st it—what have I to reveal when nought can elude
 thee ?

360 We reach'd Eëtion's Thebæ, that great city sacred ;
 Her spoils we ransack'd, and forth we brought them amongst us :
 Then the sum and substance was shar'd to the sons of Achaians,
 And to king Atrides sweet-hued Chryseïs awarded.
 Then came down Chryses, priest of far-shooting Apollo,
 365 His daughter to redeem, and bearing a ransom enormous.
 He to swift galleys hied of brazen-plated Achaians,
 Holding aloft wool-wreaths in his hand of th' archer Apollo,
 On gold sceptre attach'd, and pray'd to the banded Achaians
 And the two Atridæ foremost, folk-marshalling heroes.

- 370 Then the common murmurs proclaim'd the desire of Achaïans,
 Showing honor to the priest, to receive so splendid a ransom.
 Not so at all minded prov'd Atreus-born Agamemnon,
 Who with grim menaces dismiss'd, and sternly rebuk'd him.
 Home went that greybeard, much aggriev'd, whom Phœbus Apollo
- 375 Heard, for he held him dear; therefore he sent upon Argives
 Evil arrows, whereby fell in heaps our people on all sides,
 Shafts o' the god visiting throughout the huge camp of Achaïans.
 But the divine purpose did Phœbus's augur announce us,
 And foremost among all I stood for making atonement;
- 380 Whereupon Atrides was aggriev'd, and hastily rising,
 Spoke many fell menaces, whereto the result well hath answer'd;
 For that lass by a well-row'd ship th' eye-nimble Achaïans
 To Chryse are carrying, with gifts for royal Apollo,
 While from my tent-door Agamemnon's folk are attending
- 385 Yon child of Brises, made mine by sons of Achaïans.
 But do thou succor, if there's hope, thy son, thy approv'd one;
 Seek the divine mountain, to supreme Jove sue for a favor,
 If Jove's heart ever hast thou pleas'd by a word or an action.
 Sure in my father's palace-halls oft-times I have heard thee,
- 390 Boast, how thou savedst, thou alone amid all the supernals,
 Jove swart-cloud-canopied, to resist uncomely disaster.
 When the divine kindreds, with among them Pallas Athena,
 Hera, Posidæon, would fain have bound him in irons—
 Thou, goddess, uprotest, from fear of chains to release him!
- 395 Yea, 'twas thou summonedst to the long-ridg'd heights of Olympus
 Yon fivescore-handed Briareus (so nam'd of immortals
 And Ægæon on earth), whose sire's not accounted his equal.
 He then by Kronides sat down, with 's prowess elated,
 And chains were set aside, for dread fell on all the supernals.
- 400 Sit yonder, tell him of these things, his knees be inarming,
 See whether he'll anywise be fain to give help to the Trojans,
 And to the ships' moorings and sea's verge cause that Achaïans
 Be driven, in 'minishing squadrons, to let each o' them amply
 By such a king benefit, to apprise of his infatuation
- 405 That lord of regions, th' Atreïan heir, Agamemnon,
 Since he could not honor more wisely the best of Achaïans."
 Him Thêtis here answer'd, whose tears were thickly descending:
 "Ah, poor son! why have I thee borne, thee born to disaster?
 O that, amid galleys here, thou couldst unscathable, unmourn'd,

- 410 Be sitting henceforward, since Fate hath a short span assign'd thee ;
 Now together short-liv'd upon earth, and woe-begone art thou !
 I've sure in palace-halls for an evil destiny borne thee.
 Yet for this thy errand I'll seek snow-crested Olympus,
 And sue Jove lavish of lightnings, if he haply will hear me.
- 415 Yet must thou for a while by thy swift ships be abiding
 And cease from combat, cherishing despite for Achaïans—
 Since Jove went last night, the divine race banded about him,
 Where Ocean's borders th' unblamable Aethiop haunteth.
 Nine days he'll banquet, then again be bound for Olympus ;
- 420 Then will I up forthwith tow'rd Jove's brass-floor'd habitation,
 And his knees will I hold, and haply to me will he hearken."

- These words completed, she arose, and single abode he,
 Deep in his heart anger'd on account o' the lass well-belted,
 Her, whom they'd led away, perforce, unallow'd ; but Ulysses
- 425 At Chryse had now arriv'd, bearing the superb hecatomba.
 Here, that deep-water'd harbour when anon they had enter'd,
 Their down-haul'd canvas they stow'd i' the dark galley promptly,
 And with cords lower'd their mast, to go into the mast-bed ;
 Then push'd they, rowing, the vessel to the port ; then abaft her
- 430 Cast forth their anchors ; their poop with a rope then attach'd they.
 There anon on sea-beach they landed, driving afore them
 Their hecatomb, destin'd to the rites of Phœbus Apollo.
 There soon Chryseïs from bark foam-ranging alighted,
 Whom, to the god's altar leading, the deviceful Ulysses
- 435 Plac'd within her father's own hands, and him thus accosted :
 " Chryses, me Agamemnon appoints, that leader of heroes,
 Thy daughter to give up, with a great hecatomba, to Phœbus,
 Which Danaans offer him ; so may we appease the divine lord,
 Who grieves, constraining many groans, hath sent upon Argives."
- 440 So said he, and in his hands placed her, while gladly that elder
 Took the belov'd daughter : they anon the superb hecatomba,
 Round well-built altars, 'gan seemlily marshal in order,
 Lav'd hands, and barley sprinkled : then lifting his hands up,
 And his voice lifting, Chryses made loud supplication :
- 445 " Argent bow's bender, that Chryse mightily guardest,
 Great lord through Tenedos, through Killa's bounds hallow'd-holy,
 Thou thine ear to the pray'r I made hast already granted,
 Glory to me sending, but scath to the people Achaïan.

Vouchsafe me, therefore, once more this boon that I ask thee,
 450 Now from among Danaans to remove unsightly disaster."

These he utter'd praying, not unheard by Phœbus Apollo.
 And now their orisons perform'd, their meal flung afore them,
 First they drew backwards, and cut the throats o' the victims,
 Flay'd them, their haunches carv'd off, and cauls then about them
 455 Wrapp'd, and raw pieces set atop, cull'd fitly from all parts.
 These on wood burn'd he, that greybeard, pouring about them
 Dusk wine, while young men the spits five-tooth'd were upholding.
 When these were consum'd, when aright they'd tasted of entrails,
 They the remainder carv'd, spitted, and full carefully roasted.
 460 Their toils on finishing, they spread their meats for a banquet,
 And feasted, their feast to them all being equally parted,
 And not a soul stinted; but anon, when they'd from among them
 Put thirst and hunger well away, young men to the wine-jars
 Gave crowns, and after libations, serv'd the carousers.
 465 Then singing all daytime, to the god they made an atonement,
 Breathing a soul-charming pæan, these sons of Achaïans,
 Unto the Farworker; then his heart was pleas'd as he hearken'd.
 When the sun had sunken, when darkness on all thoro'fares fell,
 Nigh to the ships' moorings they laid them down for a night's rest.
 470 But when Morn reappear'd, rose-finger'd, child o' the dew-rise,
 Up they sprang to return to the wide-spread camp of Achaïans;
 And the divine marksman with a toward wind them assisted.
 They'd rear'd their mast up, their milk-white canvas had open'd,
 Their mainsail blister'd i' the wind; and soon, cut asunder
 475 By their keel, shimmering waters began hugely to murmur,
 Wave by wave yielding, the rapid ship amain pressing onward.
 But when they drew near to the wide-spread camp of Achaïans,
 Their dark ship then anon they drew to the verge o' the mainland,
 And high upon sea-beach moor'd it, long props putting under.
 480 Then turning to the ships and tents, they parted asunder.

Meantime indignant, in front o' the ships billow-ranging,
 Sat the son of Peleus, that Jove-lov'd hero, Achilles,
 Nor down came he at all to frequent th' ennobling assembly,
 Nor to the field of fight; but his own heart still fretting inly,
 485 There he sat, pining for war, for uproarious onslaught.
 But when a twelfth day-dawn from that time forth was accomplish'd,

Then the divine kindreds had started again for Olympus,
 Jove leading. Thetis had meantime had a care to remember
 Her dear son's promptings; she arose, when dewes were arising,
 490 Out o' the mid-seasurge, tow'rd vast heaven, even Olympus;
 There Jove, there Kronides she found, whose eyes are on all things,
 From the divine fellowship sunder'd; many-crested Olympus
 Thron'd him on its topmost pinnacle: there sat she afore him;
 Her left and right arm his knees and beard were inarming,
 495 And herewith Kronides, the supremest king, she accosted:
 "Father Jove, if I e'er thee pleas'd, by a word or an action,
 'Mid the divine kindreds, this alone vouchsafe that I ask thee;
 Give thou my son honor, my son short-liv'd above all men,
 Whom the king of champions, Agamemnon, takes no account of,
 500 But browbeats, for he holds his prize in his own grip arrested.
 Thou, therefore, honor him, guardian Jove, lord of Olympus.
 So long upon Trojans let mastery wait, till Achaïans
 This my son shall honor, with more honor even enhance him."
 She spoke; but not a word Kronides cloud-marshalling answer'd;
 505 Long sat he in silence, till she, that still was inarming
 His knees, clung closer, then anon she again thus address'd him:
 "O be plain, promise and confirm, or plainly refuse me;
 Nought can make thee afraid; wherefore not give me assurance
 How, 'midst all goddesses, thou me most lightly regardest?"
 510 Sorely troubled in his heart, Kronides cloud-marshalling answer'd:
 "Ah, sorrows and mischief, I trow, must hence be arising,
 For thou'lt in variance involve me shortly with Hera;
 Then shall I hear hard things, for of old she, among the supernals,
 Upbraids me therewith; that I help Troytown she averreth:
 515 But go thy ways now; tarry not, lest Hera discern thee;
 Leave the matter to me all, and I'll thy purpose accomplish.
 And hark, I'll sanction with a nod, my word, to secure thee,
 Since above all sanctions, 'mid gods with eternity dower'd,
 Is my nod counted; for a word brooks no revocation,
 520 Short-coming or quibbling, when I have with a nod confirm'd it."
 Jove spoke, and inclining his eyebrows night-black, avouch'd it;
 Curls ambrosia-breathing about the supreme head eternal
 Flow'd downwards; shudderings fell upon the strength of Olympus.

They thus having parley'd, were sunder'd; she to the mid-sea
 525 Surge in a trice bounded from Olympus's heights resplendent,

- And Jove his palace-hall enter'd ; then amain the supernals
 Rose from their places to revere their sire at his advent,
 Each as first he appear'd ; not a god would await his approaching.
 Here his throne, therefore, he assum'd ; whom Hera beholding,
 530 Already well-knowing that he into communion had enter'd
 With the marine ancient's daughter, Thetis argent-sandall'd,
 Thus the supreme Kronides with galling words she accosted :
 " What god again shareth thy counsels, crafty dissembler ?
 Thou from thy judgments ever art intent to remove me,
 535 Clandestine policies studying ; never hast thou appris'd me
 As yet with willing heart of a thing thou wouldst have accomplish'd."
 Answer'd Jove, parent of mortals and of immortals :
 " Hera, give up thinking to possess my purposes wholly.
 E'en thou wilt find it difficult, though plighted associate
 540 Of my bed be'st thou ; but in aught it suits that I open,
 There's none, among mortals or gods with eternity dower'd,
 Shall thy partaking forestall ; but, apart from immortals,
 What things I compass, seek not, nor look to minutely."
 Him then, in answer, address'd heifer-ey'd imperial Hera :
 545 " Sublimest Kronides, what a word is this to give ear to ?
 What things now do I ask so about, or look to minutely ?
 Thou schemedst to thy own content ; did I aught to molest thee ?
 But to-day I'm fearful thou mayst be lightly won over
 By the marine ancient's daughter, Thetis argent-sandall'd,
 550 Who, sitting at dew-rise near thee, thy knee was inarming ;
 And I've heard even, thou gav'st her a nod for assurance
 Of many deaths by Achaian ships, and fame for Achilles."
 Hera thus had spoken, when Jove cloud-marshalling answer'd :
 " Gracious queen, to guess all is thine ; I ne'er can elude thee.
 555 Yet shalt thou no purpose attain ; thou wilt my affection
 Only be estranging, which thing may amiss to thee answer.
 Put case this be so ; then it is but as I shall approve it.
 But sit thou silent, and give my counsel attention,
 Lest thou find little help among all gods haunting Olympus,
 560 If these hands unapproach'd I lift up once, to coerce thee."
 So said he, and terrefied heifer-ey'd imperial Hera,
 Who then abode seated, misliking, her heart constraining,
 While through Jove's palace-hall the supernal gods were offended.
 Thereupon Hephæstus, fam'd artist, rising, address'd them ;
 565 Mildly thus he counsell'd his dear mother, Hera the white-arm'd :

- “ Eh ! trouble and mischief will arise, unbearable henceforth,
 If you twain, upon human account, will fall thus a-wrangling,
 Marring a choice banquet, clamorous contention arousing
 ’Mid the divine fellowship, giving all wrong courses an entrance.
 570 But my dear mother I’d counsel, tho’ wise she is also,
 That she meekly behave tow’rd Jove, who is our very father,
 Lest father with us all fall out ; then wo to the banquet !
 Sure, if he is minded, the supernal shaker of lightnings,
 Us to push off our stools, we’re far too weak to resist him.
 575 Nay, thou should’st rather, with words debonair, win him over
 If so we could again be friends wi’ the lord of Olympus.”
 Here ceas’d he speaking, then lifted a cup double-op’ning,
 And in her hand plac’d it ; then address’d his dear mother Hera :
 “ Yea, mother, have patience, endure, though sore it annoy thee,
 580 Lest, maugre that I hold thee dear, mine eye should upon thee
 See blows laid, nor at all could I aid, though dearly desiring ;
 Since ’tis no light thing to resist the monarch of Olympus.
 And long ago certes, when against him my spirit urg’d me,
 From the divine portals he upheav’d, and by the foot hurl’d me.
 585 All day I fell adown, and scarce at sunset alighted,
 In sea-girt Lemnos, my breath drain’d out o’ me almost.
 There Sinthian villagers uprais’d and kindly receiv’d me.”
 So spoke Hephæstus ; then smil’d on him Hera the white-arm’d,
 And, smiling, she allow’d her son that cup to present her ;
 590 Then, moving to the right, to the company pour’d he in order
 Sweet nectar from a jar ; then mirth unslakable enter’d
 Into the blest fellowship, to behold Hephæstus a-serving !
 All day till nightfall maintain’d they thus the carousal,
 Nor was a soul stinted ; that abundance equally shar’d they ;
 595 Nor delicious melodies wanted, resonant from Apollo’s
 Lute-strings, with madrigals o’ the Muses daintily mingled.
 But when low sunken disappear’d Sol’s beacon effulgent,
 Homeward then wending, the supernal company parted,
 Seeking their several mansions, which deftly for each one
 600 Had wrought Hephæstus, that far-fam’d lame-footed artist.
 Home went Jove likewise, the supernal shaker of lightnings,
 Couchwards, where useth sweet sleep to descend on his eyelids ;
 There eke his consort lay down by him, Hera the gold-thron’d.

BOOK II.

THE MUSTERINGS.

Now the divine kindreds, now on earth all plume-tossing horsemen
 Slumber'd all night-time ; solacing sleep only beguil'd not
 Jove from his heart's careful cravings to devise for Achilles
 Great honor, and many deaths in front of ships of Achaïans.

5 Now one among many thoughts had appear'd most like to behave
 him—

Sending a dream, life-like in semblance, tow'rd Agamemnon,
 Atreus-born paramount, with wing-borne words thus he urg'd him :
 " Go, dream of life-like semblance, to the ships of Achaïans
 Foam-scudding, and enter th' Atreïan heir Agamemnon's

10 Own tent, and tell him all distinctly, that here I aread thee.
 Say, let him arm straightway the long-hair'd cavaliers of Achaïa,
 In levy full-number'd : so might he promptly be owner
 Of Troy broad-streeted, for now the supreme palace-holders
 In counsels are at odds no more, since Hera prevaileth

15 By winning entreaties ; so woes for Troy are appointed."
 So said he, and up arose that Dream, having heard the command-
 ment,

And hasten'd to descend to the midst of ships of Achaïans
 Foam-scudding, and enter'd th' Atreïan heir Agamemnon's
 Tent, where he slumber'd. Balm-breathing Sleep was inarming

20 His body, when likest Neleus-born Nestor in aspect,
 Whom above all elders Agamemnon most took account of,
 Close by his head standing, the divine Dream him thus accosted :
 " Sleepest thou, father'd by bold, steed-mastering Atreus ?
 Slumbering all night-time but poorly befits a director

25 Of counsels, bearing many charges, a guide of a people.
 But mark me thou keenly, for I from Jove come afore thee,
 Who pities, albeit from afar, and pays thee attention.
 Arm, he saith, straightway, the long-hair'd cavaliers of Achaïa,
 In levy full-number'd ; so may'st thou promptly be owner

30 Of Troy broad-streeted ; for now the supreme palace-holders

In counsels are at odds no more, since Hera prevaiileth
 By winning entreaties : so woes for Troy are appointed,
 Yea, from Jove ; wherefore take thought, and let the remembrance
 Not slip thee, when again thy balmy sleep thee abandons.”

- 35 So said he, and fled aloof, and there was abiding his hearer,
 Hopes in his heart nursing, whereto the result never answer'd.
 Of Priam's capital thought he that day to be owner,
 Child-hearted, guessing ill the device that Jove would accomplish,
 Who purpos'd yet again many griefs and groans should await them,
 40 Trojans and Danaans, the battle so deadly dareyning.
 Now slumber quitted him, the divine sound whelming around him,
 And sitting half upright, with a fair new vest he array'd him
 Of delicate texture ; then his ample robe took he also,
 And having his glossy feet in sandals noble accoutred,
 45 And bossy with silver, slung athwart his shoulder a broadsword,
 Forth took he his sceptre, the parental sceptre immortal,
 And went down to the ships of brazen-plated Achaians.

- Now the goddess Daydawn 'gan ascend the long heights of Olympus,
 Light in her hands carrying for Jove and all the supernals,
 50 When the king Atrides bade heralds of keen-ringing accents
 Call to the folk-market the long-hair'd cavaliers of Achaia ;
 So these cried a summons, and those full fast 'gan assemble.
 First he made elders mickle-hearted meet in a conclave
 Round the ship of Nestor, Pylian-born hero of allegiance ;
 55 These then having muster'd, with deep-witted art he address'd them :
 “ Hear me, friends ; a vision from on high me sleeping accosted,
 Sent in balm-breathing night-time, most like in his aspect
 And figure and feature, as god-like Nestor appeareth.
 Close to my head standing, with words like these he address'd me :
 60 ‘ Sleepest thou, father'd by bold, steed-mastering Atreus ?
 Slumbering all night-time but poorly befits a director
 Of counsels, bearing many charges, a guide of a people.
 But mark me thou keenly, for I from Jove come afore thee,
 Who pities, albeit from afar, and pays thee attention.
 65 Arm, he saith, straightway the long-hair'd cavaliers of Achaia,
 In levy full-number'd, so may'st thou promptly be owner
 Of Troy broad-streeted ; for now the supreme palace-holders
 In counsels are at odds no more, since Hera prevaiileth

- By winning entreaties ; so woes for Troy are appointed,
 70 Yea, from Jove ; wherefore give him heed.' These ended, he hasten'd
 On wing away ; therewith did balmy sleep me abandon.
 But let us up, therefore, and rouse to the combat Achaïans,
 Whom I'll first though assay with words, as meet it appeareth,
 And from Troy prompt them, with barks many-tier'd, to push
 homewards,
 75 Whilst you shall, many by many ways, go about to detain them.'"
 So said he, and sate down ; then Nestor rose up among them,
 Whom the men of Pylos's deep-sanded coast were obeying ;
 He, with a friend's bearing, thus address'd, and gave them a
 counsel :
- "O my friends, Danaan sovereigns, and princely commanders,
 80 If this dream any wight had seen among all us Achaïans,
 Save one, we'd him a liar account, and turn but against him.
 Now the man hath seen it, that first by far is amongst us ;
 Now study we, therefore, to excite to the combat Achaïans."

- He spoke, and to depart from council made the commencement.
 85 So rose all likewise, following that pastor of armies,
 Sceptre-honor'd sovereigns ; their troops outside were assembling.
 As from a rock's hollowness when crowded bees are emerging,
 People above people, stream over stream still ascending—
 On the spring meadow-lands and moors they light in a cluster,
 90 And hither and yonder swarm off to the flowery foison ;
 So throng'd here, issuing from tents and barks many nations,
 Mustering in squadrons, all pouring in haste to the folk-mote,
 Over against sea-shore deep-sanded—Rumor among them,
 Jove's delegate, roaring flame-like and marshalling onward.
 95 Soon, where they muster'd, the spacious arena resounded ;
 Earth answer'd, groaning, to the taking-seat o' the people,
 And tumult was abroad ; but heralds loud-calling among them
 Went, nine in number, striving somewhat to refrain them
 From clamor, and bring them to give ear to the kings Jove-nurtur'd.
 100 So the sessions were array'd with pains, and held back in order,
 And uproar quieted ; then arose, with his hand on a sceptre
 Witnessing Hephæstic labors, the supreme Agamemnon.
 That sceptre Hephæstus gave Jove, Saturnus's offspring,
 And Jove gave it herald Hermes, the slayer of Argus,
 105 And Hermes gave it to Pelops, steed-mastering hero ;

- Next to Pelops Atreus own'd it, that pastor of armies ;
 And Atreus left it, when his hour had arriv'd, to Thyestes
 In many rams opulent. Agamemnon lastly possess'd it,
 Who many fair islands, all Argos, rul'd as his heir-loom.
- 110 Now upon it leaning, with wing-borne words he address'd them :
 " O comrades, Danaan cavaliers, good liegemen of Ares,
 Me Kronides of a truth has thrall'd with a grievous illusion,
 Hard dealer that he is, to grant me a nod for assurance
 Of making Troytown desolate and safely returning.
- 115 Yet foul fraud was it all ; he bids me now to push homewards,
 With fair fame diminish'd, many brave men lost from amongst us.
 Such counsels, doubtless, shall of high-proud Jove be awaited,
 Who many great cities' heads boweth to the dust from aforetime,
 And shall bow many more, for he owneth mastery matchless.
- 120 Yet shameful will it even appear in a new generation,
 This tale, how such-like and so many sons of Achaïans
 Urg'd in vain such a war, the battle so deadly dareyning,
 'Gainst no like numbers ; for an end is yet not appearing.
 See ! were we minded, men of Ilion and of Achaia,
- 125 Standing upon covenants, to prepare for counting up armies,
 Each dweller in Troytown coming out, while here we Achaïans
 Were by tens parted—then a single company taking
 One Trojan cupbearer—I hold many tens would amongst us
 Be left unfurnish'd ; so much more numerous are we
- 130 Than the dwellers yonder from of old ; but allies are among them
 From many fair cities here conven'd, all good men at hurling
 Their lances ; these sorely molest, and unwilling hold me
 From making desolate Troytown's well-mann'd habitations.
 Already nine twelvemonths have elaps'd 'neath Jove's high appoint-
 ments,
- 135 And rotten are timbers of ships, and broken are hawsers,
 And far off sit in hall our wives and children unhelpful,
 Vainly for us waiting, while vainly we here are abiding,
 And our task yet is unfulfill'd, for which we assembled.
 But go to, let us all be guided as I will aread you,
- 140 And unmoor the galleys, to push home to the coast o' the dear land,
 Since our hope to reduce Troytown broad-streeted is ended."

He spoke, and kindled to the core the breasts of his hearers
 Through that vast gathering ; then surging might you around him

- Have seen that folkmote, as yon sea of Icarus heaveth
 145 When Nōtus and Eurus, from clouds o' the father Olympian
 Down together swooping, long-back'd billows o'er it are urging.
 And as where Zephyrus comes down, on a field heavy-laden,
 With vehement onset, where stalks bend widely before him,
 So sway'd that folkmote ; then anon they flock'd with an outcry
 150 Tow'rd the galleys, whirling dust-clouds up among them arising
 Round the rush of many feet, while each man call'd to the nearest
 On the vessels to set hands, and haul them tow'rd the superb sea.
 Hulls now were clearing, props taken aloof ; so an uproar
 From that crowd, eager to push homeward, peal'd to the welkin.
- 155 Then might these Danaans, in spite of fate, have accomplish'd
 Their purpose ; but a word was said to Athena by Hera :
 " Birth of Jove Gorgon-buckler'd, goddess Atrytone,
 Ah me ! must Danaans be allow'd to be already fleeing
 O'er the billows long-back'd, to push home to the coasts o' the
 dear land ?
- 160 Troy's pray'r and Priam's to the full must then be accomplish'd,
 If they leave Helen here, who so many deaths has occasion'd
 Of Danaans doom'd ne'er to return to the coasts o' the dear land.
 But go now to the midst o' the brazen-plated Achaians,
 With thy suave language, to detain each champion among them,
 165 Lest the vessels oar-wing'd they anon may tug to the surges."'
 She spoke, nor disobey'd the goddess, bright-glancing Athena,
 But with a bound hasten'd to descend the steeps of Olympus,
 And swift ships of Achaia had attain'd ; there found she Ulysses,
 Jove's peer in counsel, standing ; but his hand he upheld not
 170 Unto the ship dark-hull'd, with rowers' seats well accoutred,
 For gloom and disquiet his heart and soul had assaulted.
 Him, right near standing, thus address'd bright-glancing Athena :
 " Jove-nurtur'd, manifold-counsell'd, Laertid Ulysses,
 What, will you already then to the ships many-bench-fitted hasten,
 175 And loose your anchors, to push home to the coasts o' the dear land ?
 Troy's pray'r and Priam's to the full must then be accomplish'd,
 If you leave Helen here, who so many deaths has occasion'd
 Of Danaans doom'd ne'er to return to the coasts o' the dear land.
 But go now, tarry not, to the midst o' the sons of Achaians,
 180 With thy suave language, to detain each champion among them,
 Lest the vessels oar-wing'd they anon may tug to the surges."'

She spoke, and recognis'd were Athena's tones by Ulysses,
 Who started to run out, and cast his robe from about him,
 Which there Eurybates took in hand, his herald Ithacaian.

- 185 Then the king he visited, th' Atreïan heir, Agamemnon,
 And from him accepted the parental sceptre immortal,
 Then went down to the ships o' the brazen-plated Achaïans.
 Where a king or champion good-at-arms his notice arrested,
 There with suave language he address'd and strove to detain him :
 190 " Good my lord, mickle it misseems thee—showing a faint heart,
 Like any mere craven ; rather sit down, I aread thee,
 And seat thy followers ; we know not yet for a surety
 How the king is minded ; very like he tempts us Achaïans
 And will anon blame us ; what speech he address'd to the council
 195 We cannot all witness ; take heed, lest anger awaken
 Soon within his bosom, to do hurt to the people Achaïan.
 'Tis fearful to provoke the revenge of a king Jove-nurtur'd,
 Empower'd from above, the delight of Jupiter allwise."
 Where any man baseborn he spied and caught by his outcry,
 200 With bitter upbraidings and sceptre-strokes he assail'd him :
 " Good sir, sit still awhile, and in thy turn be a list'ner,
 That better and wiser may speak—thou being a craven
 Goodfornought, in combat alike and council a cipher.
 I trow we cannot all be kings, we sons of Achaïans ;
 205 I like not plural sovereigns ; make one man a ruler,
 Whom the son of politic Saturnus chose from amongst us,
 And with prerogatives endow'd, and sceptre of empire."

- So thoro' their numbers with a ruler's mien he harang'd them,
 And anew in folkmote from tents and ships they assembled
 210 With clamor and tumult, as where on a tall-jutting headland
 Sound the dashing breakers in front of a surge full of uproar.
 All else were pacified at last, and seated in order,
 But still abode talking Thersites, prater abateless,
 Aye in words manifold and ill to the purpose abounding—
 215 Unboulded language, fitted only to breed disaffection
 'Gainst rulers, for he had but an art in th' armies of Argos
 Of stirring up laughter ; but a wight more vile in appearance
 Came not against Troytown ; for marr'd with a leer was his aspect,
 Lamè was one leg of his, strew'd with scant hair his head oblong,
 220 And his two shoulders i' th' front seem'd well-nigh a-meeting.

- Chiefly to Pelides was he alway oppos'd, or Ulysses,
 For there bore he a grudge. Now rail'd he at great Agamemnon
 With shrill-voic'd clatterings, while list'ning around him Achaïans
 Scarce their wrath bridled; for of old full sore he annoy'd them.
- 225 So with words he assail'd Agamemnon, lustily bawling:
 "Atrides, what is it thou blam'st, or find'st yet a-wanting?
 Thy tents are furnish'd with brass, furnish'd in abundance
 With delicate damsels, whereof we sons of Achaïans
 Give thee a choice foremost, when a town by storm we have enter'd.
- 230 Is more gold coveted? shall a Trojan reiner of horses
 Bear thee a rich ransom, tender'd for a son's liberation,
 Whom I might capture in a trice, or let some Achaïan?
 Or dost want any young female, in love to commingle
 And with thee dwell apart? But appears it well that a ruler
- 235 Should browbeat Danaans, inflicting causeless annoyance?
 O poltroons, bywords, daughters, not sons of Achaïans,
 Go with your galleys home; let's leave him singly behind us
 Here in Troy's confines, to digest his spoils, if he haply
 May thus learn whether aught we avail'd, or did not avail him—
- 240 He that Pelides, who in arms is vastly beyond him,
 Now browbeats, for he holds his prize in his own grip arrested,
 But very meek-temper'd, and void of gall are Achaïans,
 Else were thy latest outrage, Agamemnon, accomplish'd."
 So spake Thersites, that pastor of armies arraigning,
- 245 And in a trice near him came down the divine man Ulysses,
 Gazed upon him sideways, and with stern words him accosted;
 "Prater Thersites, tho' a flowing speaker I own thee,
 Cease thou against rulers railing, to provoke disaffection,
 For be assur'd hereby, that a wight, more vile than I hold thee,
- 250 With the two Atridæ the domains of Troy never enter'd.
 Go not about, therefore, upbraiding; take not a ruler's
 Name on thy tongue-tip, nor think upon urging us homeward;
 We now stand ignorant how these things have to be order'd,
 And if ill or good event would attend the returning Achaïans.
- 255 Dost thou amiss take it, that on Atreus-born Agamemnon,
 Our nation's pastor, such splendid gifts are awaiting
 From Danaan cavaliers? and wilt thou foully revile him?
 But to thee I promise here, and well the result shall avouch it,
 If thou rav'st any more, as raving o' late thou appearedst—
- 260 Let my head and shoulders part company, let not Ulysses

- Sire of Telemachus be accounted, if I'll not attach thee,
 And first and foremost, strip off all thy clothes from about thee,
 Coat, shirt—each covering that keeps thy shame from appearing,
 And, next thing, send thee blubbering, to the ships hollow-built
 265 From the common forum, with stripes uncomely to witness.”
 All this having spoken, with a sceptre-stroke he assail'd him
 On the back and shoulders ; then winc'd the man, and let a tear-drop
 Fall bead-like from his eye ; for where that sceptre alighted
 Laden with massy gold, his back rose red with a tumor.
 270 Down sat he, and aching, chop-fall'n, looking helpless about him,
 Dried his tears ; then a right merry game they'd all to behold him,
 Despite their heavy hearts ; so a wight thus address'd his associate :
 “ O gods ! what myriads of feats are achiev'd by Ulysses,
 Teaching deep stratagems, and marshalling hosts to the combat !
 275 Yet this I hold foremost now of all he's wrought for us Argives,
 That such a blaspheming ribald he's check'd in his outbreaks,
 Who'll scarce be prompted, now again, by his heart's mad assurance,
 Our sceptred sovereigns to rebuke in terms so offensive.”

- Thus while they murmur'd, up arose city-rasing Ulysses,
 280 Sceptre in hand lifted, near whom bright-glancing Athena
 Mov'd in herald's aspect, silence to the people areading,
 That together foremost and hindmost sons of Achaïans
 Might hear his precepts, and yield his counsel attention,
 He, with a friend's bearing, now address'd and thus 'gan harangue
 them :
 285 “ Atrides, now i' faith, it seems the desire of Achaïans,
 That 'mid confabulant mortals thou shouldst be a byword,
 Nor care they the promise to redeem, whereby they assur'd thee,
 In following forwards from steed-proud Argos about thee,
 That from Troy's massy walls they'd homeward bring thee a victor ;
 290 For now like striplings, or like to bereav'd women helpless,
 Each on others calling, they pine to push home to the dear land.
 Aye ! 'mid their sufferings well may they pine to push homeward.
 Even a man, sunder'd from his own bed's plighted associate
 But for a month, pineth, when a ship many-tier'd is in haven
 295 By winter's tempests or rous'd-up surges arrested.
 But summer and winter, nine times, have roll'd away o'er us
 Here camp'd and fasten'd ; I grudge not then that Achaïans,
 'Mid the galleys prow-curl'd, should chafe ; but shameful I hold it,

- So long having linger'd, to return, quitting aims unaccomplish'd.
 300 Bear, comrades, bear up for a while, that time may apprise us,
 If Calchas foretold us a truth, or told us a falsehood.
 This sure we recollect and mind—no witness amongst you
 Is miss'd, those excepted on whom death's fates have alighted—
 That day, not long ago, when Achaia's ships were in Aulis,
 305 And menacing Priam—Troytown—with a burden of anguish—
 We stood near a well-head, serving the supernal immortals,
 With perfect hecatombs, upon altars noble attending,
 Under a fair plane-tree, where waters goodly descended.
 Then was a great wonder manifest, a dragon bloody-tinted
 310 Whom the monarch of Olympus alone had brought to the daylight;
 From below our altar rushing out, he sped to the plane-tree,
 Whereon a young sparrow-brood had cluster'd, mere silly nestlings
 Cowering on topmost branches, thick leaves hanging o'er them—
 Eight birds, and the mother was a ninth; on them the devourer
 315 Prey'd first; their pitiful chirpings not a whit could avail them,
 And the mother flew about, her darlings vainly bemoaning,
 Till she too by a wing was snatch'd, and her clamor ended.
 Thus, when he had swallow'd up those nestlings, and the dam also,
 Then the god, who sent him, render'd him a thing to set eyes on,
 320 For to stone turn'd him politic Saturnus's offspring.
 But while we stood aghast, and marvell'd how 'twas accomplish'd,
 That such a grim portent hecatombas approach'd of immortals,
 Then Calchas, to reveal the divine intents, thus address'd us:
 'Why stand ye thus amaz'd, ye sons long-lock'd of Achaians,
 325 All-wise Jove granting such a wondrous sign to direct us,
 Late sent, for late fulfilment, for fame never-ending?
 As the dragon swallow'd up those nestlings and the dam also—
 Eight birds—and the mother was a ninth, who bare the young
 offspring—
 So shall we yonder, through so many years, be a-warring,
 330 And i' the tenth Troytown broad-streeted shall we have enter'd.'
 Thus was it he prophesied, and now shall it all be accomplish'd.
 Go to, then! tarry not, you Achaians well to the greaves arm'd,
 Till we have in season King Priam's great city ransack'd.''
 So said he, and forthwith was lifted a shout by Achaians,
 335 Whence the galleys rang again, with so great zeal they applauded
 Those words and counsels, heard from the divine man Ulysses.
 And Nestor too anon, the Gerenian elder, harang'd them:

- “ Ah me ! ’tis very like striplings your words represent you,
 Like delicate striplings, unvers’d in war’s operations.
- 340 In what account then are all our bonds and oaths to be holden ?
 Cast counsels to the fire, stratagems, and faith in united
 Right-hands, and unalloy’d libations of the supernals.
 We’re with words bickering to no end, but of our long abiding
 As yet no remedies can find. But thou, son of Atreus,
- 345 Be witness’d, as of old, with a mind unquailable always,
 Leading on our Argives, the battle so deadly dareyning—
 And leave those to perish, those few from amongst us Achaians,
 Who separate counsels concert (though it ill can avail them)
 Of pushing home straightway, not aware if true or if untrue
- 350 Be the promise given us by Jove the dread ægis’s holder.
 For lordly-spirited Kronides, I aver, was on our side
 On that day, when upon the galleys foam-ranging assembled
 Argos’s host, threatening their dooms of death to the Trojans—
 Thund’ring on our right hand, signals of favor affording.
- 355 Let, therefore, no wight anywise be in haste to push homeward,
 Or ever he’s taken some Trojan’s wife for a bedmate,
 And of Helen’s sufferings and moanings made an avengement.
 Nay, but if here any man so fiercely desire to push homeward,
 I would have him forthwith put his hand to the black galley well-
 bench’d,
- 360 And foremost to the goal of death shall he hie from amongst us.
 But, king, take counsel, be judge thyself of it also ;
 Words, such as I meditate, may fairly demand thy attention.
 By clans and kindreds marshal thy troops, Agamemnon,
 That kindred may kindred assist, clansman fellow-clansman.
- 365 If so thou doest, if Achaians too will obey thee,
 Thou’lt learn what chieftain, what trooper proveth a craven,
 And which a good warrior, scanning each one amidst his associatés.
 So shalt thou be appris’d, whether heaven’s will yon city saveth,
 Or war ill-conducted, or our poltroonery mainly.”
- 370 Thereat made answer the commander of hosts, Agamemnon :
 “ Elder, again foremost thou stand’st of sons of Achaians
 In counsel ; for I hereto swear by Apollo, Athena,
 And Jove omnipaternal, if I’d but amongst yon Achaians
 Ten like advisers, King Priam’s Troy very shortly,
- 375 Ta’en by us and ransack’d, to the dust would come to be
 humbled.

- But now Jove Gorgon-buckler'd hath a sad lot awarded
 Unto me, in bickerings involv'd and strife unavailing,
 Since with Pelides I strove, on account of a damsel,
 In words spiteful, to which I first gave a commencement.
- 380 Might but we two again be in act and counsel united,
 Troy's downfall should not be arrested, not for a moment.
 But food's now welcome, to repair our strength for a combat ;
 Then let us have bucklers well attach'd, spears well whetted each one ;
 Well must each warrior give corn to 's swift-footed horses,
- 385 Well must he see about his car, on victory thinking,
 That while day lasteth, we may stern fight not abandon,
 Since for a pause must you not look, no, not for an instant,
 Until night coming on separates, whom fury commingled.
 Girths of man-covering bucklers shall then be a-reeking
- 390 From grasps of warriors, horses sweating in the manœuvres
 Of burnish'd chariots, hands aching about spear-handles.
 But let none meditate to remain at barks hollow-built,
 From the battle shrinking, for no such a wight shall elude us,
 Nor save his body from prey-birds and dogs o' the region."
- 395 He spoke, and as loudly with Argives' shouts was he answer'd,
 As when a wave, hurried up by a north wind, breaks on a lofty
 Coast, round some prominent headland, which ne'er is abandon'd
 By bickering surges, let blow what wind will against it.
 Uprisen and scattering, they pour'd to the ships in a turmoil,
- 400 Lit fires, and made yare the repast ; then were many patrons
 Implor'd, by many wights, from among the supernal immortals,
 Them from death to preserve, and through the storming of Ares.
 But the king of champions, Agamemnon, slew for a victim
 A steer, now five years pamper'd, for Jove the superb king.
- 405 Then the select elders of Achaian land he assembled ;
 Nestor first he call'd, and throne-sitting Idomeneus next,
 Then the two Ajaces, and Tydeus-born Diomedes,
 And sixth in conclave, Jove's peer in wisdom, Ulysses.
 With them uninvited Menelaus came, good at onslaught,
- 410 Like a brother, well appris'd o' the cares that vex'd Agamemnon.
 Round the steer standing, they sprinkled barley before them,
 And the king Atrides spoke out and pray'd thus among them :
 " Jove, best and greatest, dun-cloud-screen'd, lord o' the welkin,
 Let not night come again, nor a course o' the sun's be accomplish'd,
- 415 Ere I King Priam's dwelling-house to the ground shall have humbled

- In flames, and demolish'd his gates with fires of avengement ;
 And Hector's bosom grant me to denude of a tunic
 Lothlily gash'd with brass, when around him full many comrades,
 Fall'n to the ground prostrate, their teeth in dust shall have hurtled."
- 420 He spoke, and Kronides, not a whit to the prayer yet assenting,
 Took from him his victims, but pains and toils for him order'd.
 And now, their orisons perform'd, their meal flung afore them,
 They first drew backwards, and cut the throats o' the victims,
 Flay'd them, their haunches carv'd out, and cauls then about them
- 425 Wrapp'd, and raw pieces set atop, cull'd fitly from all parts.
 So them upon leafless branches they burn'd, the selected
 Parts on spits lifting, to the might of fire to present them.
 Haunches consum'd thus, when aright they'd tasted of entrails,
 They the remainder carv'd, spitted, and full skilfully roasted.
- 430 These works duly finish'd, they spread their meat for a banquet,
 And feasted, their feast to them all being equally parted,
 And not a soul stinted ; but anon, when they'd from among them
 Put thirst and hunger well away, then made a commencement
 In giving of counsels Nestor, the Gerenian horseman :
- 435 " Atrides, paramount of men, sublime Agamemnon,
 Idly let us linger no more, nor a later occasion
 Wait for this business, whereto the divine promise urges ;
 But go to, let heralds to the brazen-plated Achaïans
 Sound a summons, bidding unto the ships their armies assemble ;
- 440 And go we too, abroad, to the wide-spread camp of Achaïans,
 If so we sooner may arouse the storming of Ares."
- He spoke, nor gainsay'd him at all the supreme Agamemnon,
 But gave out a command, that heralds of keen-ringing accents
 Should to the fight muster the long-hair'd cavaliers of Achaïa.
- 445 So these cried a summons, and those full fast 'gan assemble,
 And kings Jove-nurtur'd, in hot haste, Agamemnon assisted,
 Marshalling all squadrons ; 'midst whom eye-sparkling Athena
 Rear'd the never-time-worn, unprizable ægis eternal,
 With fivescore fringes well-twin'd, well-gilded around it,
- 450 Worth each its hecatomb ; this in her right hand high upholding
 Rush'd the goddess, summoning to the field those hosts of Achaïans,
 With madd'ning glances, putting into the bosom of each one
 New strength for contest and unforwearied onslaught.
 So thoughts of warfare grew sweet to them all in a moment,
- 455 Far more than pushing home in barks prow-curl'd to the dear land.

- As when a wide woodland, on a mountain's crest, a devouring
 Flame ravageth, when afar its glow to the region appeareth ;
 So, from their marching, splendors of a mighty refulgence
 From panoplies brazen shot across the mid air to the welkin.
- 460 And as those manifold nations of fowls that, assembling
 O'er Asian meadow-lands, near springs that feed the Cayster
 (Cranes perchance, or herons, or swans of towery bosom),
 Soar hither and yonder, their wings with alacrity warping,
 Making a field resonant, whereon they light with an outcry ;
- 465 So came here, gathering from tents and ships, many nations,
 Crowding tow'rd the Scamander's banks, while loudly beneath
 them
 Earth sounded to the tramp of troops and prancing of horses.
 So marshall'd i' the midst of the flowery field many thousands,
 Numerous as the blossoms and leaves on spring-day appearing,
- 470 Like the swarms manifold of flies that press to the shelters
 Of swains, in spring-season a-field, whereso there appeareth
 Lush new milk i' the pails, so plume-tossing hosts of Achaians
 Came pressing, in countless numbers, all hotly desiring,
 'Gainst Troytown fighting, their doom extreme to determine.
- 475 And as upon spacious meadow-lands where closely commingled
 Goat-flocks are browsing, the swains with alacrity part them,
 So 'mid these squadrons the commanders ranging, array'd them
 For dolorous conflict ; amid all, the supreme Agamemnon
 In figure and aspect show'd like Jove, shaker of lightnings,
- 480 In girth like Ares, in immense breast like Enosichthon.
 And as a bull showeth, when among many kine in a pasture
 Stands up most eminent his form, domineering above them,
 So seem'd Atrides this day, when Jove among heroes
 Made him predominate, exalting him over his army.
- 485 Now prompt me, Muses, that are heirs of Olympian houses,
 Powers omnipresent, and bearing witness of all things,
 Whilst we can but a rumor attain, and know nothing wholly—
 Who, 'mid these Danaans, were chiefs and heirs of allegiance ?
 Since the common forces to rehearse or name I attempt not.
- 490 What were it, if many tongues and mouths, with a bosom of iron,
 Were mine, and with a voice untir'd, unfaltering always,
 If the divine Muses, daughters o' the Gorgon-buckler'd
 Jove, would not prompt me to rehearse how Troy was assaulted ?
 Yet will I enumerate their ships and all the commanders.

- 495 Peneleos was captain with Leïtus, of the Bœoti ;
 With them came Clonius, Prothoenor, Arcesilaus,
 O'er Hyrie's habitants, and those of rock-ribbed Aulis ;
 And the men of Schœnus, Scolus, many-ridg'd Eteonus,
 Thespeia, Graie, Mycalessus of areas ample,
 500 Harma and Ilesion, conjoin'd with those of Erythræ ;
 And Eleon's habitants, Peteon's, and those too of Hyle,
 Ocalea, and Copæ, Medeon that fair city well-wall'd,
 Eutresis, many-dov'd Thisbe, deep-lawn'd Haliartus ;
 And the men of Glissus, the Plataians and Coroneans,
 505 And those who champion'd Hypothebæ, a fair city well-wall'd ;
 And Onchestus, honor'd with grove and fane o' the sea-god's,
 And Arnè many-vin'd, and Nissa hallow'd-holy, Medeia,
 And last, Anthedon, to the bounds o' the country retiring.
 Fifty galleys furnish'd they in all, and each had a hundred
 510 And a score good-at-arms on board, sons of the Bœoti.
 But them of Aspledon, them of Orchomenus Minueian,
 Ascalaphus marshall'd with Ialmenus, offspring of Ares.
 Them bare Astyoche, that daughter of Azead Actor,
 When vehement Ares her virgin couch had ascended ;
 515 Thirty galleys deep-hull'd they brought to the ranks o' the navy.
 But the men of Phocis Schedius with Epistrophus order'd,
 Offspring of Iphitus, grandsons of Naubolus haughty.
 These came from Panopeus, from Daulis, from Cyparissus,
 And Pytho's rocky site, and Crissa's bounds hallow'd-holy,
 520 And Anemoreia's, from about Hyampolis also,
 And where Cephissus, the superb river heav'n-sprung, aboundeth,
 And upon his fountains where goodly Lilaia's erected ;
 Forty galleys dark-hull'd were brought by these to the navy.
 These were their generals, who array'd the squares o' the Phocians,
 525 And their ranks marshall'd to the left-hand of the Bœoti.
 But the men of Locris were array'd by swift-footed Ajax,
 Not the son of Telamon, nor his equal at all, but Oïleus,
 Short, a linen baldric wearing, 'mid spearmen Achaian
 And the Panhellenic famous. Now obey'd him Opuntians,
 530 And the men of Tarphe, Bêssa, and Augea delightsome,
 Cynus, Calliarus, Thronius the Boagrian hamlet,
 And Scarpha, all opposite Eubœa's boundary sacred ;
 Forty galleys dark-hull'd they brought to the ranks o' the navy.
 From thy shores, Eubœa, follow'd war-breathing Abantes,

- 535 That quitted Eretria and Chalcis, many-vin'd Istjaia,
 Sea-girt Cerinthus, Dium, the strong city rock-built,
 And Styra with Carystus; amongst all these Elephenor
 Chalcodontiadan was prince, that scion of Ares.
 He was it who marshall'd the swift mickle-hearted Abantes,
 540 With the back-hair unshorn, levies eager with the good ash-lance,
 Through the toughest hawberk, to push home to the breast of a
 foeman;
 Forty galleys dark-hull'd this leader brought to the navy.
 Next them were denizens of Athens, that fair city well-wall'd,
 Once rul'd by mickle-hearted Erechtheus, child of Arura
 545 Bread-giving, and foster'd by Jove's very daughter Athena.
 Him she plac'd in Athens, in her own fane wealthily garnish'd,
 Where now young citizens, ever as fresh years are arriving,
 Their victims sacrifice, both rams and bulls, on his altar.
 These the son of Peteos was arraying, namely, Menestheus,
 550 He, that among mortals upon earth for marshalling horsemen
 And buckler'd warriors to the field, nowhere had his equal;
 Yea, Nestor, so in age advanc'd, could vie with him hardly;
 Fifty galleys dark-hull'd follow'd him to the ranks o' the navy.
 Twelve ships from Salamis led forth Telamonian Ajax,
 555 And marshall'd his array very near these ranks of Athenians.
 Then came troops Argive and well-wall'd Tirys's holders,
 Hermione's, Asine's, nurselings of deep-clodded acres,
 Træzen's, Eione's, those of vine-scarf'd Epidaurus,
 And Æginetans, Masetans, sons of Achaïans;
 560 Them Diomed marshall'd in array, good champion at onslaught,
 And Sthenelus, far-fam'd Capaneus's son well-approvèd;
 With these Euryalus went thirdly, the peer of immortals,
 Heir of Mecisteus, that king Talaïonidean.
 These together Diomed controll'd, good champion at onslaught.
 565 Eighty galleys dark-hull'd follow'd him to the ranks o' the navy.
 Then those who champion'd that great city goodly, Mycenæ,
 Wealthy Corinth, Sicyon, where first had a sceptre Adrastus;
 Gorgeous Aræthyrea, Pellene, stately Cleonæ,
 Ægium and Hyperesie, Gonoessa the rock-built,
 570 Orneæ and Helice's broad bounds, and widely the sea-coast;
 These rul'd altogether th' Atreïan heir, Agamemnon,
 Fivescore ships leading, wi' the bravest youths o' the people,
 And in fight foremost, he among them blazing in armour,

- Blithe to be exalted so greatly beyond many princes,
 575 Foremost in valor and foremost in leading a number.
 Then the men of spacious Lacedæmon deep-valley-dinted,
 And Sparta, and Phare, Briseai, Augea delightsome,
 And many-dove-rearing Messe, with Laas, Amyclæ,
 Cetylus and sea-planted Elos—'mid these Menelaus
 580 Rul'd, the brother good-at-arms o' the king ; but apart he array'd
 them.
 Sixty galleys levied he ; whence, urging now to the combat
 His warriors, he among them walk'd, on his heart's resolution
 Not failing to rely, most hotly desiring of all men
 That for Helen's sufferings and moans there might be a vengeance.
 585 Next the men of Pylos's confines, Arena delightsome,
 Thryus of Alpheian fordings, and Amphigenia,
 From Cyparisseis, Pteleos, and Æpy the well-built,
 And from Elos, from Dorium eke, where sternly the Muses,
 On meeting Thracian Thamyras, his songs had arrested
 590 (He, quitting Cæchalia's confines and Cæchaliean
 Eurytus, had boasted that his art would victory gain him,
 Though the divine Muses, daughters o' the Gorgon-buckler'd
 Jove, were his antagonists ; whereat they, stung to resentment,
 Brought upon him blindness, ravishing from his hand the remem-
 brance
 595 Of delicate lutings, and silenced his singing heav'nly) ;
 These all led Nestor to the field, the Gerenian horseman ;
 Ninety galleys dark-hull'd follow'd him to the ranks o' the navy.
 Next came Arcadians, men of high Cyllena, that holdeth
 Æpytus's tombstone, good troops and close-battle-handling,
 600 Who dwelt in Pheneos, Rhipæ, wind-wooing Enispe,
 And fair Mantinea, Stratia, Tegea, Stymphālus.
 Hence mann'd their paramount, Ancæus's heir Agapenor,
 Sixty galleys, carrying many children of Arcady war-vers'd.
 These ships had lent him the commander of hosts, Agamemnon,
 605 For that his own nation, to the cares o' the coast unaccustom'd,
 Wanted barks well-equipp'd to push out to the sea's livid heavings.
 Buprasium's occupants, and those of beautiful Elis
 From the rock Olenian to Alisius, and extremest
 Myrinus, and Hymēna dwelling, these had to command them
 610 Four chieftains, having each ten ships well-mann'd with Epeians.
 These were Amphimachus, son of Eurytus Actorionic,

- Thalpius, of Cteatus, th' Amaryncid mighty Diore ;
 Fourthly, Polyxinus, begotten by royal Agasthen,
 Of lineage Augean, in aspect like an immortal.
- 615 Those from Dulichium, from amongst hallow'd isles Echinean,
 Over-against Elis, parted by a belt o' the mid-sea,
 Unto Mëges yielded service, that rival of Ares,
 Who from his home whilom and father in enmity parted,
 His father Phyleus, the good horseman, dear to supreme Jove ;
- 620 Forty galleys dark-hull'd follow'd him to the ranks o' the navy.
 Next the Cephallenes mickle-hearted came with Ulysses
 From many fair islands, Ithaca, Crocylea, Zacynthus,
 From Sămos and Æg'lips, and leafrich Neritus also,
 Th' Epirot mainland, and over-against Epirus.
- 625 These for a chief all had Jove's peer in wisdom, Ulysses :
 Twelve galleys of vermeil facings they brought to the navy.
 Andræmon's offspring, Thoas, th' Ætolian army
 Led forth from Pleuron, from Chalcis close to the sea-mark,
 Olenus, and Calydon rock-bound, and stormy Pylene ;
- 630 For now bold Ceneus and all th' Ceneian offspring
 Were gone down to the grave, gone was yellow-hair'd Meleager,
 And therefore Thoas was in all Ætolia reigning :
 Forty galleys dark-hull'd follow'd him to the ranks o' the navy.
 From Crete Idomeneus led his host, a spearman accomplish'd,
- 635 From Cnossus, Rhytium, Phæstus, from marbly Lycastus,
 And from Miletus, Lyctus, Gortyna the well-wall'd,
 And from more cities, all well-mann'd, in Creta the five-scored—
 Such pow'rs Idomeneus led forth, a spearman accomplish'd ;
 Join'd with Meriones, that rival of host-quelling Ares :
- 640 Eighty galleys dark-hull'd they brought to the ranks o' the navy.
 From Rhodes Tlepolemus, the stout Heracleïd offspring,
 Nine galleys had fitted out, with Rhodians lordly-demeanor'd,
 Who th' island occupied, in three shares parted among them,
 Lindus, Ielyssus, with marble-shiny Camirus :
- 645 All these Tlepolemus controll'd, a spearman accomplish'd,
 That son of Alcides, whom bare of him Astyochea,
 Then when he had led her off captive from bounds Ephyrean
 And the river Selles, where full many towns had he o'erthrown,
 Champion'd by young men Jove-nurtur'd, hardy to rescue.
- 650 But when Tlepolemus the state of man was attaining,
 Rear'd in fair palace-hall, he slew then a scion of Ares,

- His father's uncle, though on eld was he already verging.
 Hereat ships he array'd, and with many young men aboard them
 Set sail, for threat'nings on account o' Lycimnius urg'd him
- 655 From sons of puissant Alcides and of his offspring.
 Hence at Rhodes he arriv'd, when toilsome tracks he had ended,
 And among his followers then made three shares of the country ;
 And Jove them favor'd, who mortals rules with immortals,
 And on their families down pour'd he wealth in abundance.
- 660 Nireus from Syme three ships follow'd equally builded,
 Nireus, from sceptred Charopus conceiv'd by Aglaia,
 Fairest in semblance among all who Troas had enter'd
 Of Danaan warriors, next only to faultless Achilles,
 Yet weak in person, with a feeble company round him.
- 665 From Cäsus and Crapathus, Nisyrys, the Calydnian islands
 And Côs Eurypyline, came those who Thessalus' offspring,
 Antiphus and Phædippus, obey'd, Heraclid princes.
 Thirty galleys deep-hull'd they brought to the ranks o' the navy.
 Now come those warriors that left the Pelasgian Argos,
- 670 And Alus, and Alope, those whom Trachinia nurtur'd,
 And Pthia's confines, and Hellas, fair-woman-haunted—
 Tribes called Hellenes, or Myrmidones, or Achaïans ;
 Fifty galleys fill'd they, which of old were led by Achilles ;
 But war's grim resonance they car'd no more to remember,
- 675 Wanting their general, that should to the combat have urg'd them.
 Whilst he was tarrying, the rapid-footed hero Achilles,
 Nigh to the ships' moorings, enrag'd on account o' the damsel
 Well-tress'd Briseis, to win whom he'd borne many labors,
 When Thebæ's ramparts and strong Lyrnessus he o'erthrew,
- 680 And flung spear-revelling Mynes with Epistrophus over,
 Offspring of Evenor, of a king Talaïonidean ;
 So fretting he linger'd, but soon was about to be uprous'd.
 Next those from Phylācē, from flowery Pyrrhasus also,
 Where owneth Demeter a grove, from sea-fretted Antron,
- 685 From Pteleos deep-gleb'd, and from many-pasturing Iton ;
 These had Protesilaus array'd, that war-loving hero,
 Whilst he was yet alive ; but now dark earth had immur'd him :
 His widow, in Phylace, with rent cheeks had to bewail him,
 And half-built was his house to remain ; he fell by a Dardan,
- 690 When to the shore foremost by far he'd leapt of Achaïans.
 Yet, such a prince mourning, they did not want for a leader,

- But look'd for mandates to Podarces, scion of Ares,
 That son of Iphiclus, the flock-rich prince Phylacean,
 And brother of their chief, mickle-hearted Protesilaus,
 695 Though younger, nor at all in prowess a match for his elder ;
 With such a chief furnish'd, they nathless mourn'd the dead hero :
 Forty galleys dark-hull'd they brought to the ranks o' the navy.
 Next those near to Pheræ, by lake Bœbeïs, abiding,
 In Bœbe and Glaphyræ likewise, and fair Iavolcus ;
 700 These, in elev'n galley-crews marshall'd, Eumelus attended,
 That son of Admetus, born of the superb Alcestis,
 Who was of all Pelias' daughters most fair to set eyes on.
 Those from Thaumacië, Methona, the rocks of Olisdon,
 And Melibœa supplied sev'n ships to the ranks o' the navy ;
 705 They to Philoctetes ow'd service, a bowman accomplish'd,
 And muster'd upon each o' the ships full fifty good archers ;
 But now their leader was pining, in anguish abateless,
 In the divine seagirt Lemnos, where sons of Achaians
 Had left him, sore pain'd wi' the wounds of th' hurt-loving hydra,
 710 There ever he languish'd, till destiny brought to remembrance
 Mighty Philoctetes once more among Argos's armies :
 Yet such a chief mourning, they did not want for a leader,
 But to Mēdon, bastard of Oïleus, yielded obedience ;
 Him conceived Rhenē, press'd by city-rifling Oïleus.
 715 Mountainous Ithome with Tricca, with Œchaliean
 Eurytus's confines, furnish'd to the ranks o' the navy
 Thirty galleys, following Podalirius, who to Machaon
 Was join'd, both eminent healers, the Asclepian offspring.
 Those near Ormenion resident, near springs Hyperean,
 720 And Titanus white-cliff'd, and Astrion, had for a leader
 Eurpylus, so comely to see, the good heir of Evæmon ;
 Forty galleys dark-hull'd follow'd him to the ranks o' the navy.
 But the men of white-wall'd Oloossaon, Orthe, Elona,
 Argissa, and Gortyna, the war-spirited Polypæthes,
 725 Born of Pirithous, were serving, a grandson of high Jove.
 Him by Pirithous bare glorious Hippodamia
 What time Pirithous was aveng'd o' the wild shaggy Centaurs,
 Whom amid Æthicans he drove, from Pelion ousted ;
 Nor single was he here, but join'd in fight to Leonteus
 730 Cæneïdan, son of haughty Coronus, a scion of Ares.
 Gyneus from Cyphus led a score and two galleys over ;

- Him th' Enieni obey'd, and, firm in fight, the Perœbi,
 They that about Dodona resist the spite o' the winter,
 And those whose pastures lovable Titaresius enters,
 735 When to salute Peneus his limpid water he urges,
 Which blendeth not at all with Peneus' silvery wavelets,
 But glideth separate, like oil, as suits with an offshoot
 Of Styx's river-head, which of oaths is a dreadful attester.
 Tenthredoniadan Prothous from Pelion, and from
 740 Peneus shimmering with leaves, led forth the Magnes ;
 Forty galleys dark-hull'd follow'd him to the ranks o' the navy.

- These among all Danaans were chiefs and heirs of allegiance.
 Now tell me, Muses, which among these wights above all wights
 Was there pre-eminent, which among their horse above horses ?
 745 Of steeds most eminent were those Pheretiadean
 Whom drove Eumelus, for swift as fowls o' the welkin,
 And like-hued were they, like-ag'd, level under a ruler.
 These both, though female, argent bow-bending Apollo
 Had nurtur'd, bearers of affright i' the midst o' the carnage.
 750 Of men most eminent was then Telamonian Ajax,
 While the son of Peleus was wroth, who had outdone him wholly :
 But now by the galleys prow-curl'd, foam-ranging, he idled,
 Deep in his heart anger'd on account o' the nation's pastor
 Atrides ; but his hosts were about the strond o' the salt sea
 755 Casting long javelins, or quoits, or in archery vying,
 While round their chariots the steeds were freely devouring
 Large measure of trefoil and parsley, the growth o' the marshland ;
 And well-fram'd chariots were ypight i' the tents o' the captains,
 Who no more spirited by a chief so matchless in onslaught,
 760 Rov'd hither and yonder, taking no part i' the contest.

- Their marching was as if that strond to the fire were a pasture,
 And solid earth's groaning was like as an hour when in anger
 Jove, lavish of lightnings, battereth round Etna the region,
 Where rumor the bed underground ascribes to Typhoeus.
 765 So groan'd earth under the descent o' the feet o' that army,
 They pressing on, 'minishing the space right quickly before them.
 Now came down with a tale of alarm wind-wing'd rapid Iris
 Down from Jove Gorgon-buckler'd to the midst o' the Trojans,
 Who cluster'd to the gates of Priamus all to the folkmote,

- 770 Old and young men yfere, there brook'd not a soul to be absent ;
 And, near this gathering station'd, the rapid-footed Iris
 Cried to them, in features and semblance like to Polites
 Swift-footed, of Priam's offspring, that guard o' the Trojans,
 Who then upon topmost monument sat of old Æsuetes
- 775 Tow'rd the galleys gazing, to behold in a trice what Achaians
 Were sallying ; such-seeming among them spoke rapid Iris :
 " Old sir, long traffickings with words still appear to delight thee
 Even as in peace-time ; but now stern war is awaken'd ;
 For many great combats of a truth I've seen among heroes,
- 780 But ne'er yet so great an array, so goodly beheld I.
 Like leaves of the forests, like sands, their infinite armies
 Our city threat, 'minishing the plain right quickly before them.
 But this among many things I foremost tell thee, O Hector,
 Our city's huge roundure o'erflows with allies o' the ruler's ;
- 785 And as among manifold nations, many tongues are among them.
 Let the man, who muster'd each people, in order array them,
 And among his citizens hold rule, and lead to the combat."
 She spoke, and Hector recognis'd full well the divine word,
 And dispers'd that assembly to put their armour about them.
- 790 Soon there was not a gate left clos'd ; and hotly from each one
 Horse and foot, pressing out, were awaking an infinite uproar.
 Near the city's ramparts was a rising mound, with an even
 Tract of soil compass'd, by mortals call'd Batuea ;
 But the divine kindreds esteem it a cairn to Myrinna
- 795 Light-footed : here Trojans with allies were in order assembled.

- First the son of Priam, the stalwart plume-tossing Hector,
 Led the men of Troytown, spear-casters, eager at onslaught :
 Numerous and valiant were these above all the remainder.
 Then brave Æneas to the fight led a company Dardan,
- 800 That son of Anchises, that in Ida's dells Aphrodita
 Conceiv'd, when the goddess was led to the couch of a mortal ;
 Archilochus with him, and Acamas, as chiefs were united,
 Children of Antenor, well-vers'd in combat of all kinds.
 Where Ida stretches out furthest, where near to Zelea,
- 805 Dark-shadow'd Æsepus flows down to supply the rich herdsmen,
 Thence levies of Trojans the stately Lycaonid archer
 Pandarus, whom Phœbus with his own hand train'd, were attending.
 Troops from Adrasteia, from Apæsus, from Pitriea,

- And that proud eminence Terea, led Amphios onward,
 810 And the linen-baldrick'd Adrastus, both of an household,
 Sons to Merops, augur Percosian, whom not a mortal
 Outstripp'd in prophecy; yet his heirs he fain would have held back
 From the battle's carnage, but they not a whit would obey him,
 For the livid Deathdooms to the goal of destiny drove them.
- 815 Practium and Sestus, Percote, Abydos, Arisbe,
 Sent to the field forces marshall'd by a princely commander,
 Asius Hyrtacides, who came from gorgeous Arisbe,
 Near the river Selles, with a pair of tall jetty coursers.
 From deep-gleb'd Larissa Pylæus, a scion of Ares,
- 820 And with him Hippothous, sprung of Lethus Teutamidean,
 Led those spear-revelling warriors to the field, the Pelasgi.
 Piræos and Acamas were leaders unto the Thracians,
 Whom cutteth off, surging so proudly, the broad frith of Helle.
 Euphemus muster'd the Ciconian spearmen accomplish'd,
- 825 Jove-nurtur'd Træzenus's heir, of race Keadean.
 Pyræchmes led a band Pæonian, round-bow-accoutred;
 From distant Amydon, near broad-running Axius, outdrawn,
 Axius of waters, such as have not on earth any rival.
 Paphlagonic squadrons were array'd by mighty Pylæmen,
- 830 Drawn from those Heneti, that nurture mules on a wild moor,
 From Cromna's residents, from among the superb palace-holders
 On banks Parthenian, from wind-still-woo'd Erythini,
 And a Cytorian host, and men from Sesamus also.
 Troops of Alisdonians Odious with Epistrophus order'd,
- 835 From distant Alybe, where silver veins are emergent.
 Ennomus and Chromius led a Mysian host to the combat—
 Ennomus in portents well-vers'd, but it ill could avail him
 His dark doom's seizure to resist, when among many Trojans
 By swift Pelides he sank i' the midst o' the waters.
- 840 Ascanius god-like and Phorcys were the commanders
 Of fair Ascania's Phrygian troops, eager at onslaught;
 Antiphus and Mesthles from Tmolus led the Meonians,
 Sons borne by Gygæa, the lake-goddess, unto Pylæmen.
 Carian hosts, uncouth in language, next follow'd after,
- 845 Drawn from Miletus, from about the streams o' Meander,
 From Pthiri shimmering with leaves, and proud Mycalea;
 Amphimachus led them with Nastes fair to set eyes on,
 Both sons of Nomion; he array'd in gold to the combat

Went in his heart's girlish lightness ; but it ill could avail him
 850 His dark fate's seizure to resist, when among many Trojans
 Æacides quell'd him : so came to the gold a new owner.
 From Lycia's confines and roaring Xanthus a legion
 Came with Sarpedon and Glaucus, a consummate hero.

BOOK III.

THE DUEL OF PARIS AND MENELAUS.

THEY thus having muster'd, each company round the commander,
 Troy's host with clamor and tumult advanc'd to the conflict,
 As when cranes, clattering, fly abroad i' the face o' the welkin,
 From the coming winter's vast rainfall seeking a shelter,
 5 And with a sharp outcry flit above th' encompassing ocean's
 Briny streams, carrying their dooms and deaths to the Pygmies,
 Through middle air sailing, set upon strife's labour of anguish.
 But silent advanc'd in array zeal-breathing Achaians,
 Each ardent to defend with his utmost might his associate.
 10 As when a fog, south-wind-nurtur'd, the spurs of a mountain
 O'erruns, by the shepherd unlov'd, but dear to the reaver
 Even above nightfall, when a man sees barely before him
 One stone's throw, thus above their ranks rose whirling a dust-
 cloud,
 They pressing on, 'minishing the space full quickly before them.

15 When but a short distance now sunder'd army from army,
 Came Paris, of god-like aspect, to the front o' the Trojans,
 Pardskin upon shoulders, and buxom bow slung athwart it,
 Sword at hip, and in his hands rearing two spears heavy-pointed
 With brass, and shouting to provoke any champion Achaian
 20 Singly to withstand him, the battle so deadly dareyning.
 Him, when war-spirited Menelaus had ey'd in a moment,

- From front rank issuing, striding so statelily forward,
 He joy'd, as doth a lion in hunger's rage, who alighteth
 On wild-goat's body well-nurtur'd, or stag mickle-antler'd.
- 25 Then will he it ravenously devour, in hot haste tho' about him
 Come rapid hounds gathering, come young men lusty for aidance ;
 So to behold Paris's god-like aspect Menelaus
 Exulted, thinking for his ancient wrong to requite him ;
 Lightly from his chariot to the ground he sprang with his armour.
- 30 Him Paris, of god-like aspect, had seen not a moment
 From front rank issuing, when his heart its purpose had alter'd ;
 Back stepp'd he, to retire from bane, 'mid his host of associates.
 As, when a man seeth, treading on the spurs of a mountain,
 A dragon all unawares, his limbs with-trembling are hamper'd,
- 35 And he slinks backward, yellow fear getting hold of his aspect,
 So backward, to the ranks o' the Trojans lordly demeanor'd,
 Shrank Paris of god-like aspect, th' Atridan avoiding.

Him to behold Hector was chaf'd, and scornfully shent him :

- “ O Paris of mischance, cozened, still mad for a mistress,
- 40 Why was a life mateless with a childless death not assign'd thee ?
 This better had pleas'd me, yea, been far more to the purpose
 Than thy thus living on for a shame to the race, or a byword.
 They flout thee, perdy, the long-hair'd cavaliers of Achaia,
 As posted foremost, for a chief, to requite thy appearance,
- 45 But no nerve having in thee at all, nor soul to rely on.
 Did such a man whilom, with a band of approv'd associates,
 Take ships foam-travelling, to cross the breadth o' the surges,
 And lodge with foreign hosts, that a wife right fair to set eyes on
 He might bring from afar, to commend to the brave for a sister ?
- 50 Now to thy own father, thy spear-mates, thy fellow-townsmen,
 Thou provest a reproach, to thy own soul even a burden,
 And a delight to the foe. Thou avoidest brave Menelaus—
 Else would'st learn what a wight thou keep'st from so fresh a consort.
 Thee would not profit aught thy lyre, or gifts Aphroditan,
- 55 Or shape, or chevelure, stooping with dust to commingle.
 But very faint-hearted this people of Ilion hold I ;
 Else hadst thou long ago got a coat of stones put about thee.”
 Then Paris, of god-like feature, thus address'd him in answer :
 “ Hector, though not amiss thou chidest, but with a reason—
- 60 Yet wearest thou a heart, that is hard as an axe of a woodman,

- Hewing a ship's timbers by his art, when adown on an oak-beam
 It rushes, enforcing the strength and stroke o' the wielder ;
 So thine heart in thee sitteth imperturbable always.
 Scoff not about favors of golden-array'd Aphrodita !
- 65 What man would fling away the splendid boons of immortals
 By free grace given him (for a wight never else can attain them) ?
 Now though, if in contest and fight thou'dst have me a sharer,
 Cause to be all seated Danaans and my fellow Trojans,
 And i' the midst let me with war-spirited Menelaus
- 70 Fight for Helen foremost, whose gear must go with her also ;
 And let him who conquers, and comes best out o' the combat,
 Both take her for his own, and take that gear to go home with.
 You then, having ratified covenants of faithful affection,
 May dwell on in glebe-rich Troas, they voyaging homeward
- 75 For steed-proud Argos, for Achaia, the fair-woman-haunted."

- So said he, and Hector, when he heard, was dearly delighted,
 And went out, his troops to refrain, betwixt the two armies,
 Holding a lance mid-way ; so adown his men sat in order ;
 But the long-hair'd cavaliers of Achaia prepar'd, with a shower
- 80 Of well-pointed arrows and flights of stones, to receive him,
 Till the king Atrides with a far-heard shout them accosted :
 " Hold, Argive warriors, leave shooting, sons of Achaians ;
 He'd fain be telling us some affair, pied-plume-tossing Hector."
 So said he, and ceasing from attack, they still'd in a moment
- 85 Their clamor, and out-spoke Hector betwixt the two armies :
 " Hearken, ye of Troytown, ye Achaians arm'd to the greaves well,
 What Paris is proffering, the debate's first author amongst us.
 ' Let,' says he, ' all Danaans and all my Trojan associates
 Lay down their bright armour on earth's many-nurturing acres,
- 90 And i' the midst, let me with war-spirited Menelaus
 Fight for Helen foremost, whose gear must go with her also ;
 And let him who conquers, and comes best out o' the combat,
 Both take her for his own, and take that gear to go home with ;
 And let sure covenants the remainder unite of us henceforth.' "
- 95 He spoke, but silent and stirless abode the remainder,
 Till martial Menelaus address'd, and spoke thus among them :
 " Hear me, me likewise, whose heart most anguish has enter'd,
 Who'd for your benefits bid you be parted asunder,
 Trojans from Danaans, having already borne mickle evil

- 100 Under Alexander's control, and my quarrel aiding.
 Let one of us, therefore, whose death-doom destiny sealeth,
 Have to die, and let quickly the rest be parted asunder.
 And you shall sacrifice two rams, one white to the Sun-god,
 And one black to the power of Earth; but Jove shall have also
 105 One from us: and go you, fetch Priam's dignity forward,
 And let him our covenant ratify, for wild are his offspring,
 And faithless, that against Jove's rites there be not a trespass,
 For fickle and unstaidd is a young man's purpose at all times;
 Old men alone look back to the past, and forth to the future;
 110 So to the best vantage may affairs be arrang'd upon all sides."

- So said he, and Danaans and Trojans, dearly delighted,
 From dolorous warfare at length expected a respite.
 They dismounted anon; their steeds they array'd then in order,
 And doff'd their panoplies, which in even lines they erected,
 115 Nation against nation, with a belt of soil to divide them;
 And Hector to the town despatch'd two grooms, with immediate
 Haste to provide victims, and call King Priamus also.
 So was Talthybius for a ram by great Agamemnon
 Sent to the ships hollow-built, nor obey'd he not the superb king.
- 120 Iris came summoning, meanwhile, Helen ivory-wristed;
 Like one of her sisters, one of Antenorian household,
 Like sceptred Helicaon's wife in person appear'd she—
 Laodicē, fairest of Priam's race to set eyes on.
 Soon she found her in hall, by a loom, at work on a texture
 125 Twyfold, with many tints embrav'd, where she many war-feats
 Of Trojan cavaliers and brazen-plated Achaïans
 Had wrought, which they whilom achiev'd, all her quarrel aiding.
 Now, close by standing, the rapid-footed Iris address'd her:
 "Come, sweet bride, come hither, to behold things wondrous
 enacted
 130 By Trojan cavaliers and brazen-plated Achaïans,
 Those who, not long ago, for wasteful slaughter an-hunger'd,
 Nation against nation, did arouse many-cheek-wetting Ares.
 Now sit they silent (their labor of arms is arrested),
 Leaning against bucklers, long lances planted afore them;
 135 And man against man alone will war-spirited Menelaus
 Fight with Alexander for thee with spears shadow-launching.

So that he who conquers shall his own dear lady repute thee."

Thus the goddess speaking, made kindly desire to come o'er her
For that first man of hers, for former abode, for parents.

140 She then promptly gather'd her robe white-glistening o'er her,
And quitted her bower (with a tear was her eye brimming over),
Not single, for a maid upon either side her attended,
Here heifer-ey'd Clymenè, there Æthra, the daughter o' Pittheus ;
So came she to the Scæan gates, by these two attended.

145 There found they Priam, with his ancient company seated,
Panthous and Clyteius, Iketaon, nurseling of Ares,
Ucalego, Antenor, men in whom a divine spirit harbor'd,
And Lampus ; many such were there from war's operations
Forced by years to desist, but honor'd in council as elders,

150 Known as deft orators ; so upon tree-tops the cicadæ
From the wood unceasingly give out sharp notes to the breezes.
Now the presence of Helen they saw to the tower approaching,
And a man his neighbour with a wing-borne whisper accosted :
" Grudge not that Phrygians and brazen-plated Achaïans

155 For so fair a woman should abide many woes many seasons.
She the divine aspects parallels in a guise astounding !
Yet, though so very fair, let her hence, with ships billow-ranging,
Ere on us, and many more unborn, she bring mickle evil."

Thus whilst they murmur'd, King Priam call'd her afore him :

160 " Come, dear child, come hither, sit by my side to behold them,
Thine own first husband, thy kin, thy former associates.
Thee blame I not at all, it is heav'n I blame for arousing
'Gainst me, by Danaan squadrons, many-cheek-wetting Ares.

But name yon warrior so puissant ; tell me, I ask thee,

165 What man is he, stalwart and comelily-shap'd 'mid Achaïans ?
Though many be taller, yet have I ne'er look'd on a finer,
Nor more magnificent, as a man that is heir of allegiance."

And Helen, of mortal females most glorious, answer'd :

" Thou shed'st both reverence and awe, dear father, upon me.

170 O that I had rather coveted grim death than attended
Thy son, hither sailing, my bride-bed foully deserted,
Playfellows, and kinsfolk, and darling daughter abandon'd.
But so 'twas not appointed ; I hence am oppress'd with affliction.
But to the point question'd and sought by thee will I answer.

175 Yonder is Atrides, the commander of hosts Agamemnon,

- Who's together perfect as a prince, and brave as a champion,
 And of me brass-brow'd, when I had that place, was a kinsman."
 Herewith made she an end, and Priam marvelling answer'd :
 " O blessèd Atrides, birth-star-happy, genius-attended !
 180 How many bold squadrons of Achaians owe thee allegiance !
 In Phrygia's vine-clad confines I once was an envoy,
 And many bold Phrygians I saw, sight-wildering horsemen,
 Whom Otreus led along with Mygdo, peer of immortals.
 On shore Samgarian they camp'd, and I to the muster
 185 Went to resist Amazons man-coping, their quarrel aiding ;
 But more in number now appear th' eye-nimble Achaians."
 Next ask'd that grey king, when his eyes had fall'n on Ulysses :
 " Tell me, who is yonder, dear child, and what man is he too ?
 Less tall in standing than is Atreus-born Agamemnon,
 190 Broader in his shoulders and chest he nath'less appeareth,
 His bright arms are planted on earth's many-nurturing acres,
 And he moves ram-like, visiting the squares o' the champions.
 His semblance I'd liken, i' faith, with a ram woolly-laden,
 Who 'mid a great flock of ewes white-glistening holdeth a circuit."
 195 Then made answer Helen forthwith, that daughter of high Jove :
 " That man again 's manifold-counsell'd Laertid Ulysses,
 Whose nurture Ithakē boasteth, the small rugged island,
 And he knows many wiles and arts, unfailing at all times."
 Then spoke Antenor, within whom a divine spirit harbor'd :
 200 " Lady, there is not a thing more true than this thou averrest.
 Sure he came long ago 'midst us, that heroic Ulysses,
 Despatch'd, on thy account, with nobly-renown'd Menelaus ;
 And the two in my abode I lodg'd, and gave them a welcome,
 And with their semblance, their deepest thoughts was acquainted.
 205 Now, when among Trojans they appear'd, and mix'd in assembly,
 For stature and shoulders Menelaus claim'd the precedence
 While they both stood erect ; yet when they sat, then Ulysses
 Inspir'd most reverence ; but when to speech they address'd them
 And counsels, then i' faith Menelaus spoke very deftly,
 210 And with clear utterance ; he appeared no lengthy debater,
 Nor lavish of language, but brief and terse for a young man.
 But when next him arose to speak yon wary Ulysses,
 With look on earth fasten'd he stood, with his hand on a sceptre
 Stiffly carry'd, not at all borne forward nor to the rearward ;
 215 Churlish, or ill-nurtur'd he appear'd, or lean-witted even.

- Soon, from his huge bosom when a voice of might was emerging,
 And words came volleying, like snows i' the depth o' the winter,
 Then was it impossible that a man should cope with Ulysses,
 Then for us his features 'gan assume less mean an appearance."
- 220 Thirdly the grey king spoke, when his eyes had fall'n upon Ajax :
 " And who is he yonder, that tall and splendid Achaian,
 Who with head and shoulders domineers above Argos's armies ?"
 Then robe-trailing Helen, the majestic among women, answer'd :
 " 'Tis stalwart Ajax, that mighty defence of Achaians,
- 225 And here 's Idomeneus, who a Cretan company leadeth ;
 Like a god he standeth, with Creta's princes about him.
 Oft has he, as messmate of war-spirited Menelaus,
 Fed with us in palace-hall, when chance from Crete led him over.
 Now see I each other here of those quick-glancing Achaians
- 230 Whom I might recollect, and name them rightly before thee.
 Only two are wanting, those two folk-marshalling heroes,
 Castor steed-puissant, Polydeuces fam'd as a boxer,
 Mine own next relatives, my brethren born o' the same womb.
 Haply to pass over from lovely Sparta refus'd they,
- 235 Or did they follow me, whilom, on barks billow-ranging,
 And are they now asham'd to descend to the combat of heroes,
 By many foul rumors, which enhance mine obloquy, daunted ?"
 She said ; but they two below earth's many-nurturing acres
 Had been laid long ago, with dust of Sparta to mingle.
- 240 Now were heralds issuing, conveying gifts for immortals
 Meet for that covenant, two lambs, and therewith a goat-skin
 Of wine heart-solacing, best growth from soil that ariseth ;
 And cups all golden with a bright flagon held Idæus,
 Who that grey king arous'd, and with these words him accosted :
- 245 " Heir of Laomedon, rise up to give ear to the foremost
 Of Trojan cavaliers and brazen-plated Achaians.
 Come to the field, to warrant by victims sacred a treaty,
 So that Alexander with war-spirited Menelaus
 May for Helen's person contend with spears shadow-launching,
- 250 That she, with the treasures, may fall to the share of the victor,
 While we others, covenants ratified of faithful affection,
 May dwell upon glebe-rich Troas, they voyaging homeward
 For steed-proud Argos, for Achaia the fair-woman-haunted."
 So said he, and shuddering, that grey king charg'd his attendants

- 255 His chariot to prepare, and they full soon had obey'd him ;
 Therein having mounted, with his hand both reins he uplifted,
 And with him Antenor the superb car also ascended :
 So drove they, to the Scæan gate, the rapid-footed horses.
 When they came then anon 'twixt Troy's and Argos's armies,
 260 From chariot down stepp'd they on earth's many-nurturing acres,
 Equally far distant from Trojans and from Achaians.
 Thereat arose, forthwith, the commander of hosts, Agamemnon,
 With Laertiades deep-counsell'd ; then to the victims
 Their proud-pacing heralds 'gan attend, and wine in a goblet
 265 Unto the gods mingled, and water'd th' hands o' the princes.
 But the king Atrides drew forth his knife, which he always
 Kept by his huge broadsword fasten'd, and parted a forelock
 Off each ram's head anon ; these then by heralds to the bravest
 Of Trojan cavaliers were shar'd and brass-clad Achaians ;
 270 Then with his hands outstretch'd, with a loud voice pray'd
 Agamemnon :
 " Father of all, greatest and best, Jove, ruler on Ida,
 And thou Sun, the beholder of all things, hearer of all things,
 Ye gods of the rivers, and Earth, and ye below earth too,
 Stern powers, that upon the deceas'd wreak oaths unaccomplish'd,
 275 Bear you me witness, to protect vows holily sanction'd—
 If Paris here slayeth Menelaus, then let him henceforth
 Keep Helen all unoppos'd, and keep his gear with her also,
 And let us urge homeward, ourselves, our ships billow-ranging ;
 And if Alexander be slain by blond Menelaus,
 280 Then let Troy give her up, giving eke that gear to the victor,
 And let a fair payment, likewise, be accorded us Argives,
 Which may prove, even for a late generation, a warning ;
 And if, when Paris is conquer'd, my guerdon is haply
 By Priam disallow'd me, or else disallow'd by his offspring,
 285 Then will I here yet abide, and fight on account o' the guerdon,
 Were nothing else wanting, till an end I make o' the contest."

So said he, and straightway those victims' throats were ycorven
 With the weapon pitiless ; then gasping lay they afore him,
 Of their strength plunder'd, their limbs by life-breath abandon'd.
 290 Then wine from the flagon was pour'd out into the wine-cups,
 And many thus murmur'd, of Trojans and of Achaians :
 " Hearken, Jove, greatest and best, and all you immortals,

Whichso of us violates foremost these vows thus attested,
 Give their brains upon earth to run out, the brains o' their offspring,
 295 Like these libations ; give others their wives to commingle."
 They said ; but Kronides to the pray'r no sanction accorded ;
 And now Dardanidan Priam with these 'gan address them :
 " List to me, O Trojans, O Achaians well to the greaves arm'd,
 Now must I back again tow'rd wind-woo'd Ilion hasten,
 300 For there's no sufferance in me, nor strength to set eyes on
 My dear son battling with war-spirited Menelaus ;
 For Kronides knoweth, the divine race knoweth it only,
 Whose death-doom is it of these two that destiny sealeth."
 So said he, and lifted those rams to the car, then ascended,
 305 And drew back with his hands both reins, a divine man in aspect ;
 And with him Antenor the superb car also ascended ;
 So they drove back again tow'rd home, and Ilion enter'd.

Hector Priamides now arose with noble Ulysses,
 And to measure spaces for a mortal strife they address'd them,
 310 And in a brass bass'net put lots, whereby to determine
 Which cavalier foremost his pointed lance should aventer,
 While the men all round them, with stretch'd-out hands were
 a-praying,
 And many thus murmur'd of Trojans and of Achaians :
 " Father of all, greatest and best, Jove, ruler on Ida,
 315 Whoever of these two first gave for strife an occasion,
 Grant that he, here slaughter'd, may sink to the light-lacking Hades,
 And let sure covenants the remainder unite of us henceforth."
 Thus while they murmur'd, tall Hector, turning his eyes off,
 Cast lots, and Paris's flew foremost out o' the bass'net ;
 320 Then sat down the remainder, as each had posted in order
 His galloping coursers, and armour daintily graven.
 Thereat Alexander put forthwith his armour about him,
 Lord of Helen sheen-hair'd, in his aspect like an immortal ;
 And his limbs foremost with a pair of greaves he accoutred,
 325 Goodly, which had silver fast'nings to fit over his ankles ;
 And upon his bosom put a breastplate, ow'd to Lycaon,
 His brother, and fitting him right well ; then about him a brazen
 Sword slung he, all argent-emboss'd ; he grasp'd an enormous
 Buckler weighty-metall'd, and placed on his head then a helmet
 330 Well-temper'd, crested, with a plume nodding over it awful ;

Then took he his dreadful javelin, which his hand was inur'd to :
So likewise martial Menelaus his arms put about him.

- From the crowd separate when both had in arms thus array'd them,
Down came they to the midst of Trojans and of Achaïans,
335 With terrific semblance, while marvel smote the beholders,
Both Trojan cavaliers and brazen-plated Achaïans.
In the measur'd precincts they took their places asunder,
Poising their javelins, and mustering each man his anger.
First then Alexander came down, with spear shadow-launching,
340 Right upon Atrides his shield all equally rounded,
Yet pierc'd he not a whit the brass ; his point from against it
Fell blunted ; so toughly the shield of proof had oppos'd it.
Then to the next onslaught th' Atridan prince Menelaus
Made ready, thus praying to the father of all, to supreme Jove :
345 " Great Jove, make me aveng'd upon him that first has aggriev'd
me,
This Paris of god-like semblance, and mastery grant me,
Whereby men may fear to requite a good host for affection
With despite, even when a new generation ariseth."
So said he, and brandish'd, and hurl'd his spear shadow-launching,
350 Which struck upon Paris's complete-orb'd shield i' the midmost.
Through glittering buckler, through breastplate daintily graven,
The proud spear pushing on, miss'd barely the flank o' the foeman,
Though gashing his vesture: his shrinking sav'd him a death-wound.
Thereupon Atrides pull'd forth his silvery-boss'd glaive,
355 And brandish'd it aloft, and smote i' the midst of his helmet,
Where, smashing in three parts and four, it parted asunder.
Then groan'd Atrides, looking up to the wide, hollow welkin :
" Sire Jove, how tyrannous thou show'st thyself above all gods !
Surely was I weening to revenge my wrongs on a faitour,
360 And my sword's broken, that I held ; my spear, too, hath idly
Sprung from my right-hand, while there unscath'd he abideth."
So said he, and rushing up, by his helm thick-plum'd he attach'd him,
And dragg'd off to the side o' the brazen-plated Achaïans,
His throat so delicate worrying with brace of his helmet.
365 So would he have chok'd him, so had earn'd reputation eternal,
But that a keen guardian, Jove-born Aphrodita, beheld them.
She that brace sunder'd i' the midst (the tough hide from a bull
won),

- Leaving in Atrides' heavy seizure empty that helmet ;
 He swung it, and cast it to the brazen-plated Achaïans,
 370 Whereupon his well-approv'd comrades with alacrity seiz'd it ;
 Then back anew rush'd he, with brazen spear, to the foeman
 Whose life he coveted ; but his hope Aphrodita defrauded,
 Like gods, with no ado ; for she Paris hid from his onslaught,
 Enswath'd in mickle air, and brought the man off to repose him
 375 All in his own chamber, full of odors daintily mingled.
 Then for Helen went out the superb Aphrodita, to call her,
 And on a tall tower she found her, amid many ladies
 Of Troytown ; so on her soft robe she planted a finger,
 In the borrow'd semblance of an ancient matron appearing,
 380 A spinner, who whilom had assisted her, in Lacedæmon,
 Her fine webs to prepare, one in whom she dearly delighted.
 Bespake her, such a form wearing, the superb Aphrodita :
 " Thy Paris is calling, come away, come where he awaits thee,
 At couch featly fashion'd, his bridal chamber adorning,
 385 Glorious in raiment and hue ; thou'dst hardly believe him
 Fresh from mortal affray, but as if just now for a folk-dance
 He'd put on his raiment, or thence came home, he appeareth."

So speaking, she awoke disdain i' the mind of her hearer,
 Who the goddess recognis'd, when awhile she'd seen with amaze
 her

- 390 Stately neck, and bosom delicate, and glorious eye-beams.
 She scann'd, and then anon bespoke, and made her an answer :
 " Gracious queen, wherefore covetest thou again to beguile me ?
 Wouldst carry me further tow'rd some city goodlily peopled
 In Phrygia's confines, or fair Maïonia's haply,
 395 Where 'mid confabulant mortals thou mayst have a darling ?
 This comes haply, because Menelaus, in arms having outdone
 Splendid Alexander, would take me again with him homeward,
 Me wretched, and therefore on a foul fraud bent thou appearest.
 Go to the man, take up thy abode ; to the paths of immortals
 400 Bid farewell ; withdraw for ever thy feet from Olympus ;
 Toil always and moil for him only ; give heed to preserve him,
 Until he has ta'en thee for a wife, or a bondswoman haply.
 But thither I'll go not ; vengeance be upon me, if henceforth
 I'll make his pillow soft, to be held in scorn ever after
 405 'Mid the city's daughters, while griefs unbounded oppress me."

Answer'd her the superb Aphrodita, stung to resentment :

“ Vex me not, malapert, lest I should abandon in anger,
And no less thee abhor, than of old I lov'd thee immensely.

Trojans with Danaans I'd cause yet again to commingle

410 In dolorous warfare, whence some foul end would await thee.”

She spoke, and terrefy'd was Helen, that daughter of high Jove,
And follow'd in silence, with a veil white-glistening o'er her,
Where the goddess led away ; not an eye was allow'd to detect her.

Then, when Alexander's right splendid abode she had enter'd,

415 Her maidens forthwith took in hand what tasks were assign'd them,
And to the top chamber that lady majestic ascended.

Then the goddess took a chair, that queen of smiles Aphrodita,
And nigh Alexander she placed it, fairly before him ;

Whereat Helen, very child of Jove the dread ægis's holder,

420 Sat down there, with aloof-turn'd eyes, and chode thus her husband :
“ Thou'st from fight come away ! better hadst thou come by a death-
wound

From that bold cavalier, that whilom I had for a husband.

What ! wast thou telling us from war-spirited Menelaus

Thy valor, and right-hand, and spear would mastery win thee ?

425 But go to ! summon out that war-spirited Menelaus

Unto battle yet again ; but nay, let alone, I aread thee !

Fight not against yellow-hair'd Menelaus a fight of a madman's,

Lest o'er thy carcass very soon his spear should enhance him.”

Hereat Alexander made answer : “ Seek not occasions

430 With bitter upbraidings, O lady, to give me annoyance.

If now Pallas's aid maketh Menelaus a victor,

I may again be so, for with me are also immortals.

But let us hie bedwards, and turn to the rites of affection ;

For love so passionate never hath controll'd me aforetime,

435 No, not that very day, when with trim bark billow-ranging

I took thee, carry'd off by stealth, from fair Lacedæmon

To Cranæ's rugged isle, where rest and love did unite us ;

So much am I pining, so dear a desire is upon me.”

So said he, and led away to the tester daintily chamfer'd.

440 But Menelaus a-field was prowling like any wild-beast,

Striving Alexander to detect, the divine man in aspect.

But not among Trojans, nor among their martial associates

Could one point Paris out to the war-spirited Menelaus,

Since they would not have help'd to screen him at all for affection,
 445 Hating him, as they did, far more than death's grim arrestment.
 But the king of nations, Agamemnon, spoke to them out thus :
 " Hearken ye of Troytown, Dardans, and martial associates,
 Victory seems standing with war-spirited Menelaus.
 Spartan Helen therefore and all her gear to surrender
 450 Make ready, and give us eke an atonement fairly proportion'd,
 Worthy to be thought on when a new generation ariseth."
 Spoke the king, and Argive plaudits made boisterous answer.

BOOK IV.

THE BREACH OF THE TREATY.

Now the divine kindreds i' the court of Jove were assembled,
 On floor gold-glittering ; now pouring wine the majestic
 Hebe stepp'd reund them, now immortal quaff'd with immortal
 From cups of massy gold, looking out upon Ilien under.
 5 And now was Kronides with keen words carping at Hera,
 And with comparisons thus fram'd his speech to provoke her :
 " Lo, we've two goddesses setting up to support Menelaus,
 Argive Hera belive, with Athena the mighty to rescue ;
 Yet these are sitting here, content to look on from a distance,
 10 While for her own champion that queen of smiles, Aphrodita,
 Comes forward to protect him against death's eager approaches,
 And hath sav'd him, of hope quitting hold, at this very moment,
 Victory now standing with nobly-renown'd Menelaus.
 But let us hold council which way this affair to determine.
 15 Shall we send yet again conflict and war's fell alarums
 Unto the two nations, or let them unite in affection ?
 Since, best and meetest if in all your eyes it appeareth,
 Laomedontiadan Troytown may still be upholden,
 And Menelaus again may lead the Spartaness homeward."

- 20 So said he, and straiten'd were lips by Athena with Hera,
Where they sat separate, shaping for Troy mickle evil ;
And silent did Athena remain, and made not an answer,
Aw'd by Jove's reverence, but her heart was seething in anger ;
And hers Hera refrain'd no more, but thus she address'd him :
- 25 " Sublimest Kronides, what a word is this to give ear to !
Wilt make of none effect my toils, make th' aims unaccomplish'd
Which sweating I wrought for, tasking the strength o' my horses,
Raising a war baneful for Priamus and for his offspring ?
Do, do ; but never hope, we immortals all shall approve it."
- 30 Sore anger'd in his heart, Kronides cloud-marshalling answer'd :
" Gracious queen, what amount from Priamus, or from his offspring,
Hast thou borne of offence, that, so despitefully minded,
Thou cravest to give up for a prey Troy's fair habitations ?
How now ? will nothing else glut thee, save entering over
- 35 Gates and broad ramparts, and all their raw bodies eating,
Priamus and Priam's offspring, to the last o' the Trojans ?
Do what thou covetest ; let this not abide as a grievance
Hereafter 'twixt us, to produce for strife an occasion.
Yet mark this further, to revolve it deeply within thee ;
- 40 Should my wrath any day be stirr'd to give up for a booty
Some city, where mortals dearest to thy heart are abiding,
Be thou no suppliant for them, but leave me unhinder'd,
As to thee I yield now with a will, but not with a liking,
Since among all mortals, who towns upon earth have erected,
- 45 Which the sun and starlight visiteth, there lives not a people
That's dearer to my heart than Priamus of the good ash-lance,
And Priam's citizens, and Troy, their town hallow'd-holy ;
For never here wanted mine altar a portion abundant,
Fat, nor drink-offerings, which fall to the share of immortals."
- 50 Him then in answer address'd heifer-ey'd, imperial Hera :
" Three cities are best lov'd by me, the stately Mycenæ,
And Sparta, and Argos ; give these to the plunderer over,
When thine heart moves thee, conceiving against them abhorrence.
I'll grudge not, nor seek to defend them at all ; for, if even
- 55 I should sorely repine, and strive to resist thy appointment,
'Twere but a lost labor, such might above all of us hast thou.
Yet must my toilings not abide ineffectual either,
Since I thine origin partake, to be also immortal ;

For Krōnos of politic counsels has left me an heirloom,
 60 All goddesses to precede in state, by virtue of eldest
 Birth, and in that I am thy consort, lord of immortals.
 But let us on this point make terms for a mutual 'ielding,
 And all our fellow-gods will assent, and bear thy appointments ;
 And let Athenaie go down, where stand the two armies,
 65 Trojans and Danaans, in dread battle-order accoutred,
 And with her enticements put it into the mind o' the Trojans,
 Despite their covenants, to engage th' o'erweening Achaians."
 She spoke, nor gainsay'd her at all that sire of immortal
 And mortal kindreds, but in haste thus address'd he Athena :
 70 " Speed to yon encampments of Trojans and of Achaians,
 And with thy 'suasions put it into the mind o' the Trojans,
 Despite their covenants, to engage th' o'erweening Achaians."

So said he, and spirited to the bent of her own will Athena ;
 Who sprang up, and hasten'd to descend the steeps of Olympus,
 75 Like some bright meteor, scattering fine sparks to the welkin,
 Which the son of politic Saturnus shows for a warning,
 Either above mariners, or above wide-leaguering armies.
 Such-like in semblance, from on high, shot Pallas Athena
 Down to the midst o' the field, where marvel smote the two armies,
 80 Both Trojan cavaliers and brazen-plated Achaians ;
 And many wights, looking on their neighbors, thus 'gan address
 them :
 " Now 'tis a thing 'stablish'd, if conflict's dreadful alarums
 Be yet again toward, or peace for us all is appointed
 By Kronides, who martial affrays to the world doth apportion."

85 While many thus murmur'd of Trojans and of Achaians,
 Wearing a man's likeness, she came to the midst o' the Trojans,
 Like one of Antenor's household, a spearman accomplish'd,
 Laodocus, seeking to discern that peer of immortals,
 Pandarus. And nigh at hand she found the Lycaonid hero,
 90 Stalwart and valiant, with a buckler'd company round him,
 In thick array marshall'd, from banks Æsepan arriv'd there.
 Close by his ear standing, with wing-borne words she address'd him :
 " Wilt hearken to my 'hest, thou worthy Lycaonid hero,
 And let a keen arrow fly forthwith, to pick out Menelaus ?
 95 So above all Trojans may fame and favor await thee.

Princely Paris foremost will a noble guerdon assign thee,
If by thine arrow-point th' Atridan bold Menelaus
Be given him to behold, to the pyre so dismal ascending.
Go to then, tarry not, take aim at proud Menelaus.

- 100 Call first on Lycian Phœbus, that glorious archer,
And promise him firstlings of rams, a superb hecatomba,
If thou mayst come again to Zelea's boundary sacred.'

- Thus the goddess speaking, persuaded a lean-witted hearer ;
His bow then took he out, which a wild-goat's horns had afforded,
105 Whom, coming up whilom from a cave, he smote from an ambush,
And flat upon rocky soil o'erthrew, with a wound at his heart's root.
Pandarus had thereat sunder'd from his head the tremendous
Horns of sixteen palms, and these had an armorer handled,
And full fairly polish'd, and tips of gold set upon them.
110 Now this bow, leaning to the ground, he brac'd, but afore him
His followers, good-at-arms, their bucklers warily lifted,
Lest Danaan champions, by making against him an onset,
Should from his aim rescue their martial prince Menelaus.
Then took he his quiver out, and chose him a shaft yet unhandled,
115 Featly feather'd, singled for a tool of death's livid anguish.
Soon upon his bowstring this baleful shaft he adjusted,
But first on Lycian Phœbus, that glorious archer,
Call'd, promising firstlings of rams, a superb hecatomba,
Might he but come again to Zelea's boundary sacred.
120 Then press'd he with his hand arrow-nicks and bull-sinew bow-
string,
Till bow reach'd arrow-barbs, and bowstring bosom of holder.
Now, when he had well-nigh rounded the refractory bow's-length,
From resonant goat-horns and wailing string shot a deadly
Shaft up away, coveting to descend on ranks of Achaians.

- 125 Nor wanted for thee, Menelaus, cares of immortals,
And first did Kronides' own daughter, Athena the reaver,
In thy front standing, to the sharp arrow's onset oppose her.
Like a mother, screening from a fly some slumbering infant,
She met it, and sideways to the golden clasp o' the cincture,
130 Which the double breastplate compass'd, she barely repell'd it.
On to the firm cincture that shaft wo-working alighted,
And its rich tissue pierc'd, and pierc'd his daintily graven

Breastplate and mail-shirt, which of old many darts had arrested,
 His chiefest body-guard ; thoro' these the malign weapon enter'd,
 135 And upon his flesh arriv'd, and graz'd there barely the surface.
 From such a wound eftsoons the crimson blood was emerging.

As when some Lydian female, or Carian haply,
 With vermeil colorings is adorning an ivory pendant,
 Meet to bedeck war-steeds, and laid on her own bed, an object
 140 Of many knights' covetings, but meant for a king's winning only,
 That the steed well-array'd may dignity lend to the rider ;
 So with blood crimson'd were now thy limbs, Menelaus,
 'Twixt the superb ankles and thighs of comely proportion.
 Hereat cold shudderings fell upon the supreme Agamemnon,
 145 When forth from such a wound the crimson blood was emerging ;
 Fell shudderings likewise on war-spirited Menelaus.
 But when those arrow-barbs he found, with a tie done about them,
 Out o' the wound prominent, his sprites in his heart reassembled.
 Then, with a groan deep-drawn, the supreme Agamemnon address'd
 him,
 150 Hand within hand fasten'd, their company groaning around them :
 " Dear brother, in very deed for thy death made I a treaty,
 Thee to give up single to the foe, for a champion of Argives ;
 For such firm covenants they've spurn'd by shooting against thee.
 Yet say not, what avail our vows, and faith in united
 155 Right-hands, and unallay'd libations of the supernals ?
 Comes yet no vengeance from his hand, who ruleth Olympus,
 Yet shall it hereafter come i' faith, and cost to the Trojans
 Their wómen and households, and their dear lives, to repay us.
 Here is a thing, certes, my soul and heart are assur'd of ;
 160 There is a day toward, shall whelm Troy's great city sacred,
 And Priam's citizens, and Priamus of the good ash-lance.
 Then shall Jove, then shall Kronides, high-thron'd on Olympus,
 Shake in their faces the tremendous, sight-quelling ægis,
 This foul fraud punishing, nor leave my words unaccomplish'd.
 165 But sorrow most grievous were mine, Menelaus, if algates
 Thou should'st have to die here, and here thy fates to determiné.
 Sure I should come again, contemn'd, to behold arid Argos,
 Since very soon Danaans would crave to push home to the dear land.
 Troy's pray'rs and Priam's would then to the full be accomplish'd,
 170 If we'd left Helen here, and left thy bones to commingle

With dust of Troas, to retire from a task unaccomplish'd.
 And ofttimes, from among this land's vain-glorious heroes,
 Might a man, insulting the remains of bold Menelaus,
 Cry, ' So be thou aveng'd, Agamemnon, on all thy opponents,
 175 Thou that ledst hither, all to no end, such troops of Achaïans,
 And sailedst then away, to push home to the coasts o' the dear land,
 With galleys all unmann'd, leaving Menelaus amongst us.'
 Such things might many say. Gape for me sooner, immense Earth."

Him to put in better heart outspoke yellow-hair'd Menelaus :
 180 " Fear nothing, and give thou no alarm to the troops of Achaia.
 This weapon hath not attain'd my vitals, but was arrested
 By the varied cincture, and, under it here, by a baldric,
 And by a girdle lastly, the work of good metal-handlers."
 Thereat made answer the commander of hosts, Agamemnon :
 185 " Send heaven, it be so, thou dearly belov'd Menelaus.
 Then shall a leech handle thy wound, and forthwith about it
 Lay salves and balsams that allay brow-darkening anguish."
 Herewith Talthybius, that herald of gods, he accosted :
 " Talthybius, go take in hot haste a command to Machaon,
 190 Who claimeth for a sire Asclepius, hero accomplish'd ;
 For now must he attend the good Argive prince, Menelaus,
 Whom a man hath wounded just now, some consummate archer
 Trojan or else Lycian, for his own fame working us anguish."
 So said he, and straightway that herald to the word was obedient ;
 195 Down went he to the lines of brazen-plated Achaïans,
 And survey'd them awhile, and came to that hero Machaon,
 Who stood among warriors, that from steed-nurturing acres
 Of Tricca had follow'd him, shield-bearers banded in order.
 Close to the man standing, with wing-borne words he address'd him :
 200 " Rise, Asclepiades, the supreme Agamemnon areads thee ;
 Go to visit forthwith th' Atridan prince Menelaus,
 Whom a man hath wounded just now, some consummate archer
 Trojan or else Lycian, for his own fame working us anguish."
 So said he, and kindled in his hearer's mood sad amazement.
 205 Then strode they to the midst o' the wide-spread camp of Achaïans ;
 And soon on coming up, where now yellow-hair'd Menelaus
 Stood wounded, with a band o' the noblest princes around him—
 He midmost, eminent above all, a divine man in aspect—
 From within his cincture to remove that shaft he attempted,

- 210 But could not—so stiffly the barbs his pull were opposing.
 Thereat he unfasten'd his cincture, and body-girdle
 Under it, and baldric wrought skilfully by metal-handlers,
 And look'd into the wound, where that fell shaft had attain'd him,
 And clear'd the blood away, then applied he pain-lulling unguents,
 215 Wherewith Chiron of old had made his father acquainted.

- Thus round war-spirited Menelaus while they attended,
 Troy's hosts, with bucklers well array'd, were moving against them,
 And they too put on arms, and stir'd themselves to the combat.
 Nor was there then a chance to behold the supreme Agamemnon
 220 Loitering, or terrefied, or loth in strife to commingle,
 But with zeal to the field of fame was he urging his army.
 His steeds, his chariot well dight with brass he abandon'd,
 And gave Eurymedon the snorting steeds to look after—
 His groom, Piraïdan by birth, Ptolemæus's offspring ;
 225 And mickle he charg'd him, to give heed i' the car to receive him,
 Should lassitude any time come on him, while rousing his army.
 He then afoot visited the swift-steed-reining Achaïans,
 And if a troop anywhere he found, that stir'd with alertness,
 Nigh to the ranks standing, with a cheering speech he address'd
 them :
 230 " O warriors Argive, recollect to be hardy to rescue ;
 For Jove, father of all, is of liars no whit a helper,
 And the men, who foremost transgress'd their oaths with an outrage,
 Shall yield, for delicate banquets, their limbs to the prey-birds.
 Their city we'll capture, and when we've made it a booty,
 235 We'll bear on galleys home their wives and children unhelpful."
 And if a troop anywhere to dareyn fierce fight was avoiding,
 With bitter upbraidings and angry speech he address'd them :
 " O Argives, a reproach to the land, good-at-arms at a distance,
 Shame on you, who stand up thus aghast, like fawns that have halted
 240 After a good space run, forlorn, lacking heart to preserve them.
 So stand you now amaz'd, and will not fight. What await you ?
 Haply to see Trojans pressing onward, right to the moorings
 Of the galleys tall-poop'd, and down to the sea-billows hoary,
 So to see if Kronides hath his arm ever over us outstretch'd ? "

- 245 Thus survey'd he his host, in dread battle-order accoutred,
 Rank and file visiting, king-like, and came to the Cretans,

- Who round Idomeneus their breasts were attiring in armour.
 Idomeneus i' the van, like wild-boar hardy for onslaught,
 Rearward Meriones battle-hearted his host was arraying.
- 250 Them full gladly discern'd the commander of hosts, Agamemnon,
 And anon Idomeneus with words debonair he accosted :
 " Idomeneus, among all the swift-steed-reining Achaians,
 Thee I honor foremost in war and counsel of all kinds,
 Even as at banquets, where noblest princes Achaian
- 255 Temper fiery wine in bowls set apart to the worthy.
 For there, while many more o' the long-lock'd princes Achaian
 By measure are drinking, there's alway a full cup awaiting
 Idomeneus, no less than me, when his heart thither urges.
 So go now to the field, to be up to thy own reputation."
- 260 Thereupon Idomeneus, Crete's prince, thus in answer address'd
 him :
 " Thou'lt ever, Atrides, in me see a faithful associate,
 Even as I took in hand myself, and whilom assur'd thee ;
 But go, rouse elsewhere the long-hair'd cavaliers of Achaia
 To speed them to the fight, since Trojan crime to the treaty
- 265 Hath put an end ; doubtless they'll reap themselves a good
 harvest
 Of sorrows and slaughters, as transgressing oaths they have harm'd
 us."

- So said he, and glad at heart Atrides pass'd from him onward,
 'Fore the serry'd squadrons, surveying his whole battle-order.
 Soon the two Ajaces he found, their armour assuming,
- 270 'Mid many foot-fighters. Lo, as out at sea when a goatherd
 Views a cloud coming up, which a west-wind's power is urging,
 And pitch-dark it appears far off, and big with a tempest,
 Which dreading, he driveth to the cave his flock to preserve them ;
 So now these many bands of young men lusty for aidance
- 275 Round the two Ajaces were mustering, in battle-order,
 In blue steely phalanx with shields and lances a-bristling.
 Them to see exulted the commander of hosts, Agamemnon,
 And his voice lifting, with wing-borne words he address'd them :
 " Ajaces, generals of brazen-plated Achaians,
- 280 You I charge not at all to stir your troops to the combat ;
 Ye mind it well enough yourselves. By Apollo, Athena,
 And Jove omnipaternal, if only the rest o' my army

Had such a mind in them, King Priam's Troy very shortly,
Ta'en by us and ransack'd, would adown to the dust be stooping."

- 285 So said he, and left them, to go on to the rest of his army,
And saw Nestor anon, Pylos's clear-toned haranguer,
Mustering his followers, and unto the combat arousing.
Here was tall Pelago station'd, Chromius with Alastor,
And Bias, and puissant Hæmon, pastors of a people.
- 290 His cavaliers foremost with steeds and cars he assembled,
And many foot-fighters and good men-at-arms to the rearward,
As safeguards of his host ; his worst to the centre he order'd,
Where fear, if nought else can avail, may make a man useful.
First his knights he address'd, and charg'd them not to push head-
long
- 295 Into the rout foremost ; he'd have none afore the remainder,
Trusting in his conduct and bravery, charge his opponents,
Nor from his own squadron drop back ; " 'twould weaken us only ;
And if a wight ousted from his own car mount his associate's,
Then with spear push him off, for it answers thus better always ;
- 300 Thus the men of past times in town and tower have enter'd,
This spirit and counsel their hearts controlling at all times."
Thus that grey king harang'd, well-vers'd in war's operations,
Whom to see Atrides in his heart was dearly delighted,
And his voice lifting, with wing-borne words thus address'd him :
- 305 " I would thy powers were uninjur'd, elder, as always
Thy spirit is constant, and would thy limbs well obey'd thee.
Now presses Age on thee, that none spares. O could I heave it
On some other's shoulders, and join thee again to the fighters !"
Thereat made answer Nestor, the Gerenian horseman :
- 310 " Doubtless, O Atrides, 'twould come not amiss to me either
Were I that man again, that whilom smote with a death-wound
Noble Ereuthalion ; but ne'er do gifts of immortals
Come to men all conjoin'd ; I am old, who then was a younker ;
But still amongst horsemen will I hold my place to direct them
- 315 By word and precept ; this falls to the share of an elder ;
But to the lance-wielding let a later-born generation
Of young men, well assur'd of their own strength, be attentive."

So said he, and forth went Atrides, inly rejoicing ;
Then the son of Peteos, steed-mastering hardy Menestheus,

- 320 Descried he, with around him a troop of martial Athenians ;
 Next him was manifold-counsell'd Laertid Ulysses,
 Whom the Cephallenes, not a feeble squadron, attended.
 Still stood they ; no alarms of war had peal'd yet among them,
 While the novel movement ran along the fronts of Achaian
- 325 And Trojan cavaliers far off ; but inactive abode they,
 And waited, that a band from among the remaining Achaians
 Might set upon Troy's host, and give to the fight a commencement.
 Then the king of champions, Agamemnon, sorely was anger'd,
 And his voice lifting, with wing-borne words he address'd them :
- 330 " Heir of Jove-nurtur'd Peteos, thou kingly Menestheus,
 And thou too, cunning heart, in wiles ignoble accomplish'd,
 Why stand you thus aloof, looking unto the rest to direct you ?
 While you should, foremost, in front o' them all, be appearing,
 Intent on filling up your parts in fiery conflict,
- 335 Since you two foremost are at all times call'd to the banquets
 Which for honor'd princes we Achaians furnish amongst us.
 There like you well enough roast flesh to devour in abundance,
 And with cups to suffice your hearts of wine honey-savor'd ;
 Here you'd not disapprove it at all, if in action, afore you,
- 340 Ten Danaan squadrons had flesh'd their lack-pity lances."'
 Gazing on him sideways answer'd the deviceful Ulysses :
 " Atrides, what a word hath past thy teeth's narrow fences !
 Call us two slack at arms ! I tell thee, soon as Achaians
 And Trojan cavaliers shall among them arouse bitter Ares,
- 345 If such a sight gratifies perchance, and leisure allows thee,
 Thou shalt me see among Troy's foremost horsemen in action,
 Me, whom Telemachus calls sire. Thy words then are idle."'
 Thereupon Atrides, finding that his hearer he anger'd,
 Was prompted to revoke his words, and smiling he answer'd :
- 350 " Jove-nurtur'd, manifold-counsell'd, Laertid Ulysses,
 I'll not chide thee, as I've no need, nor attempt to direct thee,
 Since I know well enough that a loyal purpose is in thee,
 And in gentle accord mine heart and thine are united.
 But forwards now. If aught be amiss, we'll strive to amend it,
- 355 And I trust to the gods to let all I said be effectless."

So said he, and left them, to proceed to the rest of his army,
 And the son of Tydeus he encounter'd, brave Diomedes,
 Standing with chariots well-built and horsemen around him ;

- And the son of Capaneus, Sthenelus, stood near him inactive.
- 360 Them to see in this plight Agamemnon sorely was anger'd,
And his voice lifting, with wing-borne words he address'd them :
“ O son of armipotent Tydeus, the steed's ready reiner,
Dost thou flinch, looking out askance to the lanes o' the combat ?
Tydeus in such a guise to shrink no whit was accusom'd,
- 365 Nay, but push'd ever on, leaving to the rear his associates.
Certes, I am told so by those who've seen him in action ;
I never have seen him, nor approach'd, but have heard his achievements.
- He once, and god-like Polynices came to Mycenæ,
Unguarded strangers, intent on raising an army
- 370 Which sacred Thebæ should assail, and hotly desiring
That the Mycenæans with men good-at-arms should assist him ;
And hereto they were not averse, but in act of assenting,
Till Jove, by terrible portents, their purposes alter'd.
But when having started, these two were journeying homeward,
- 375 And reach'd Asopus rushy-mantled, deep-meadow-laving,
Then was again Tydeus for a legate sent by Achaians,
And visited Thebæ ; there found he gaily carousing
Full many Cadmeans i' the courts of brave Eteocles.
Here coming a stranger, Tydeus, the steed's ready reiner,
- 380 Was not alarm'd when alone he appear'd 'mid so many Thebans,
But to vary'd contests 'gan call, and still to defeat them
Easily, for with so strong an aid did Athena support him.
Hereat those cavaliers Cadmean sorely were anger'd,
And as he hied homewards, they planted an ambush against him.
- 385 There were fifty belike, and two had of all the direction,
That son of Autophonus, Lycophontes combat-abiding,
And Mæon, god-like to set eyes upon, offspring of Hæmon.
But Tydeus upon all these brought unsightly disaster,
And slew them ; one alone he allow'd to 'scape from him homewards,
- 390 This Mæon, for signs he obey'd from on high to release him.
Such was this Tydeus, th' Ætolian ; here is his offspring,
Who's better in folkmote very like, but no such a fighter.”
He spoke, and stalwart Diomedes made not an answer—
He bore such reverence to the words o' the kingly commander ;
- 395 But the son of wide-fam'd Capaneus him left not unanswer'd :
“ Atrides, when aware o' the truth, why tell'st thou a falsehood ?

We'd reckon our fathers in prowess immensely behind us,
 For 'tis we that in arms sev'n-gated Thebæ have enter'd,
 Though fewer in numbers we approach'd those walls o' the war-god's,
 400 In the divine portents trusting, with Jove to befriend us;
 And them did nothing else destroy, save their folly's hugeness;
 Set not up our fathers, therefore, on a par with us henceforth."
 Answer'd him stalwart Diomedes, gazing obliquely:
 "Sit quiet, O comrade, and give my counsel attention.
 405 Why tax for such a word our nation's guide, Agamemnon,
 Who's to battle spiriting the brazen-plated Achæians?
 His must be the renown, if Achæia's conquering army
 Quell the men of Troytown, and spoil their great city sacred;
 And were we to be overthrown, most pain would assail him;
 410 Go to then, let us only give heed to be hardy to rescue."
 So saying, from car to the ground he sprang with his armour,
 Plated on his bosom with brass, which dreadfully sounding,
 Answering his footsteps, would have even a bold man affrighted.

As when upon still-vex'd foreland the strength o' the west wind
 415 Drives the billows thick array'd, and first i' the main o' the surges
 A swoll'n wave oscillates, then against the strond it ascendeth
 In clamor and turmoil, and over a rock that arrests it
 Bursts, hollow'd out crest-like, scattering fine spray to the welkin;
 So mov'd, in thick array marshall'd, to the lack-pity conflict
 420 Those Danaan squadrons, their chiefs to them all giving orders,
 And the men in silence stepping out; 'twas scarce apprehended
 So many breasts, qualify'd for speech, were breathing among them,
 Whilst in noiseless array they march'd, i' the fear o' the captains,
 Rank on rank following, flashing in their varying armours.
 425 But the men of Troytown—like ewes i' the folds of a lordling,
 Standing up in thousands, their milkers' hands when awaiting,
 Answering, in ceaseless bleatings, to the lambs at a distance—
 So with a loud uproar their wide-spreading hosts were assembled,
 Where manifold outcries were blent, and vary'd alarums
 430 From manifold nations, with tongues strange-sounding among them.
 Here Ares was in arms, and there bright-glancing Athena;
 Fear and Flight were abroad, and Strife insatiably raging—
 Strife, follower to the field and sister of host-quelling Ares,
 Who, dwarfish to behold at first, but soon springing upward,
 435 O'er nether earth strideth, reaching with her head to the welkin.

And e'en now she among them strode, and through the two armies,
Mutual hates kindled, to augment the groaning of heroes.

- Now the middle distance o'erstepp'd, they join'd the fell onslaught ;
Shields cross'd and javelins, and wraths of men clad in armour,
440 With clamor and turmoil ; now dreadfully rang bossy bucklers,
Now groans of wounded cavaliers from field ruddy-reeking
Were rising, to unite their peals to the shouts o' the wounders.
And as rush mountain rivulets, i' the depth o' the winter,
Through the channell'd gorges, to commix, where glens are united,
445 Their violent waters, pouring from fountain abateless—
Their rumors the shepherd from afar i' the mountain is hearing—
Such terror and turmoil were rais'd by these clashing armies.
Antilochus foremost met a Trojan, array'd well in armour,
Combating in front rank, the Thalusiad heir, Echepolus ;
450 And hit upon skull-piece, i' the midst, his plume-tossing helmet,
And in his head fasten'd, and drove to the brain the severe point,
Charg'd with deadly metal ; so his eyes obscurity mantled.
Then snatch'd him, prostrate, by a foot, the superb Elepenor
(Chalcodontiades), who array'd mickle-hearted Abantians,
455 And rearwards hurried him, from among shafts showering o'er them,
To strip his arms coveting ; but his hope was born to die early.
Soon view'd him, dragging off this corpse, mickle-hearted Agenor,
And in his unguarded precincts, which stooping he open'd,
Reach'd his flank by a thrust, and slack'd his knees that upheld
him.
460 Forth his life-spirit ebb'd, and round him a labour of anguish
Was ready for Danaans and Trojans, who to this onslaught
Came rushing up like wolves, and compassing each one a foeman.
Next Ajax Telamon's javelin Simoïsus o'erthrew,
That son of Anthemion, the flower of youthhood effacing.
465 His name from Simoïs was ta'en, for life he had enter'd
On the river's margin, where his mother erst, looking after
Flocks of her own parents, from fountainous Ida descended.
And he his own parents' old age was ne'er to recomfort,
But to die untimely, struck down by prowess of Ajax,
470 Who met him, and hurl'd forth his lance, which aslant having
enter'd,
Near the pap, his right breast, reappear'd in rear o' the shoulder.
Down he fell prostrate, i' the dust, as falleth a poplar

- Grown on a well-water'd meadow-land, with marshes around it,
 Smooth of stem, but about its top with branches ennobled—
- 475 Which, when it is low-laid, with shining steel, by a wheelwright
 All for a gay chariot's wheel-tyres, there parching abideth
 On the river's margin ; such a sight of ruin afforded
 That son of Anthemion, slaughter'd by Jove-lovèd favorite Ajax.
 But the son of Priam, pied-baldric'd Antiphus, hereat,
- 480 Through the press and turmoil, his keen spar darted at Ajax ;
 It miss'd him, but upon Leucus came down, the good helper
 Of Laertiades, who had hold o' the dead to remove him,
 But sank, pierc'd i' the groin, his seizure forc'd to relinquish.
 Sore wrath was kindled, at sight of his hurt, in Ulysses,
- 485 Who to the first fighters came striding, blazing in armour,
 Near to them his footstep planted, then look'd well around him,
 And his bright javelin ventur'd ; his foemen on all sides
 Shrank upon its lifting, nor was the descent of it idle.
 It smote Democoon, King Priam's base-begot offspring,
- 490 Whom he'd brought from Abydus, a town of swift-footed horses ;
 Him Laertiades, coveting to revenge a good helper,
 Smote upon his temple so well, that again through a temple
 That brass point reappear'd ; so his eyes obscurity mantled—
 Down dropp'd he with a thud, with clanking of armour around him.
- 495 Then the battle's vanguard falter'd round glorious Hector,
 And shouting recover'd their dead bodies Argos's army,
 And forc'd their enemies far back ; which grieving Apollo
 Saw from Troy's citadel ; so aloud he cried to recall them :
 " Back to them, O Trojans good-at-horse ! and let not Achaians
- 500 From the battle scare you, since limbs of stone or of iron
 Are not theirs, to resist your trenchant brass's alightings,
 And yon well-chevelur'd sea-deity's offspring, Achilles,
 Fights no more, but alone consumeth his heart-nipping anger."
 Thus from their citadel the tremendous power arous'd them ;
- 505 But 'midst her Danaans went peerless Tritogenia,
 Jove's offspring, nigh at hand to discern all slackness among
 them,
 Here Amarynceïdan Diores Destiny fasten'd,
 Whose right leg with a dinted stone, just over his ankle,
 Imbrasidan Piräus, of Ænum (a Thracian hetman),
- 510 Had smitten, and tendons and bones of it all to-broken.
 Down he sank supine, i' the dust, his life-spirit oozing,

And implor'd, with his hands outstretch'd, his dear fellow-swords-
men.

- Nor stay'd Imbrasides thereat, but abreast of him hasten'd,
And bury'd a spear-point i' the man's body, nigh to the navel,
515 Quite spilling his bowels ; so his eyes obscurity mantled.
Forthwith at his slayer was a lance by Thoas aventred,
Which full on his bosom came down, his right nipple over,
And i' the lungs fasten'd its brass ; th' Ætolian also
Rush'd hither, and proud spear unflesh'd ; then he air'd in a
moment
520 His good sword, and right i' the midst o' the foe's belly sank it,
And his life-spirit he dislodg'd ; yet sav'd was his armour ;
For bushy-hair'd legions of Thrace throng'd up to the wounder,
Their long spears levelling, till backward pacing he 'ielded ;
Though stalwart, good-at-arms, and bold, he stood not against them.
525 So these two generals lay yfere i' the dust o' the death-field,
Who Thracians had array'd, and brazen-plated Eleans,
And many more round them by baleful dints were yfallen.

- Now the battle's conduct could have ill been blam'd, if a witness,
Unsmitten, and never hit with trenchant brass from a distance,
530 Had that field visited, led about by Pallas Athena,
And with her hand guarded where darts ravenously descended.
So many wights that day, from Troy's host and from Achaia's,
Fall'n together prostrate i' th' dust, their life-breath abandon'd.

BOOK V.

THE PROWESS OF DIOMED.

- Now to the Tydidan Diomedes Pallas Athena
Gave vigor and daring, to stand amid Argos's army
Pre-eminent, that he hence might win reputation eternal.
She kindled on his helmet's crest and buckler a burning
5 Unforweary'd, as is the star's, in season of autumn

Which reappears brightest, new-bath'd in deep-running Ocean.
 O'er his head and hawberk thus lit she a fiery radiance ;
 Then to the mid conflict and crowded'st fight she address'd him.

- There was among Trojans of wealth and worship a Dares,
 10 Beadsman of Hephæstus, with two sons rear'd in his household,
 Phegeus and Idæus, in all arts martial accomplish'd.
 These, on confronting Diomed, their troop had abandon'd,
 And set on him mounted, but afoot strode he to the combat.
 And but a short distance parted these foemen asunder,
 15 When, to begin, Phegeus a spear shadow-launching aventred,
 Whose point o'er Diomed's left shoulder pass'd, pushing onward.
 But Diomed next him let brass fly abroad, nor effectless
 Sprang the weapon from his hand, but on his foe's bosom alighted
 'Twixt the nipples midway ; so he hurl'd him aloof from his horses.
 20 Quickly then Idæus from car so stately descended,
 Nor durst his brother aid, in mortal combat yfallen,
 No, nor a dark death-doom would he e'en himself have avoided,
 Only that Hephæstus took him off, a dun haze shed about him,
 Not suffering to be wholly bereav'd of his hopes the good elder.
 25 But stalwart Diomed drove off the rapid-footed horses,
 Which with his own followers he left, to the navy to guide them.
 Then Troy's bold cavaliers with dismal amaze were arrested,
 When those two brethren they saw, one mortally wounded,
 And the second fled aloof. Meanwhile, bright-glancing Athena
 30 Took violent Ares by his hand, and him thus accosted :
 " Ares, wall-shattering, blood-weltering, host-quelling Ares,
 Say, shall we two again leave Troy's and Argos's armies
 Here to resolve, which o' them will Jove with victory favor,
 And shall we get aloof, and keep from arousing his anger ? "
 35 She spoke, and led away from combat boisterous Ares,
 Whom she seated upon the Scamander's banks rich in herbage.

- But now were Danaans from Trojans mastery gaining,
 And a man each leader subdued. The supreme Agamemnon
 Thrust from a car Odious, that stalwart prince of Alisdons,
 40 Just turning to retreat, whose back the spear having enter'd
 Right amid his shoulders, his bosom afforded an outlet ;
 Down dropp'd he with a thud, with clanking of armour around him.
 Idomeneus likewise slew Phæstus, Borus's offspring,

- Maionian-lineag'd, from Tarna's bread-giving acres.
- 45 Lance-fam'd Idomeneus a spear shadow-trailing aventred,
His right shoulder attain'd, as a car in front he ascended,
And fell'd him ; darkness with abhorr'd hand shrouded his eyeballs,
And on him his slayer's followers came down to denude him.
Atridan Menelaus anon to the chase-loving offspring
- 50 Of Strophius gave death, to Scamandrius, archer accomplish'd,
Whom to kill all creatures, whose nurture a wild-wood affordeth,
Artemis had tutor'd ; yet against that spear it avail'd not
How dear chase-clamoring, shaft-showering Artemis held him,
Nor that in his bow-craft he of old was nobly renown'd.
- 55 For now the spear-fam'd Atridan prince Menelaus
Drove him along fleeing, then pierc'd his back with a lance-thrust
Right amid his shoulders ; his bosom afforded an outlet.
Prone he sank i' the dust, with clanking of armour around him.
Meriones gave chase to Phereclus, sprung from a joiner
- 60 Harmonides, quick of hand for works of mastery wondrous,
And by Athenaie favor'd and dearly regarded.
He for Alexander those well-tier'd ships had erected,
Bale-beginning, destin'd upon all Troy's race to bring evils,
And upon him likewise, not aware what in heav'n was appointed.
- 65 Him now Meriones pursued, and near him arriving,
Let fly, so pinning him, that he, all unseemlily mangled,
Bow'd his knees to the soil, and wail'd, and death shut his eyes up.
Unto Mēges fell a prey Antenor's base-begot offspring,
Pedæus, that in hall was rear'd by stately Theano,
- 70 Like as her own offspring ; she strove to delight thus her husband.
Now the son of Phyleus, good-at-arms, close after him hasten'd,
And his scalp i' the rear with a dart keen-pointed he open'd,
Which below his tongue's root came 'twixt his teeth to the daylight.
Down stoop'd he, champing chilly brass, to the dust with his aspect.
- 75 Eurypylus vanquish'd Hypsenor, a man demi-godlike,
Sprung from bold-hearted Dolopion, who unto Scamander
Was priest, and reverenc'd i' the region, like an immortal.
Him came Eurypylus, the superb Euemonid, hunting,
With drawn sword in his hand, and smote him close to the shoulder,
- 80 And cut his huge arm off, which fell to the dust ensanguin'd.
All these thus labor'd, the battle so deadly dareyning.

But to look on Diomed would scarce have assur'd a beholder

- As to whether Trojans claim'd him for a mate or Achaïans—
 So wild he ran abroad, as a winter stream runneth over,
 85 Which teareth bridges up, nor piles have strength to resist it,
 Nor walls of flourishing vineyards, which it, all unawaited,
 Bursts, when a vast rainfall from Jove is loos'd on a region—
 Full many fair labors of swains are swept with it onward.
 So the serry'd squadrons of Trojans by Diomedes
 90 Were broken, nor against him at all could number avail them.
 Him when Pandarus ey'd, the stately Lycaonid archer,
 As the serry'd squadrons he broke, reappearing on all sides,
 His brisk bow was against Tydides turn'd in a moment,
 And his right shoulder did he hit, forestalling his onslaught.
 95 Where the double corslet was attach'd, the malign weapon enter'd,
 And pinn'd his flesh athwart, and stain'd with dun blood his armour;
 Loud and long shouted the stately Lycaonid archer:
 "Now forward, valiant cavaliers of Troy, to the rescue;
 Wounded is our enemies' best champion; his end is approaching
 100 By my keen arrow-point, I'll vouch, as royal Apollo,
 Jove's son, hath impell'd me, my native land to relinquish."
 He vaunted, but a mortal wound his keen arrow left not,
 But back stepp'd Diomed, to the car and horses approaching,
 And forthwith Sthenelus, Capaneus's son, thus address'd he:
 105 "Come from thy chariot, come in haste, thou dear Capaneïd,
 Lend thine hand to remove this galling shaft that is in me."
 So said he, and forthwith Sthenelus sprang aloof from his horses,
 And pull'd from Diomed's shoulder that flesh'd arrow deadly,
 Wherewith blood gushing out, his tunic's broidery purpled;
 110 Then did Tydides, good at onslaught, thus put a pray'r up:
 "Birth of Jove Gorgon-buckler'd, goddess Atrytona,
 Hear me, if in bloody fight elsewhere thou'st kindly protected
 My sire or myself; so again befriend me, Athena.
 Give this man to my hand, and where my spear may attain him,
 115 Whose arrow forestall'd me—the triumphant boaster, who holds that
 Of the superb sunlight I'll be no more a beholder."
 These he utter'd praying, not unheard by Pallas Athena;
 Light she made him of hand and heel, and buxom his ankles,
 And opposite standing, with wing-borne words she address'd him:
 120 "Now, Diomed, be bold, and go, carry death to the Trojans;
 Have not I inspirited thy heart with virtue paternal,
 Like to that of Tydeus, dauntless shield-brandishing horseman?

I'll liberate also thine eyes from films that oppress them,
 That thou mayst be aware what mortal is, and what immortal.
 125 Now therefore, if a god should appear i' the field, to defy thee,
 Lift not thy weapon up to resist the supernal immortals,
 Save one alone ; but if unto the field Jove-born Aphrodita
 Come down, to spring at her with trenchant brass I allow
 thee."

So much having spoken, disappear'd bright-glancing Athena,
 130 But with first fighters Diomed went back to commingle,
 And if he had whilom been fain to do hurt to the Trojans,
 Now the double fierceness fell on him, that seizeth a lion,
 Whom a shepherd grazes with a lance, but fails to disable,
 Just when leaping a fence, to descend upon ewes woolly-laden.
 135 Thus doth he embitter him, but stands no more to the rescue,
 But shrinks him, giving up the deserted flock to the reaver,
 Who from their terrefied, close-huddling carcasses over
 High-rear'd fences again dashes out, and seeks his avengement ;
 So raging terrible Diomed came back to the Trojans.
 140 And first Astynomus, then Hyphenor, a pastor of armies,
 Was slain by Diomed, one above the pap hit with a dart's head,
 One with a good broadsword so struck, that cleanly the shoulder
 From the neck and back away was lopp'd ; their spoils he abandon'd,

And ran against Abas in a moment, and Polyidus,
 145 Children of Eurydamas, of a dream-interpreting elder,
 Whom touching his children no dream had rightly directed,
 For stalwart Diomed slew both, and made them a booty.
 He Thoo and Xanthus then assail'd, last hopes of an elder,
 Phænops, whom fretting Age consum'd in his home at a distance,
 150 And children no more had he had, to divide them an heirloom.
 Them Diomed vanquish'd, and from their carcasses ousted
 Their loveable life-breaths, leaving to the father a burden
 Of sorrows and wailings : for he had no more to receive them
 Safe back from bloody war ; so his heirs by law were appointed.
 155 Next fell by Diomed's prowess Chromius with Echemon,
 Mounted yfere, scions of Priam's Dardanid household ;
 Them the son of Tydeus had assail'd, as leapeth a lion
 In the forest pastures, where kine are greedily browsing,
 From cover out, and rendeth a cow's or steer's neck asunder.
 160 Down from their chariot to the ground he mightily thrust them,

Maugrè their grudging hearts, and made their armour a booty,
And gave his followers their steeds, to the navy to guide them.

- But when of his mowing men adown so quickly before him
Æneas was aware, he across the storm o' the combat
165 And the rush of javelins, in search of Pandarus hasten'd.
He found that well-approv'd and stately Lycaonid archer,
And confronting anon, with words like these he address'd him :
“ Pandarus, how fareth thy bow, thy wing'd arrows eager,
And marksmanly repute, wherein no Trojan approach'd thee,
170 And Lycia's confines could barely produce thee a rival ?
But now to Kronides uplift thine hands, I aread thee,
And 'gainst yon cavalier take aim, who rangeth unhinder'd,
And worketh mickle harm, whatever man he is, to the Trojans,
So many, so good-at-arms were those whose knees he hath humbled,
175 If this be not a god perchance, who in anger assails us
For rites neglected ; bitter is the revenge of immortals.”
“ O son of Anchises,” the stately Lycaonid answer'd,
“ Counsellor in warfare of Trojans brazen-accountred,
For the son of Tydeus I take him, if I'm to believe his
180 Buckler, or his morion long-peak'd, or his horses' appearance.
Yet, that he is not a god disguis'd, I would not assure thee ;
But grant him Diomed, the stalwart wight he appeareth,
'Tis certes not aloof from a god this frenzy can hold him,
But there stands near him, with mist enwrapp'd, some immortal,
185 Who my arrow warded, plunging so rightly to reach him.
Sure upon his dexter shoulder my shaft had alighted,
Where the double corslet was attach'd, and clean had it enter'd,
And I vow'd I had him despatch'd to the mansion of Hades ;
Yet was he unconquer'd, for I have some power offended.
190 And now no chariot, nor steeds, have I here to set hands on,
Though near my father's palace-halls are elev'n fresh-accountred,
Beautiful, and new-built chariots ; there's rich tissue o'er them,
And their steeds to them all in pairs, white barley devouring
And large foison of oats ; and me full warmly Lycaon,
195 My reverenc'd father, when his hall well-built I abandon'd,
Entreated to go out with a car and steeds, as a leader
Of warriors Trojan, the battle so deadly dareyning.
Howbeit, to my own great hurt, his charge I obey'd not,
Tendering our horses, lest I could have hardly supply'd them

- 200 In city so crowded ; for of old their food was abundant.
 I left them therefore, and unto my archery trusting,
 Came, footing it, Troywards ; and here I came to be useless,
 Since now at Atrides have I aim'd, and at Diomedes,
 Two champions o' the best, and blood drawn surely from each one,
 205 And nought have profited, but have each o' them hotlier anger'd.
 All to my ill-fortune I unhook'd my bow so elastic,
 And led away Trojans, to defend fair Ilion, hoping
 Through my pains to deserve good-will from egregious Hector.
 But should I hereafter be allow'd to return to the dear land,
 210 And my wife to behold, and high palace-halls to re-enter,
 Then shall any stranger that arrives have leave to behead me,
 If this bow shall not very soon be broken asunder,
 And cast into the fire, for it here to no end has avail'd me.''
 Then spoke Æneas, that Trojan leader, in answer :
 215 " Peace, and have patience for a while, till we two against him
 With steeds and chariot come in arms, to get ample assurance.
 But mount mine equipage ; for fain would I have thee acquainted
 With Trojan coursers, that are all so inur'd to the country,
 And buxom to manœuvre about in flight or in onset ;
 220 So shall they bring us off citywards, if anon the supreme Jove
 Will this Tydidan Diomed with mastery favor.
 Thou the scourge therefore and furbish'd reins begin handling,
 And the steeds to thy arm I'll leave, and stand as a fighter,
 Or thou shalt have at him, whilst I will attend to my horses.''
 225 Answer'd him then again the stately Lycaonid archer :
 " Look thyself to the reins, Æneas, look to thy horses.
 Under a known master they'll far more promptly manœuvre
 Thy buxom chariot ; for, should we avoid Diomedes,
 Look, lest they be afraid, and slack from fight to remove us
 230 Through failing to receive from a noted voice the commandment.
 Then the son of daring Tydeus, by making an onset,
 Might both slay us yfere, and make our horses a booty.
 Look therefore to the reins thyself, and look to thy horses ;
 I'll stand up to receive with biting brass this opponent.''
 235 So much having spoken, their splendid car they ascended,
 Eager against Diomed to direct the rapid-footed horses.
 Whereof when Sthenelus was aware, that prince Capaneïd,
 Thus the son of Tydeus with wing-borne words he accosted :
 " Tydidan Diomed, thou friend I chiefly delight in,

- 240 I see two cavaliers in hot haste advancing against us
Of terrible puissance ; there's yonder an archer accomplish'd,
Pandarus, who boasteth that he owes his birth to Lycaon,
And with him Æneas, whom bare the divine Aphrodita
By the good Anchises, an immortal clasp'd by a mortal.
- 245 Let's pull up our horses ; risk thou no more, I aread thee,
In the van of conflict by raging, thy precious heart's blood."'
Answer'd him stalwart Diomedes, gazing obliquely :
" Talk not about fleeing, such counsel is here never handled ;
Mine honor it suits not to decline an assault, or evade it
- 250 Thus with unexhausted forces ; nor like I it wholly
This mounting chariots ; yet now will I hie thus against him,
Face tow'rd face, for I am not allow'd to retreat by Athena.
But these our enemies their horses deftly-manœuvred
Shall never hence carry back, not both, though one should elude me.
- 255 And mark this further, to revolve it deeply within thee ;
If Pallas, strong in help and thought, should mastery grant me
O'er both men, to deprive them o' life, let these rapid horses
Here be kept back, attach'd with a shorten'd rein to the car-rim ;
And thou must be alert to secure Æneas's horses,
- 260 And drive them to the side o' the brazen-plated Achaïans.
They're of that lineage, which Jove, the beholder of all things,
Gave Tros for Ganymed carried off ; and hence among horses
Whom the sun and starlight look upon, there's none can approach
them.
- For the king of champions, Anchises, stealthily sending
- 265 Mares near Laomedon's horses, this brood so unequal'd
In six colts of his own infus'd ; and out o' the number,
Four in his own palace's stables were carefully nurtur'd,
Two given Æneas, rousers of martial alarums."
- They thus betwixt them convers'd, while unto them hasting
- 270 Came the two antagonists, urging their swift-footed horses.
Outspoke then foremost the stately Lycaonid archer :
" Hardy son of lauded Tydeus, in affrays well accomplish'd,
Thee with a keen arrow-head well-wing'd I fail'd to disable,
Yet now my javelin perchance will mastery gain me."
- 275 So said he, and brandish'd, till he hurl'd, his spear shadow-
launching,
Which full upon Diomed's buckler so sternly descended,
That pushing out forthright, its brass-point reach'd at his hawberk ;

Loud and long shouted the stately Lycaonid archer :

“Thou’st in thy midriff gotten it ; thou’lt not many moments

280 Bear up, as I take it ; but immortal fame shall enhance me.”

But stalwart Diomed made answer, no whit amated :

“Thou’st miss’d me ; ’twas an unlucky cast ; but ’twixt thy asso-
ciate

And thyself, be assur’d, there’s one that shall not elude me,

Ere his fall gratify tough-buckler’d, slaughterous Ares.”

285 So said he, and flung forth his lance, which Athena directed,

And to the foe’s feature it attain’d, close up by his eyeball,

And pierc’d his tongue’s root, when athwart his teeth it had enter’d,

Nor stinted, till against his throat its point was emerging.

So from his high chariot was he hurl’d, with a clanking around him

290 Of glittering, well-adorn’d armour, fear seizing his horses ;

So from his ambitious heart was soul and life-spirit ousted.

But the king Æneas, with a long lance and with a buckler,

Sprang thither, and round him kept guard, i’ the guise of a lion,

Trusting in his puissance, to preserve the spoils from assailants.

295 Holding a lance forwards, and shield all equally rounded,

Intent on killing each that durst to the van come against him,

Grimly was he shouting ; but against him anon Diomedes

Heav’d an immense rock aloft, which two men scarce could ha’
lifted,

As men go nowadays ; yet alone did he easily poise it.

300 Right upon Æneas, where thigh-bone turneth on hip-joint,

Came down that snaggy rock, bone and sinew all to-breaking,

And gash’d his skin athwart ; down sank that man demi-godlike,

On both knees kneeling, pressing earth with his hand’s heavy seizure,

And shadows of darkness forlorn were whelming his eyesight.

305 Thus this great leader would have here irredeemably fallen,

But that a keen guardian, Jove-born Aphrodita, beheld him,

She that had Anchises indulg’d when his herds he attended.

Round this dear son of hers her fairest arms she united,

And of her own raiment put a fold white-glistening o’er him,

310 Lest any foe, coming up from among brass-plated Achaians,

Might within his bosom lodge a point, of life to bereave him.

Here the goddess, therefore, to remove her child was attending ;

But the son of Capaneus, yonder, was no whit unheedful

Of the command given him whilom by bold Diomedes ;

315 But, when his own dapper-hoov’d coursers he had out o’ the medley

- Withdrawn, and well attach'd their shorten'd reins to the car-rim,
 Then rush'd he back anew, to secure Æneas's horses
 Broad-man'd, and hurry them from Trojan ranks 'mid Achaian.
 Of these Deïpylus took charge, an approv'd fellow-champion,
 320 Whom above all comrades he priz'd, that in age were his equals.
 He to the ships hollow-built sped them : but quickly remounted
 His chariot Sthenelus, those furbish'd reins began handling,
 And sped his own dapper-hoov'd coursers to rejoin Diomedes.
 But the son of Tydeus in quest of Cypria wander'd
 325 With stern lance ; for he held her aright for a deity feeble,
 No goddess of puissance, to direct the results of a combat,
 Not like Pallas at all, nor like city-rasing Enyo.
 But when he had follow'd hard, and through many throngs 'had
 attain'd her,
 Then the son of daring Tydeus extended against her
 330 His spear, and with a bound impell'd the severe weapon onward.
 Her left palm it attain'd, when athwart th' ambrosia-breathing
 Veil, which by sister Graces was adorn'd, it had hasten'd,
 And gash'd it to the wrist, and set the divine blood a-flowing,
 Ichor, which gods have with blissful eternity dower'd—
 335 For corn they never eat, nor fiery wine have among them—
 Thence are they bloodless, partaking a nature immortal.
 Loud the goddess wailing, set adown her son ; but Apollo
 Guarded him, and with his hand spread a cloud of darkness around
 him,
 Lest any foe, coming up from among brass-plated Achaians,
 340 Might within his bosom lodge a point, of life to bereave him.
 Loud the son of Tydeus, good-at-arms, exulted against her :
 “ Leave for others battle and carnage, thou daughter of high Jove.
 Is't not enough cozening females for sport, who are helpless,
 But thou'lt do battle eke ? I think thou wilt be abhorring
 345 War's very name henceforth, if at all it come to thy hearing.”
 So said he ; and shrinking she avoided him, angrily grieving ;
 Then wind-swift Iris she allow'd from fray to remove her,
 Stung to the quick with pain, which her hue's bright beauty
 deflower'd.
 Soon found she, seated to the left o' the combat, hot Ares,
 350 His spear planted in haze, unseen his two rapid horses,
 And forthwith knelt she to the ground, her dear brother asking,
 With pressing entreaties, for those gold-frontleted horses :

“ Help me, dear brother hence, and lend me quickly thy horses ;
 They must bear me away to the seat o’ the gods on Olympus ;
 355 So much am I smarting by a wound that I had from a mortal,
 From the son of Tydeus, who’d fight sire Jupiter even.”

She spoke, he let her have those golden-frontleted horses,
 And upon his chariot she clombe, heart-stung with her anguish.
 And Iris put her hands to the reins, having also ascended,
 360 And plied her whip anon ; but blithely set off the two horses.
 Soon came they to the seat o’ the gods, to the soaring Olympus,
 Where the steeds were anon by wind-footed Iris unharness’d,
 And stabled ; the celestial food she brought to them also.
 But down sank Aphrodita the while to the feet o’ Dione,
 365 Her mother, who lifted with her arms that dearly belov’d one,
 And strok’d her with her hand, and spoke, and warmly demanded :
 “ Who’s done thee such a wanton offence, dear child, ’mid immortals,
 Quite as if he’d found thee some bold-fac’d mischief attempting ?”
 She thus having question’d, Aphrodita smile-loving answer’d :
 370 “ ’Tis the son of Tydeus that smote me, rash Diomedes,
 While my dear son aloof to remove from fight I attempted,
 Mine own Æneas, that of all I dearly regarded ;
 For terrible warfare’s no longer wag’d by Achaians
 And Trojans ; but in arms Danaans are facing immortals.”
 375 Answer’d her the goddess, the majestic lady Dione :
 “ Endure and suffer it, my child, though sore it offend thee.
 Long since hath much annoy been borne in Olympian houses
 From mortals, bitter hurts from mutual injury flowing.
 There’s Ares brook’d it, to be held by stout Ephialtes
 380 And Otus for a year and month—those sons of Aloeus,
 In brazen prison-house, with a chain of weight hung about him.
 There he lay perishing—the strife-uncloyable Ares ;
 Only that his step-dame, thrice beautiful Eeriboia,
 Brought Hermes tidings ; and he the god artfully rescued,
 385 Already sore wasted ; such a galling chain had oppress’d him.
 Hera too has brook’d it, when a shaft three-barbed against her
 Amphytrion’s bold son discharg’d ; her right pap it enter’d,
 And little it wanted, that a cureless wound should afflict her.
 There’s Hades brook’d it, the tremendous deity, likewise,
 390 By that man’s arrow-point, whose sire is th’ ægis’s holder,
 Sore torments to endure, when in hell’s very gate he assail’d him.

- Then to Jove's palace-hall, to the long-ridg'd heights of Olympus
 Went Hades, wounded to the quick, pain galling him inly
 And wrath ; for such a point his enormous shoulder had enter'd.
- 395 But Paieon apply'd to the wound his pain-lulling unguents,
 And heal'd him, for he is not bound to the fate of a mortal.
 O the man hard-natur'd, for deeds of surquedry daring,
 Who fear'd not with arrows wounding the supernal immortals !
 But this man bright-glancing Athena directed against thee,
- 400 This frantic Diomed, not aware that against an immortal
 Whosoever striveth, needs must his life be a short one.
 Children prattling about his knees shall call him a father
 No more, nor see at home, escap'd from war's bitter ordeal.
 Let Diomed therefore, though so derr-doing a fighter,
- 405 Think, that an antagonist, stronger than thee, may oppose him,
 So that with clamorous wailing sage Ægialea,
 Daughter of Adrastus, shall arouse a slumbering household,
 Mourning her own plighted consort, this best of Achaians—
 She that is horse-puissant Diomed's mate nobly renowned."
- 410 She spoke ; and when anon from her hand she'd wip'd the shed ichor,
 Quickly the wound heal'd up—the severe pangs ceas'd to molest her :
 Meantime near Kronides, looking on, sat Athena with Hera,
 And both of them alike with words of raillery tried him.
 Herein was foremost to begin bright-glancing Athena :
- 415 " Wilt thou grant me a word, sire Jove, and not be offended ?
 Cypri, having purpos'd to decoy some wife from Achaia
 'Mid these Trojan allies, whom she so vastly delights in,
 Her soft hand with a golden clasp unwarily wounded
 While tempting one o' these well-kirtled ladies Achaian."
- 420 These she utter'd smiling, whereat that sire of immortals
 And mortals call'd up, then address'd all-gold Aphrodita :
 " These warlike offices, dear child, are not thy allotment ;
 Thine it is of mortals to cement the desirable union,
 And leave all yon affairs for Athena and boisterous Ares."
- 425 Thus they parley'd among themselves i' the courts of Olympus ;
 But tow'rd Æneas Diomedes hardy for onslaught
 Press'd forward, well aware of Phœbus's arm hanging o'er him,
 But dreading hardly belike any god—so greedily crav'd he
 Soon to kill Æneas, to remove his glorious armour.

- 430 Thrice he leapt forward, his eye already shaping a death-blow ;
 His glittering buckler was thrice dash'd back by Apollo.
 But when a fourth onslaught with a god-like force he attempted,
 Then with stern menaces far-working Phœbus address'd him :
 " Fall back, Tydides, be shrewd ; cope not with immortals ;
 435 For there's no levelling the supernal race of Olympus
 In their prerogatives with creeping man's generations."'
 So said he, and some deal backward withdrew Diomedes,
 Declining to provoke the tremendous deity's anger ;
 And anon Æneas was taken aloof by Apollo,
 440 And i' the god's precincts down-laid, in Pergamus holy,
 Where in a great cloister shaft-showering Artemis, aided
 By sheen-hair'd Leto, to strength and beauty reviv'd him.
 But Phœbus, the god argent-bow'd, constructed a phantom,
 Like Æneas appearing in outline, like him in armour,
 445 Round which anon Trojans and god-like sons of Achaians,
 Each at others' bosoms thrusting, were dinting on all sides
 Light shields of shaggy front, and bucklers equally rounded ;
 Meantime swift Ares was address'd by Phœbus Apollo :
 " Ares, wall-shattering, blood-weltering, host-quelling Ares,
 450 Wilt thou not see about this man, from affray to remove him,
 This Diomed, that in arms would affront sire Jupiter even ?"
 So said he, and sat down, himself, on Pergamus high-brow'd ;
 But to the ranks Ares re-approach'd, to give heart to the Trojans,
 And like swift Acamas, the Thracian hetman, appearing,
 455 Loudly the Priamidán, Jove-nurtur'd princes harang'd he :
 " Sons of Priam, a king that Jove so dearly regardeth,
 How long shall Danaans your people slaughter unhinder'd ?
 Must it be, till about your firm gates war is awaken'd ?
 Here's the son of spear-fam'd Anchises, glorious Hector's
 460 Rival in our reverence, Æneas, fall'n by a foeman.
 Up ! let us our comrade good-at-arms take out o' the medley."'
 So said he, inspiring their hearts and minds to be hardy.
 Sarpedon, too, amain upbraided egregious Hector :
 " Hector, what's come of all thy former dauntless assurance ?
 465 Didst thou say that apart from allies, or folk to support thee,
 Thou'dst garrison Troytown, to resist the beleaguering army,
 With thy brethren alone, and with thy kinsmen about thee ?
 But now no one o' them to behold or trace am I able ;
 All have shrunk aloof, like hounds at approach of a lion,

- 470 And left sole fighters us allies, who amongst you are harbor'd.
 And of these men am I, come down from a land very distant,
 From Lycia's precincts, to the rippling Xanthus adjoining;
 There's my wife yet at home, and there my children unhelpful,
 There's gear, which many wights in need might envy me haply;
 475 And yet my Lycians to the combat I urge, I am eager
 To stand 'gainst any foes, yet nought have I here that Achaians
 Might drive or carry forth; yet inactive is Hector abiding,
 Nor doth his own followers exhort their ground to be holding,
 And their wives to defend, lest, like fish caught in a drag-net,
 480 Ye may be given up to the foe to deride and spoil you.
 Yea, soon might Danaans destroy this great city folk-throng'd;
 But 'tis thy business, by night and day, to be heedful,
 And your auxiliar generals to be urging at all times
 Firmly to keep their ground, to repel foul blame from amongst us."
- 485 He said it, and Hector with a sore heart heard the reproaches;
 Lightly from his chariot to the ground he sprang with his armour,
 Shaking two javelins; then his host survey'd he on all sides,
 And to battle spirited their hearts, and rous'd up a rescue.
 So now they rally'd all, and fac'd upon Argos's armies,
 490 But the serry'd squadrons withstood them, no whit amated.
 As when among winnowers white chaff is rising on all sides,
 Where yellow Demeter, to divide her grain from it, urges
 Wind along her sacred precincts; thus on Argos's army
 Flew whit'ning dust-clouds, to the brass-floor'd welkin ascending
 495 Up from among many feet of war-steeds, which to the medley
 Were turning back anew, their drivers laboring o'er them.
 Soon the men, in close fight, their arms were lustily wielding,
 'Neath darkness, shed upon the strife by boisterous Ares;
 Who Troy's host aided, visiting their whole battle-order,
 500 Performing to the full the behest of Phœbus Apollo
 Gold-glaiv'd, who charg'd him to give help and heart to the Trojans,
 Since he'd now witness'd the retire of Pallas Athena
 From the battle's confines, where well she'd help'd her Achaians.
 Phœbus, too, brought back from his own rich fane to the combat
 505 Æneas, putting into the breast o' the chief a new ardor;
 And living and unscath'd he appear'd, and no whit amated,
 And amid his comrades thus arriv'd, who joy'd to behold him;
 Yet rais'd they no question at all, for a more heavy labor

Was committed to them all by bright-bow'd Phœbus Apollo,
 510 And homicide Ares, and Strife insatiably raging.

But the two Ajaces, with Ulysses and Diomedes,
 Cheer'd still their Danaans, fearless themselves o' the numbers
 And the clamors, wherewith Troy's forces throng'd up against them.
 They stood like the clouds in a calm, which Jupiter holdeth
 515 O'er pinnacled mountains, when sleeps the strength o' the north-
 wind

And of his whole swinking brotherhood, which broad-shadow-
 launching

Clouds on heaven's surface disperse with breath shrilly-sounding.
 So now these Danaans stood fearless, oppos'd to the Trojans,
 And the king Atrides went round, exhorting, among them :
 520 " O friends, be men of arms, and hold an unaw'd spirit in you !
 Comrade honor comrade, the battle so deadly dareyning.
 Where honor is car'd for, 'tis life, not death, that aboundeth ;
 But those who run away, nor fame, nor rescue awaiteth."
 So said he, and let fly then a lance at a chief o' the Trojans,

525 Deïcoön, that in arms was bold Æneas's helper.
 He from Pergamus held his birth, and like to the princes
 Priamidán, Troy's people honor'd, and car'd for him highly,
 For with first fighters to commune was he eager at all times.
 Down upon his target th' Atridan spear-head alighted,
 530 And push'd through, for it herein found no strength to resist it,
 And below his navel came tearing athwart his baldric ;
 There dropp'd he, with a thud, with clanking of armour around him.
 Hereupon Æneas kill'd two bold princes Achaian,
 Cretho and Orsilochus, sons both of wealthy Diocles,
 535 Whose dwelling in Pheræ was plac'd, that fair city well-wall'd,
 And who had Alphæus for his household's earlier author
 (Through Pylian confines Alphæus a fair river urges).
 He begot Orsilochus, that amid many towns was a ruler.
 Orsilochus was sire to Diocles daring at onslaught ;

540 And these two brethren, that in all war's arts were accomplish'd,
 Cretho and Orsilochus, one sole birth gave to Diocles.
 They, to manhood rising, sail'd out amid Argos's army,
 On the galleys dark-hull'd, to steed-proud Ilion over,
 For the two Atridans, Agamemnon with Menelaus,
 545 Fame to win, and deathwards their own lot's course to determine,

As when two lions, that upon the skirts of a mountain
Their mother has nurtur'd, i' the dells of a wood rich in umbrage,
Thence issuing plainwards, desolate the stalls of a region,
Destroying dapper herds and flocks, till mastery gaineth
550 Man's art, and pitiless javelins fall thickly to quell them ;
So these two men yfere Æneas's hand heavy-dealing
O'erthrew, like pine-trees that on high their heads have erected.
Thereat was martial Menelaus stung to resentment,
And to the first fighters came striding, blazing in armour,
555 Brandishing his spear-beam, rapid Ares urging him onwards,
Merely that his downfall Æneas's hand should ennoble.
Hereunto Antilochus, brave Nestor's son, was attentive,
And follow'd him, for alarm'd he saw such danger awaiting
This nation's paramount, lest aught, mischancing about him,
560 Might make of none effect many pains and toils of Achaians.
Now the two antagonists, confronted, on high were upholding
Their hands and javelins, for affray so deadly preparing ;
Then stepp'd Antilochus forward, to support Menelaus,
Whereupon Æneas would stand no further against them,
565 Although so good-at-arms, finding these two men united.
So their unlucky dead they drew to the ranks of Achaians,
And gave their bodies up to the care of trusted associates,
Then set their faces to return to the front o' the combat.
Here they gave death anon to Pylæmen, a rival of Ares,
570 Who led a shield-bearing Paphlagonian host to the combat.
Him now the spear-fam'd Atridan prince Menelaus
Fell'd with a lance, hitting him where breast and throat are united ;
Antilochus, likewise, his bold car-driving assistant
Mygdon Atymniades, while turning his hoof-clanging horses,
575 Smote on his arm midway, with stone so fairly directed,
That forthwith from his hand he let drop his ivory-prank'd reins.
Forth rush'd Antilochus, smote him with sword i' the temples,
And below his well-wrought chariot brought down the man headlong.
So, forehead and shoulders foremost, upon earth he alighted,
580 And linger'd thus a while, for sands deep-strown were about him,
But was couch'd i' the dust at last, when started his horses,
Which thence Antilochus drove off to the ships of Achaians.
These i' the fight Hector descry'd, and started against them,
Loud and long shouting, with about him mighty phalanges
585 Of Phrygians, Ares leading with dreadful Enyo.

Fury was her follower, that sternest bloodshed appals not,
 And Ares an enormous lance in his hand was upholding,
 And stood about Hector, now afore him, now to the rearward.

- But valiant Diomed stood aghast to behold them approaching ;
 590 As when a lone traveller, that far and wide in a region
 Has wander'd, cometh on some stream full swiftly descending
 Seawards, and starteth back alarm'd, its foam-eddies eyeing,
 So gave way Diomed, calling to the forces around him :
 " Why need we be amaz'd, O friends, that egregious Hector
 595 Should such a good spearman be found and fighter heroic,
 When by 's side always standeth some god to protect him,
 As now stands Ares himself i' the shape of a mortal ?
 But let us yield therefore with a front aye turn'd to the Trojans,
 Nor trust your puissance too rashly to cope with immortals."
 600 So said he, and meantime their foes came close to them onward,
 And Hector struck a pair on a car, well-inur'd to the combat
 (One nam'd Anchialus, while one to Menestheus answer'd).
 This mov'd with dolor and anger Telamonian Ajax,
 And stepping up right near, his effulgent lance he aventred,
 605 And a man of Phæsum, Selagus-born Amphius, o'erthrew,
 In treasure and corn-fields opulent; though now for upholding
 Priamus and Priam's lineage, he paid very dearly—
 For full on his cincture drove down Telamonian Ajax,
 And below his navel rooted the spear shadow-launching.
 610 Down he dropp'd with a clank ; and bent on seizing his armour
 Lustily push'd Ajax forwards. Troy's forces around him
 Rain'd glittering lances ; but he held his buckler against them,
 Till, setting his foot upon the slain man, he out of his entrails
 Tugg'd his brass javelin ; yet could not he have the remaining
 615 Arms, stripping his shoulders—by so many darts was he hinder'd ;
 And the gallant Trojans, he thought, might close-in on all sides,
 Since many, with dapper hands, their spears were planting against
 him,
 And pushing him from them ; so backward pacing he 'ielded ;
 Though stalwart, good-at-arms, and bold, he stood not against them :
 620 These here thus labor'd, the battle so deadly dareyning.

Destiny brought yonder that bold Herculean offspring,
 Tlepolemus, to defy Sarpedon, a peer of immortals ;

- And but a short distance parted these foemen asunder,
 Child of him who marshals the clouds, and child of his offspring,
 625 When first Tlepolemus call'd out and spoke to the foeman :
 " Sarpedon, Lycian folk-guide, what luckless occasion
 Brings thee hither, shuddering, to the work of war unaccustom'd ?
 Surely they are liars that a child o' the Gorgon-buckler'd
 Jupiter have call'd thee, since hugely the men were above thee
 630 In prowess, that of him were born i' the times that are ended.
 Bear hereto witness my sire's reputation eternal ;
 Was not he Alcides lion-hearted, combat-abiding,
 Who landed to demand those Laomedontian horses,
 With but six galleys here, and troops by a long way unequal,
 635 And fell upon Troytown, and vacant left he her highways ?
 But thou com'st, lacking heart, with a feeble company round thee,
 And with small benefit for Trojans wilt have abandon'd
 Thy Lycian confines, wert thou better even at onslaught,
 Since 'tis mine to commit thy soul to the keeping of Hades."
- 640 Then made that Lycian folk-guide, Sarpedon, his answer :
 " I grant, Tlepolemus, thy father wrought thus amongst us,
 Our grand Laomedon's fool-hardy demeanor avenging,
 Who for a good service with words unseemly repaid him,
 And the steeds from him held, he came so far to be earning.
 645 Yet 'tis thine to receive thy dark and mortal allotment
 Here from my javelin, to secure me immense reputation,
 And yield thy spirit up to steed-egregious Hades."
 He spoke ; Tlepolemus was his ash-beam already poisoning,
 And i' the same moment took flight their contrary lances.
- 650 Sarpedon's i' the midst o' the neck transfix'd his opponent,
 Nor stinted, till again the smartful point was emerging
 Rearwards, and on his eyes forlorn obscurity fasten'd.
 Meantime Tlepolemus Sarpedon's left thigh had open'd
 With javelin, that nigh to the bone rush'd eager athwart it ;
 655 Something of its vehemence his father's care had abated.
 Now valiant followers god-like Sarpedon attended,
 And from affray carry'd him, that long lance painfully trailing
 Under him ; and none o' them perceiv'd, or car'd to bethink him
 The spear-head to remove, that they might raise the man upright,
 660 Maugrè their willing hearts, so fierce the encounter about them !
 Tlepolemus, likewise, the brazen-plated Achaians
 Were carrying yonder ; thereon look'd noble Ulysses

With spirit indignant, and sorely crav'd to revenge him.
 Some moments in his heart and soul he doubtfully ponder'd,
 665 Might he best follow forth that child o' the shaker o' lightnings,
 Or fall on many more Lycians, of life to bereave them.
 Howbeit mickle-hearted Ulysses was not appointed
 With mortal javelin to smite Jove's offspring heroic,
 But to the chief's followers his wrath was turn'd by Athena.
 670 Hereupon he slaughter'd Alcander, Cœranus also,
 And Halius, Chromius, Prytanis, Noiemon, Alastor ;
 And many more Lycians had fall'n by noble Ulysses,
 But that a keen look on him was cast by plume-tossing Hector,
 Who to the first fighters came striding, blazing in armour,
 675 And brought on Danaans dismay ; but gladly beheld him,
 And with faint utterance Jove-born Sarpedon accosted :
 " Help me, Priamides, and leave me not to the foeman
 Expos'd for plunder, sith again to the coast o' the dear land
 And homewards to return is by my fate not allow'd me,
 680 Nor to behold any more my wife and children unhelpful ;
 Let me cross but again your gates, although to die only."
 He spoke, yet not a word answer'd pied-plume-tossing Hector,
 But by him hied onward, eager to repulse his opponents,
 And pour'd forth many lives ; meanwhile that peer of immortals,
 685 Sarpedon, carry'd off in th' arms of noble attendants,
 Under a fair beech-tree was laid, to the Thunderer holy ;
 And there did Pelagon, Sarpedon's dear fellow-swordsman,
 Draw from his hurt flesh again with might and main the good ash-
 lance.
 Low down his spirit ebb'd, and shades on his eyes were alighting ;
 690 Yet came his breath anew, when freshly the gust o' the north-wind
 Playing on his temples, the straiten'd life reawaken'd.

And thus yfere Ares and brazen-bass'neted Hector
 Their Argive enemies did afflict, who neither averted
 Their faces, to return in flight to the ships hollow-built,
 695 Nor yet kept their places aright, but slowly receded,
 Descrying that among their foes was boisterous Ares.

Now will ye hear, foremost and last, by Priamid Hector
 And brass-lock'd Ares, what sons were slain of Achaians ?
 First, god-like Teuthras, then Orestes fam'd as a rider,

700 CEnomaus, Trechys, th' Ætolian hurler of lances
 CEnops-born Helenus—belt-glancing Oresbius also,
 Come from Hyla's confines, to the lake Cephisus adjoining ;
 There had he his treasure-hoards increas'd, and there had about him
 Been many Bœoti cluster'd, in a region abundant.

705 But now white-arm'd Hera, beholding in Argos's army
 So many wights perishing, the battle so deadly dareyning—
 Forthwith Athenaie with an eager speech she accosted :
 " Birth of Jove Gorgon-buckler'd, goddess Atrytone,
 Ha ! was't with futile promises we assur'd Menelaus
 710 He from Troy's capture should safely return to the dear land,
 If now this violence we allow from boisterous Ares ?
 But go to ! let us eke recollect to be hardy to rescue."

She spoke, and well enough gave heed bright-glancing Athena.
 First Kronos's daughter then arose, imperial Hera,
 715 And with her hands harness'd her golden-frontleted horses.
 Hebe join'd meantime to the car its wheels ready-rolling,
 Eight-spok'd, and all brazen, attach'd upon axle of iron ;
 Their felloes of massy gold were wrought, unscathable always ;
 Their tires were brazen, fix'd featly, superb to set eyes on ;
 720 Their naves were argent, hither and thither easily rolling.
 There were two cinctures to the car, to protect it on all sides ;
 Springs of gold and silver, a silver pole had it also ;
 And to the pole Hebe put a yoke, and thereupon harness ;
 And yoke and harness were alike all beautiful, all gold.
 725 Then brought Hera to yoke her pair of swift-footed horses,
 And ready for conflict she appear'd, and war's fell alarms.

But that virgin Athena, the birth o' the Gorgon-buckler'd
 Jove, upon his pavement let fall her robe's tissue downy,
 Which with her own fingers she'd wrought, and daintily broider'd ;
 730 And with cloud-gathering Kronides his baldric about her,
 For many-tear-feeding warfare she array'd her in armour.
 First the divine ægis, many-fring'd, and fearfully rustling,
 With terror encircled, she lifted athwart her shoulders.
 Therein Prowess appears, and Feud, and blood-chilling Uproar,
 735 Therein that terrible, monstrous Gorgonian aspect,
 Which Jove Ægiochus for a fateful signal upholdeth.

- Next she plac'd on her head that casque, which guards it on all sides,
 Golden, four-crested, covering fivescore cities' armies ;
 Then stepp'd she to the burnish'd car, and grasp'd her enormous
 740 And solid and heavy lance, whereby she breaks the united
 Companies of warriors, 'gainst whom, sire-proud, she is anger'd.
 Then lash'd Hera with haste the steeds, and unbidden open'd
 Heav'n's gates, whose keeping to the Day's twelve maids is awarded,
 As to them is trusted the sphere, and spacious Olympus,
 745 Whiles to put on coverings of clouds, and whiles to remove them.
 Through such a gate issuing, they drove lash-amenable horses
 To Kronides forwards, and found him loneliness seated,
 From the divine fellowship sunder'd ; many-crested Olympus
 Thron'd him on its topmost pinnacles ; there Hera the white-arm'd,
 750 Reining-in her chargers, all-ruling Jove thus accosted :
 " Sire Jove, doth not a work so high-handed offend thee in Ares,
 As massacring such-like and so many sons of Achaians,
 All unfairly, to gall mine heart, while mutely rejoicing
 Argent-bow-bending Phœbus with Cypria sees it ?
 755 For 'twas they kindled to the fight this lean-witted outlaw ;
 But wouldst thou suffer it, sire Jove, and not be offended ?
 I'd force him, with a rueful wound, this affray to relinquish."
 Hereat cloud-summoning Kronides thus address'd her in answer :
 " I like it well enough ; set against him Athena the reaver,
 760 For she with bitter hurts erewhile has made him acquainted."
 He spoke, and not at all froward prov'd Hera the white-arm'd ;
 She plied her whip anon, but blithely started her horses
 To fly 'twixt level earth and star-prank'd heav'n i' the midmost.
 And as far as a man's eyes reach, from a beacon-head outward
 765 Through mickle air gazing, to the verge o' the sea's livid heavings,
 So far came bounding the divine queen's hoof-clanging horses,
 Until Troy's confines they attain'd, by where the Scamander
 And Simoïs mingled their waters : here having halted
 White-arm'd Hera releas'd her steeds ; and largely before them
 770 The strength of Simoïs put forth ambrosial herbage.

Then with a dove's paces went stealing Athena with Hera,
 Intent and coveting to give aid to the forces of Argos.
 And soon, on coming up where most and best were a-fighting,
 Round the son of Tydeus, the renown'd among horsemen, assembled,

- 775 Like bloody-fed lions, or boars not feeble at onslaught—
 There stopp'd and shouted the divine queen, Hera the white-arm'd,
 Like to brass-throated, mickle-hearted Stentor appearing,
 Stentor, who at calling was a match for fifty united.
 "O Argives, the reproach o' the land, fine men for a pageant !
- 780 So long as in conflict we daily were help'd by Achilles,
 Out o' the Dardanian portals no company Trojan
 Peep'd ever, his vengeful javelin so scar'd them at all times ;
 But now, far from shelter, at our very ships they assail us."'
 So cried she, spiriting their hearts and minds to be hardy ;
- 785 Meantime for Diomed went forth bright-glancing Athena,
 And by his own chariot found him with his horses abiding,
 Easing his hurt shoulder, where struck the Lycaonid archer ;
 For below his shield-belt, which his orb'd shield was attach'd to,
 Sore the sweat gall'd him ; moreover his arm was aweary ;
- 790 And thus pain'd he had eas'd this belt, and wip'd the blood hardly,
 When Pallas with her hand on his horses' yoke thus address'd him :
 " Right little of Tydeus, perdy, reappears in his offspring !
 He was in his person feeble, but in arms was he hardy,
 Even where to challenge or fight I did not allow him.
- 795 That day be witness, when he enter'd Thebes as an envoy
 'Mid many Cadmean cavaliers, he a single Achaian,
 When to sit in palace-hall, and quietly feed I had urg'd him—
 Then with his high daring, that same which appear'd in him always,
 He went forth to defy their youths, and still to defeat them
- 800 Easily, for with so strong a hand I assisted him always.
 But now, while I uphold, and while I mightily guard thee,
 While with no slackness thee against thy foes I am urging,
 Either have hard strivings thy limbs of lustiness empty'd,
 Or fear ungenerous controls thee ; surely thou art not
- 805 Of the kin of Tydeus, that war-proof Cenead hero."'
 She spoke, and stalwart Diomed thus in answer address'd her :
 " Birth of Jove Gorgon-buckler'd, I know thy appearance,
 And I'll speak therefore, and not be asham'd to declare it ;
 No fear ungenerous, nor want of alertness arrests me,
- 810 But this thy precept am I anxious aye to remember—
 ' Lift not thy weapon up to resist the supernal immortals,
 Save one alone ; but if unto the fight Jove-born Aphrodita
 Come down, to spring at her with trenchant brass I allow thee.'
 'Tis for this that I have drawn back, for this my associates

- 815 I counsell'd to collect hither all, and stand up united—
 I recognise Ares i' the contest here domineering."
 Thereupon eye-sparkling Pallas thus in answer address'd him :
 " Tydidan Diomed, my soul's best pleaser of all men,
 Fear Ares not a whit, nor among the remaining immortals
 820 Fear any, while Pallas with so strong an aid thee upholdeth,
 But lash against Ares foremost thine hoof-clanging horses,
 Close with him, and do not reverence this sider on all sides,
 This vessel of mischief, this frantic, furious Ares,
 Who was pledg'd, but a few days since, conjointly with Hera
 825 And me against Troytown, to give aid to the forces of Argos,
 And now cares not at all, but allies himself to the Trojans."
 She spoke, and took away Sthenelus therewith from his horses ;
 She touch'd him with her hand, and down he alertly descended ;
 Then to the car straightway, to the side of bold Diomedes,
 830 Up the goddess mounted, setting its brass axle a-creaking
 Under a so puissant warrior, such a deity dreadful.
 Then Pallas took in hand the scourge and reins in a moment,
 And full against Ares she lash'd those hoof-clanging horses.
 Ares had meantime set upon th' Ætolian hero,
 835 Gigantic Periphas (by OchESIUS own'd as his offspring),
 And had him half-rifled ; but Athena the bass'net of Hades
 Plac'd on her head, thereby to be hid from boisterous Ares.

- But when anon brass-lock'd Ares had seen Diomedes,
 He dropp'd gigantic Periphas to the ground in a moment,
 840 So to remain grovelling, where first his life he had ousted ;
 And forth tow'rd Diomed, that egregious horseman, he hasten'd.
 When but a short distance parted these foemen asunder,
 Then foremost Ares flung a lance out over his horses'
 Head-yoke and harness, coveting to strike Diomedes.
 845 But the goddess thereto put her hand, bright-glancing Athena,
 And above his chariot she made it swerve ineffective ;
 Then the son of Tydeus flung forth his lance, which Athena
 Wing'd so well forward, that on Ares' flank it alighted,
 Nigh to the belt's fast'nings ; his fair body there did it enter,
 850 And clung, till back again Diomedes mightily pull'd it.
 Then bellow'd out brass-lock'd Ares, as loud as united
 Cries of ten thousand warriors, who, freshly commingled
 In vehement onslaught, have awak'd the storm o' the combat.

Then fell on all Danaans and Trojans trembling amazement,
 855 When they'd heard bellowing the strife-uncloyable Ares.

As when a deep darkness, cloud-gender'd, falls on a region,
 Where the rushing tempest with blast destructive arriveth,
 In such a guise Ares, with clouds and darkness around him,
 Was seen by Diomed to the brass-floor'd welkin ascending.

860 Soon came he to the seat o' the gods, to the soaring Olympus,
 And there by Kronides sat down, heart-stung with affliction ;
 He show'd him, from his hurt running out, the celestial ichor,
 And with a waymenting, with wing-borne words thus address'd
 him :

“ Sire Jove, canst look upon such high-handed works unoffended ?

865 Sure we bear many woes from mutual injury rising
 In the divine kindreds, whence comes pleasure only to mortals.
 But thou dost wrong us all, through being sire to this head-
 strong

Pest of a maid, always in deeds of surquedry daring.

Lo, we others each one, that are heirs of Olympian houses,

870 Are by thy puissance controll'd and held in obedience ;
 But never hath Pallas been check'd by a word or an action ;
 She's at large anyhow, for she's thine unblestèd offspring.

Lo, it is her promptings that against the supernal immortals
 Set the son of Tydeus, Diomedes over-high-hearted,

875 Who foremost has approach'd, and pierc'd in her hand Aphrodita,
 And then me, likewise, he assail'd, god-like in his onset.

Now 'tis thanks to my own good feet I 'scap'd him, or haply
 I might there have abode with a pile of slain men above me,
 Or, living enfeebled, with a brazen rod be afflicted.”

880 Glancing at him sideways, Kronides cloud-marshalling answer'd :

“ Sit not making a moan by me, thou sider on all sides,
 Worst-pleasing to my heart amid all gods haunting Olympus—
 For battle, and onslaught, and strife are dear to thee always.
 As bitter and cross-grain'd likewise is thy mother Hera,

885 For 'tis with much ado when words can keep her obedient ;
 'Tis from her admonishings, doubtless this has all come upon
 thee.

Yet can I ill tolerate to behold thee longer in anguish,
 For thou mine issue art, for of her that bare thee I had thee.

Had some other parent conceiv'd such a grace-lacking offspring,
890 Thou'dst have gone long ago, where Titans would be above thee.”

So said he, and sent him Paieon anon to relieve him
With salves and tinctures that allay brow-darkening anguish ;
And as acid juices cause white milk quickly to curdle,
Wherever hand stirs them, so quickly the wound of hot Ares
895 Clos'd and heal'd up again, for a nature mortal he had not :
Hebe gave him a bath, and in fresh robes rearray'd him,
And with Jove he again sat down with 's glory delighted.
Then back from nether earth to the courts o' the sire of Olympus
Argive Hera return'd, with Athena the mighty to rescue,
900 When they'd from carnage driven off blood-weltering Ares.

BOOK VI.

“DEVOUT TO ADVERSE POWERS ABOVE.”

(*C. G. Rossetti.*)

AND now alone Trojans fierce enmity wag'd with Achaians,
And hither and yonder many times sway'd each battle-order,
Foeman against foeman their lances deadly directing,
I' th' plain, from Simois' waters to Xanthus's outspread.
5 Now foremost Ajax Telamon, safeguard of Achaians,
Through the serry'd squadrons bursting, reassur'd his associates,
And hit, among Thrace's cavaliers, Eussonus's offspring,
Their paramount Acamas, that bold and stately commander.
He struck upon skull-piece, i' the midst, his plume-tossing helmet,
10 And in his head fasten'd, and drove to the brain the severe point,
Arm'd with deadly metal ; so his eyes obscurity mantled.

Then the son of Teuthras, who dwelt in splendid Arisbe,
Axylus, in conflict was slain by bold Diomedes.

- Rich was he, and i' the land esteem'd and dearly regarded,
 15 For so kindly with all he dealt, living hard-by a roadway ;
 Yet none of his many guests from baleful death to defend him
 Stood forth ; but Diomed's spear-point his life from him ousted,
 As from trusty Calesius eke, who guided his horses ;
 Down they bow'd them yfere to the dust, their souls to surrender.
- 20 Euryalus meantime Dresus with Opheltius o'erethrew,
 And Asepus assail'd with Pedasus, whom 'twas a Naiad
 Had borne Laomedon's eldest, but spurious offspring,
 Complete Bucalion, who, where his flocks were a-grazing,
 Had led Abarbarea, stream-nymph, to the dear bed of union,
 25 Whereat, having rounded, she bore him a male double offspring,
 Whose bodies and dapper hearts that Mecistiadan hero
 Unsoul'd, and set his hands to remove their arms from about them.
 Astyalus likewise was slain by bold Polyphœtes,
 With brass-tipp'd javelin Pidytes fell by Ulysses,
 30 Nestorid Antilochus with gleaming lance hit Ablerus,
 And Teucer struck a champion egregious, hight Aretaon.
 Leïtus hit Phylasus, the commander of hosts Agamemnon
 Quell'd Elatus, that had held his abode on Pedasus high-brow'd,
 Where its fair waters the descending Satnius urges.
- 35 Eurypylus gave death to Melanthus ; last Menelaus
 Seiz'd Adrastus alive, whose horses, wild with amazement,
 In thicket of tamarisk had plung'd, and broken asunder
 His pole at nether end—then had hied themselves, i' the routed
 Host, citywards, but had over a wheel their master ejected,
 40 Prone and dust-biting ; then had Atreus-born Menelaus
 Nigh to the wight hasten'd, with lifted spear shadow-launching ;
 Whereupon Adrastus 'gan clasp his knees to beseech him :
 “ Make me thy prisoner, son of Atreus, and have a ransom
 Worthy thy acceptance ; for at home my sire hath a goodly
 45 Store of brass, bright gold, and iron skilfully temper'd.
 He'd for my liberation anon give a ransom enormous,
 Were he told, that in Argive fleet I abode as a captive.”
 So said he, and well-nigh to spare him mov'd Menelaus,
 Who was sending him already thence, by a trusted attendant,
 50 Down to the black war-ships ; but tow'rd them strode Agamemnon
 With bitter injunctions, and shouting, thus 'gan accost him :
 “ What makes thee, dearest Menelaus, so very tender

- Of men's lives ? Have at all Trojans so fairly to theward
Or to thy house acted ? Send heav'n, no breather among them
- 55 Might 'scape our vengeance, not a male i' the womb hidden even,
No, nor one runaway ; but yfere I'd have perish wholly
All that is in Troytown, unmourn'd, not leaving a vestige."
His brother he thus address'd, and wisely directing him, alter'd
His pitying purpose ; so he held Adrastus at arm's length,
- 60 Whom below his navel wounding, the stern Agamemnon
Laid him on his back anon ; then tugg'd the spear from his entrails,
One foot on his bosom planted ; but in Argos's army
Unto the like purport Nestor was loudly proclaiming :
" O comrades, Danaan cavaliers, good liegemen of Ares,
- 65 Let no man tarry now, caring for spoils, that he haply
May come more opulent to the ships ; but now let us only
Slay the men, and then a time will come, when ye all may unhinder'd,
O'er the levels ranging, strip of arms their carcasses unsoul'd."

- So said he, and spirited their hearts and minds to be hardy ;
- 70 Then might haply the sons of Troy by martial Achaians
Have been, through lack of heart, compell'd their town to re-enter,
But that Prince Helenus, that Priamid augur accomplish'd,
Came near, and thus address'd Æneas jointly with Hector :
" Æneas—Hector, sith ye have most chiefly the Trojans
- 75 And league-mates to direct in affray—for ye have not an equal
Either when to the fight ye turn or when to the council—
Halt here, and then amongst our people ranging on all sides,
Go, check their crowding to the gates, lest haply the flyers,
E'en within arms feminine slaughter'd, to the foe give a triumph.
- 80 But when ye have given heart to the Trojan companies each one,
Then 'gainst our enemies to strive we'll here be abiding,
Fearfully though weary'd, for a need compulsory drives us.
But to the town, Hector, would I have thee go to prevail on
Mine and thy parent, that she may a matron assembly
- 85 Lead tow'rd our citadel, to the fane of Pallas Athena,
And having unfasten'd with key those doors hallow'd-holy,
And chosen such a robe as appears in her whole habitation
Amplest and fairest, such as eke most dearly delights her,
At well-braided Athena's feet may meekly present it,
- 90 And six brace of heifers of a year old, yoke-unacquainted,
May promise in sacrifice, if she will thereupon only

- Take pity on Troytown, our wives and children unhelpful—
 And this fell spearman Diomed, fear's mighty provider,
 If she'll keep back aloof from these our boundaries holy.
- 95 Him do I in very deed esteem as best of Achaians ;
 For the son of Peleus himself, that flower of heroes,
 Whom a goddess-parent is claim'd for, was not amongst us
 Thus fell ; Tydides rages with a might so unequal'd.”
- So said he, and Hector gainsay'd not a whit the direction ;
- 100 Lightly from his chariot to the ground he sprang with his armour,
 Two keen spears levelling ; then his host survey'd he on all sides,
 And to battle spirited their hearts, and rous'd up a rescue.
 So they turn'd back amain, and faced upon Argos's armies ;
 And these now, staggering, the commenced carnage abated.
- 105 They said, “Some god is here, from star-prank'd heav'n's habitations
 Come down, who makes us to retreat, Troy's companies aiding.”
 Then call'd out Hector, with a lifted voice, to the Trojans :
 “ War-spirited Trojans and league-mates nobly-renownèd,
 Comrades, be warriors, recollect to be hardy to rescue ;
- 110 For now must I away for a while, and Ilion enter,
 There to bid our consorts, and all our counselling elders,
 To pray, and hecatombs to promise to the lords of Olympus.”
 So much having spoken, withdrew pied-plume-tossing Hector,
 Dark upon whose ankles and neck the bull-hide was a-beating,
- 115 Whose fold hung largest, encircling his huge bossy buckler.

- Now the son of Tydeus met Glaucus 'twixt the two armies,
 That son of Hippolochus, longing each in affray to commingle ;
 And but a short distance parted these foemen asunder,
 When Diomed foremost outspoke, and hail'd his opponent :
- 120 “ Fair sir, among mortals death-amenable, who ever art thou ?
 Since ere this moment in war's man-ennobling achievements
 I never have seen thee mingled ; but now thou appearest
 Most rash among mortals, who abid'st my spear shadow-launching.
 Surely my antagonists are children of unlucky parents ;
- 125 But from heaven's confines if thou be a down-come immortal,
 I will against powers from on high not wage any warfare ;
 No ! for that son i' faith of Dryas, mighty Lycurgus,
 Liv'd not long, when he had the supernals dar'd to the conflict,
 He that amid sacred Nyssean groves to the nurses
- 130 Of revelling Bacchus gave chase ; whereat they abandon'd

- And threw their thyrsi to the ground, pursued with an ox-goad
 By this stern homicide, while unto the sea-billows hoary
 Sprang Bacchus terrify'd ; and there in her arms Thetis held him
 Trembling—so much his heart by a mortal's threats was affrighted.
- 135 But the divine happy race this offender mov'd to resentment,
 And his sight Kronides took away ; nor long did he after
 Linger alive, so much was he hated of all the supernals ;
 Therefore 'gainst happy gods I will not wage any warfare ;
 However, if mortal thou be'st, if on earth's crop a feeder,
- 140 Draw near, and forthwith to the gates of death will I haste thee."'
 That son of Hippolochus, the stately Glaucus him answer'd :
 " O valiant Diomed, why make of birth any mention ?
 Like to the vicissitudes of leaves are man's generations ;
 Leaves thus fare ; autumn breezes now strew them on all sides ;
- 145 Now the forest teems all with burgeons, spring reappearing ;
 And of men races thus arise, and races are ended.
 However, if therewith thou cravest further acquaintance,
 Hear now my lineage, which is also known by a number.
 Where Ephyre riseth, which bounds horse-pasturing Argos,
- 150 Sisyphus, of mortals subtlest, his abode had aforetime.
 Æolus had being given him, Glaucus was his offspring,
 And he'd Bellerophon for a son, that consummate hero,
 Whom with beauty the gods enrich'd and dignity manly ;
 But Prætus did his hurt contrive, and made him an exile,
- 155 Prætus, who all Argives controll'd—yea, Jove in allegiance
 Had below his sceptre bow'd them. The supernally lovely
 Antea, his consort, coveted by stealth to commingle
 With bold Bellerophon, but against his virtue prevail'd not—
 Wherefore King Prætus with a lying tongue she accosted :
- 160 ' Let now Bellerophon die, or else thyself ! He attempted
 By violence with me, maugrè my will, to commingle.'
 She spoke, and doubt not, when he heard, that fury possess'd him ;
 Yet did he him kill not, for his heart misgave him about it—
 O'er Lycia's confines he sent him, charg'd with a folded
- 165 Scroll, whereon many signs were trac'd of murderous import ;
 These to give his belsire he charg'd him, in hope of effecting
 His death. Bellerophon went by th' unfaltering aidance
 Of the divine rulers, where Xanthus flows i' the wide lands
 Of Lycia ; and him there its king with alacrity greeted,
- 170 And nine days harbour'd, and slew nine bulls to regale him.

- But when a tenth day-dawn had upon them arriv'd, ruddy-finger'd,
 Then did he interrogate his guest and ask to look into
 The scroll he carry'd him from Prætus, his own child's husband.
 So gave he to the king that scroll of murderous import,
 175 And 'twas Bellerophon's first task to slay the Chimæra,
 That grim beast, not of earthly descent, but sprung from Olympus,
 Lion-headed, goat-like i' the midst, a snake to the rearward,
 Breathing a flame fervent and fierce. Yet trusting in omens
 Which the divine rulers vouchsaf'd, he gave her a death-wound ;
 180 Then Solyma's far-fam'd warriors he dar'd to the conflict,
 Whom stoutest among all his foes he found to resist him ;
 Thirdly, then he slaughter'd th' Amazons' man-rivalling armies ;
 But thence in coming home did a new deep-laid plot await him ;
 For the king had chosen from amidst his best men a number,
 185 Who 'gainst Bellerophon were sent, and planted in ambush,
 Whence not a man got away, nor 'scap'd that consummate hero—
 Whose valor and god-like origin to the king now appearing,
 He press'd him to remain, and take his child for a consort,
 And of his own crown-dues he gave him a moiety likewise,
 190 While eke by Lycia's citizens good lands were assign'd him
 For tilth and vine-planting, a share above all the remainder.
 Here his wife gave him two sons, Isander his eldest,
 And next Hippolochus, with a daughter Laodamia—
 All-wise Jove's paramour was she ; 'tis of her that his offspring
 195 Was born, brass-morion'd Sarpedon, a man demi-godlike.
 But when Bellerophon got abhorr'd of all the supernals,
 He began in solitude roaming the plains of Alea,
 His fellow-men's concourse eschewing, his heart fretting inly.
 As for his Isander, the strife-uncloyable Ares,
 200 By the renown'd warriors Solymeian, sent him a death-wound ;
 His sister likewise gold-rein-pressing Artemis o'erthrew ;
 But 'tis of Hippolochus that I own myself to be offspring.
 He sent me Troywards, and oftentimes heartily charg'd me
 Aye to be in prowess foremost, and mark'd above all men,
 205 And not shame such a line of sires, who had aye the precedence
 Both in broad Lycian confines and Isthmian also.
 Thou'st heard of what a race I avouch myself the descendant."
 So said he, and warlike Diomed was dearly delighted ;
 His spear first he planted on earth's many-nurturing acres,
 210 Then with words debonair he address'd that pastor of armies :

- “ Surely by ancestral fellowship we of old are united.
 For long ago god-like *Æneus* as a guest in his household
 Harbor’d *Bellerophon* many days, that consummate hero ;
 And gifts of fellowship they chang’d, at parting, among them —
 215 He from *Bellerophon* took a golden cup double-op’ning,
 And ’twas a bright vermeil cincture he gave as a token ;
 And this at home left I, coming out amid *Argos’s* army.
 But *Tydeus* do I ill recollect ; he left me an orphan
 When died, at *Thebæ*, so quickly the sons of *Achaia*.
 220 By good right then am I thy friend and host among *Argives*,
 And thou among *Lycians* art mine, if I e’er should approach them.
 But let us in conflict henceforth keep parted asunder ;
 I’ll have enough *Trojans* or martial allies to kill elsewhere,
 And many more *Danaans* thou’lt find, such as aye come across thee.
 225 And let us our armours exchange, to let all men around us
 Mark what an ancestral fellowship we boast of upholding.”
 So much having spoken, to the ground they leap’d in an instant,
 And laid hand within hand, and their troths faithfully plighted.
 I trow that *Kronides* his wits from *Glaucus* had exil’d,
 230 When with *Tydidan* *Diomed* thus chang’d he his armour,
 Golden against brazen, fivescore kine’s worth for a half-score’s.

- But now came *Hector* to the *Scæan* gate, to the beech-tree,
 Where wives and daughters o’ the *Trojans* rush’d in a cluster,
 Asking about husbands, sons, friends and brethren, around him ;
 235 And ever he charg’d them to the gods to present supplications ;
 And trouble and anguish many souls were wounding among them.
 But when he had *Priam’s* residence all-glorious enter’d
 Through the polish’d porches, past chambers fifty united,
 With marble glittering, where fifty, that had for a father
 240 *Priamus*, each rested with a consort holily plighted—
 While opposite likewise their sisters, far i’ the building
 Had their contiguous chambers, to the roof-tree adjoining,
 With marble glittering, where twelve men, who had a *belsire*
Priamus, each rested with a consort virtuous-hearted—
 245 His gracious mother here he found, who, tow’rd him approaching,
 Led, fairest among all her daughters, *Laodicea* ;
 And on his hand fast’ning, with a lifted voice she address’d him :
 “ What made thee come away, my child, from wild battle home-
 ward ?

- Art thou weary belike, fighting th' unspeakable Argives
 250 Who threaten our precincts, wherefore thy bosom has urg'd thee
 Jove within our citadel to implore, thine arms high upholding ?
 But tarry, for with wine honey-sweet I go to supply thee,
 That with a drink-offering sire Jove and all the supernals
 Thou may'st first reverence, then drink to thy own profit also,
 255 For wine greatly repairs the strength of a wight o'er-labor'd ;
 And sore thou'st labor'd, to support and guard thy associates."'
 She spake, and thereunto replied tall plume-tossing Hector :
 " Bring not, honor'd parent, for me bring wine honey-sweet not ,
 Thou'dst make me nerveless, forgetful of hardy resistance.
 260 Also I am fearful to salute, with fiery wine's flow,
 Jove, having unwashen hands, since how shall a man put a pray'r up
 To swart-cloud-canopy'd Kronides, when lothlily gore-stain'd ?
 But go thou, rather, to the fane of Athena the reaver,
 Our matrons having all conven'd, to bring odorous incense ;
 265 And having out-singled such a robe, as in all thy abode is
 Amplest and fairest, such as eke most dearly delights thee,
 At well-braided Athena's feet go tender it humbly ;
 And six brace of heifers of a year old, yoke-unacquainted,
 Thou shalt her promise in sacrifice, if with pity merely
 270 She'll look upon Troytown, our wives, and children unhelpful,
 And this fell spearman, Diomed, fear's mighty provider,
 If she'll keep back aloof from these our boundaries holy.
 Go thou away, therefore, to the fane of Athena the reaver,
 And I'll for Paris hunt, and call him, if he will obey me ;
 275 Though better I'd like it, broad earth should gape to devour him,
 Since, perdy, the monarch of Olympus rais'd him up only
 For Troy's undoing, for Priam's, and for his offspring's.
 Might I but look on him sinking to the mansion of Hades,
 My spirit of joyless discomfort might live unheedful."
- 280 He spoke, and she in hall enter'd, and call'd her attendants,
 Who, the city straightway visiting, 'gan around her assemble
 Her reverend matrons ; she meantime went to the chamber
 Perfum'd, where many robes were stor'd, full daintily-broider'd,
 Wrought by Phœnician damsels, whom Sidon had yielded
 285 Unto Paris godlike-featur'd, what time i' the mid-sea
 He rov'd, and carry'd off by stealth Helen highly-descended.
 Now among all these robes Hekabē took forth for Athena

One that was largest, and most with broidery goodly,
 And glittering star-like, and furthèst plac'd o' the number.
 290 Then rose she to depart, and rous'd many matron attendants,
 And to Troy's citadel they came, to the fane of Athena.
 Steed-fam'd Antenor's consort its gates to them open'd,
 Namely, the Cissean princess, Theano the bright-hair'd,
 Whom the men of Troytown had Athena's priestess appointed.
 295 Here then, having taken that robe, Theano the bright-hair'd
 At well-braided Athena's knees unfolded it humbly,
 And with loud orisons implor'd that daughter of high Jove :
 “ Noble among goddesses, city-sheltering, awful Athena,
 Break Diomed's spear-point, and grant in front o' the Scæan
 300 Gates that on earth prostrate he soon may lie with a death-wound ;
 Then six brace of heifers of a year old, yoke-unacquainted,
 We'll in thy temple sacrifice, if with pity merely
 Thou'lt look upon Troytown, its wives and children unhelpful.”

These she utter'd praying, but ill-heard by Pallas Athena ;
 305 And while these orisons they paid to the daughter of high Jove,
 Hector tow'rd Paris's fair mansion now was approaching,
 That mansion which he erst himself, with a band o' the deftest
 Of joiners, that about Troytown on deep-clodded acres
 Were dwelling, had built him for a hall and hearth with a bower,
 310 Near where Hector abode, and Priam, in his city's highest.
 Here Hector now arriv'd, the belov'd of Jove, with a ported
 Lance of elev'n cubits, whose point was casting a brightness
 Far forward, fasten'd to the shaft with a gold ring about it.
 Here within his chamber was found Paris, handling his armour
 315 Magnificent—buckler, breastplate, and bow well-yshapen ;
 And Argive Helen here was seated among many damsels,
 Their parts distributing to them all, fine works o' the needle ;
 And Hector spoke out i' the midst, and scornfully shent him :
 “ Fair sir, thy cherishing this rancor scarcely beseems thee ;
 320 Our troops are perishing, the battle so deadly dareyning,
 Round city, round bulwark high-rear'd ; and thy quarrel only
 Makes clamorous warfare encompass us, and of a surety
 Thou would'st blame any wight, who came to the fight unalertly.
 Up ! lest flames foe-lit very soon reap Troy for a harvest.”
 325 And Paris of god-like semblance thus made him an answer :
 “ Hector, 'tis not amiss thou chidest, but with a reason ;

- And I'll speak therefore ; but attend, and grant me an audience.
 'Tis not at all rancor, nor grudge I bear to the Trojans,
 That keeps me sitting here ; 'tis a grief I long to be easing ;
 330 But now my consort's debonair persuasion has urg'd me
 Tow'rd conflict to return, yea, this course unto me also
 Seems best ; for many times her quarters Victory shifteth.
 But do thou tarry now, till warlike arms I have on me ;
 Or go afield foremost, and I'll not fail to rejoin thee."
- 335 He spoke, but not a word answer'd pied-plume-tossing Hector,
 Whom Helen in placable, meek language thereat accosted :
 " Kinsman, honor'd kinsman to me hound-brow'd, ruinous, odious,
 O that, that very day, when on her that bare me I hung first,
 Some vehement baleful storm-wind had come to remove me
 340 Up to the wild mountains, or afar to the waves o' the loud sea !
 There should I have sunken, with a worse hap been unacquainted.
 But the divine rulers my course of life having order'd,
 At least I should have had therewith some worthier husband,
 Sensible of providence, and of the reproach of a people.
- 345 Now from his heart judgment lies far, and will not approach him ;
 And he'll taste, doubtless, the result of his infatuation.
 But come now, brother, here, and take this seat to repose on,
 Since for vile me most, and through these fatally frantic
 Deeds of Alexander, thy breast with toils is acquainted.
- 350 Such mischance Kronides for both our lives hath enacted,
 That to the far ages we may be a theme for a minstrel."
 She spoke, and stalwart Hector thus address'd her in answer :
 " Do not stop me, Helen ; thy words, though kind, can avail not ;
 Already this paineth mine heart to be here a defaulter
- 355 From Trojans i' the field, who dearly desire my assistance.
 But rouse thine husband, whom also I urge to rejoin me
 While within our city walls, nor allow my singly departing ;
 But to my house meantime I'm bound ; I crave to set eyes on
 Mine household retinue, my wife, my speech-lacking infant.
- 360 Who knows, if yet again to return thither I be appointed
 By the divine rulers, or fall by spears of Achaians ? "

So much having spoken, withdrew pied-plume-tossing Hector,
 And at his house well-appointed arriv'd ; yet no whit appear'd now
 White-arm'd Andromache 'mid his hall ; for she with her infant
 365 And with her handmaiden well-girt, had a tower ascended,

- Where she stay'd, uttering many moans, many words of affliction.
 Thereat having notic'd this blameless wife to be absent,
 Hector in his doorway stopp'd short, and spoke to the maidens :
 “ Harken, O handmaidens, and tell me truth, I aread you ;
 370 White-arm'd Andromache—say, where she's gone ? was it haply
 Her brethren's consorts to behold, or those o' my household ?
 Or went she to the fane, amid all our comelily-braided
 Dames, bent on soothing the tremendous wrath of Athena ? ”
 Thereupon his diligent house-matron in answer address'd him :
 375 “ Hector, since nothing else to speak but truth I am order'd,
 She to see her brethren's consorts or those o' thy household
 Went not, nor to the fane, amid all our comelily-braided
 Dames, bent on soothing the tremendous wrath of Athena,
 But to the great watch-tow'r of Troy she went, upon hearing
 380 How the city's squadrons were press'd by sons of Achaians.
 Forth went she to the walls in hot haste, with a single attendant
 Who bore thy son in arms ; quite frantic appear'd she in aspect.”
 So spoke that diligent house-matron, whereupon Hector
 Turn'd upon his footsteps, through stately streets to rush onward ;
 385 But when he had well-nigh now attain'd, the superb city ranging,
 Unto the gate Scæan, to the field there seeking an exit—
 Here met him Andromache, well-portion'd daughter of hardy
 Eetion, that sylvan Hypoplacus had for a kingdom
 Once, when among Cilices he reign'd, in Thebæ, aforetime,
 390 And so had his daughter to brass-helm'd Hector affianced.
 He met her here hasting, by a single maiden attended,
 Who bore his son in arms, for a feeble babe was it only,
 Their dear Hectorides, a star of beauty resembling,
 Whose name was for him only Scamandrius—else to the Trojans
 395 Astyanax, meaning that Troytown's safety was Hector.
 And now view'd Hector, silently smiling, his offspring,
 And with him Andromache stood, her eyes with tears running over—
 And on his hand fast'ning, with a lifted voice she address'd him :
 “ Thy daring, god-like warrior, will death bring upon thee ;
 400 Yet pity thine infant, pity me woman hapless, who erelong
 Must be thy widow left, when against thee banded Achaians
 Come rushing, and slay thee ; then might I alone be a gainer,
 Thee lost, by sinking to the grave ; for no solace henceforth,
 Griefs I must have alone, should once thy fate be accomplish'd.
 405 Lo, my sire I have already lost and dear mother also ;

- He was in arms vanquish'd and slain by matchless Achilles,
 Who made our Cilices' tall-gated Thebæ a booty,
 And kill'd Eetion; yet he off him took not his armour—
 So far he reverenc'd his foe, but a pyre he erected,
 410 And burn'd him, with his arms and rich-wrought armour about him,
 And o'er him set a cairn, where elms are seemlily planted
 By virgins Oread; daughters o' the lord of Olympus.
 And my sev'n brethren, by my side grown up in household,
 Were driven, in one day's compass, to the light-lacking Hades,
 415 All together slaughter'd, by swift and matchless Achilles,
 'Mid many ewes white-fleec'd, and broad-brow'd hoof-dragging oxen.
 My mother eke, liege-lady to sylvan Hypoplacus erewhile,
 He led away Troywards, and all his booty beside her,
 But freed her very soon, accepting a ransom enormous;
 420 Since which, in her sire's home, arrow-raining Cynthia quell'd her.
 Now sire and gracious mother eke art thou to me Hector,
 And thou my brother art, and thou my youth-wedded husband.
 Have pity now therefore, and lest thy son be an orphan,
 And widowhood come upon thy wife, rest here i' the tower,
 425 And let thy squadrons be about yon fig-tree assembled
 Where the city's weakest, and wall most easily mounted,
 For thrice already there have chosen troops reconnoitred
 Round the two Ajaces, Diomedes hardy to rescue,
 Lance-fam'd Idomeneus, and both th' Atræian heroes,
 430 Haply thither guided by lore of a consummate augur,
 Or their own courage's dictates and counsel obeying."
 She spoke, and stalwart Hector thus address'd her in answer:
 "Trust me, I have ponder'd these things, dear lady, but hugely
 Would the men and matrons robe-trailing of Ilion awe me
 435 From flinching dolorous conflict, i' the guise of a craven,
 And little I'd like it! so strongly my own spirit urges
 Me to be in prowess foremost, and mark'd above all men,
 And make my lineage, my name more nobly renown'd.
 Lo! fate must bring a day (my soul and heart thus assure me)
 440 To smite with ruin both Priamus of the good ash-lance,
 And Priam's citizens, and Troy, their town hallow'd-holy;
 Yet do Troy's sufferings not appear so sorely to threat me,
 Nor my honor'd father's, nor those of a dear mother even,
 Nor many bold brethren's, that must by spears inimical
 445 Fall prostrate i' the dust, as does thy fate that awaits thee,

- When thou by one amongst yon brazen-plated Achaians
 Art led away captive, thy freedom's days having ended,
 At loom haply to work, in an Argive mistress's household,
 Or draw from draw-wells, Messenic or else Hyperean,
 450 Though sore misliking ; for strong constraint will oppress thee ;
 Then shall a wight answer, that sees thy tears running over,
 ' Hector's Andromache was she, that wife o' the foremost
 Of Troytown's cavaliers, when that great siege was about it !'
 So will a wight answer, then anew will grief come upon thee,
 455 At missing of such a man, from days of thrall to redeem thee.
 Ah ! but may many sods be above my slain body lying,
 Ere of thy groanings, thy forth-dragging I be a hearer.”
 So much having spoken, to the child reach'd Hector his arm out,
 But below its father's aspect it shrank back affrighted,
 460 Crying, on its nurse's bosom, to behold such a waving
 Of plumes on topmost morion, such blazing of armour.
 Whereupon its mother and father smil'd both to behold it,
 And the superb Hector from his head took forthwith his helmet,
 And as soon as on earth he'd plac'd it, glinting on all sides,
 465 Then took he his son in arms, and danc'd him awhile, and kiss'd him,
 Then spoke, imploring Kronides and all the supernals :
 “ Jove, and all powers, vouchsafe that nobly renown'd
 May my son be, as I myself, i' the midst o' the Trojans,
 And brave, and good-at-arms, and in Troy mightily ruling.
 470 And when he is coming home from war, ofttimes let a witness
 Say, that he excels me by a deal ; let him eke from a rival
 Bring back spoils all gory, rejoicing her heart who bare him.”
 So said he, and in her arms replac'd their dearly-belov'd one,
 Whom within her bosom's hollowness so balmy she harbor'd,
 475 Smiling a teary smile : thereat pity sank upon Hector,
 Who, caressing with his hand, bespoke, and made her an answer :
 “ Let not, gracious lady, thy heart too sore be afflicted ;
 For me no man on earth can send untimely to Hades
 Until it is fated ; but fate, be it good or evil,
 480 No mortal can avoid, for at each birth-hour 'tis enacted.
 Now to thy own chambers go forth, and take thy utensils,
 Thy loom and distaff, and call thy company round thee
 Of maidens, to direct their tasks ; and let to the war-work
 All men born i' the land, and me above all be attending.”
 485 So much having spoken, the superb-limb'd Hector his helmet

Plume-waving reassum'd, and back she turn'd to go homeward,
Dismay'd and desolate, round tears from her eyes running over.
And so that residence well-appointed of host-quelling Hector
She reach'd, and found there many maids, and set them a-moaning ;
490 O'er Hector yet alive they rais'd a lament in his household :
“ He'll never henceforward,” they thought, “ within Ilion enter,
Escaping bloody war, bitter hearts and blades of Achaians.”

Nor was Alexander within high-wall'd bower abiding,
Who, when in arms rich-wrought with brass he first had array'd him,
495 Trusting in his dapper heels, through Troy came lustily coursing.
As when a horse many days stabled, fed at oats from a manger,
His tether has broken, when he over a mead rushes ambling
Down to the fair-flowing waters, he bath'd in aforetime,
Or to the mares' pastures and haunts, with head haughtily lifted
500 And mane on shoulders fluttering—then nimbly careers he,
Trusting in his power, sped on hooves as swift as a whirlwind ;
So was Alexander from tall-ridg'd Pergamus hasting,
Laughing as he bounded, glittering with his arms' sunny brightness.
Tow'rd Hector thus he hied, who from the place o' the parley
505 Held with his Andromache, was now but newly departing.
'Twas Paris of god-like aspect began Hector accosting :
“ Tell me, if I've kept thee waiting, when in haste, brother Hector,
This time, or disobey'd thy charge, or broke my appointment ?”
So said he, and thus again pied-plume-tossing Hector address'd him :
510 “ There's not a man breathing can justly decry thy assistance,
Fair brother, in conflict, for a man good-at-arms we avow thee ;
But 'tis a mere wilful poltroonery worketh against thee,
Which grieves me to the soul ; for I hear foul speaking about it
'Mid Trojans, that have all for thee borne hardship enormous.
515 But now let's come away, sith a time may come for arranging
All bygones, if a day should dawn, when Jove should allow us
With free drink-offerings to salute the supernal immortals
When once we've driven hence yon brass-lock'd sons of Achaians.”

BOOK VII.

THE DUEL OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

So much having spoken, sprang lustily Priamid Hector
 Through the city's portals, Paris after him hastening onward,
 Each longing in conflict and mortal affray to commingle.
 And as upon mariners when a gale comes, dearly desirèd,
 5 From the divine rulers, when long the trim oars i' the waters
 They've ply'd, and faintness 'ginneth all their limbs to disable,
 Not less dearly desir'd reappear'd these twain to the Trojans.
 And Paris, he foremost, kill'd Arne's princely Menestheus,
 Sprung from Areïthous club-fear'd, by Philomedusa
 10 His consort heifer-ey'd ; and Hector's lance then alighted
 Keen upon Eïoneus, close under his helm well temper'd,
 And i' the nape enter'd ; so limbs no more could uphold him.
 Hippolochid Glaucus likewise, who had under his orders
 All Lycia's warriors—he smote with a lance i' the shoulder
 15 Dexiad Iphinous, the battle so deadly dareyning,
 While on a car mounting to direct his swift-footed horses ;
 Down he fell with a clank ; his limbs no more could uphold him.

But these when the goddess descry'd, bright-glancing Athena,
 Slaying so many wights, in affray so deadly commingled,
 20 Down the steeps of Olympus in haste to the town hallow'd-holy
 Of Troy she bounded ; yet first had Apollo discern'd her
 Out o' the Pergamean citadel, where he to the Trojans
 Was musing to secure success ; so he hied to prevent her,
 And the two encounter'd i' the midst, close unto the beech-tree ;
 25 And the one who foremost outspoke was Jove-sprung Apollo :
 “ What purpose from Olympus's height, O daughter of high Jove,
 Impels thee so sternly resolv'd ? Is it haply to bias
 Victory tow'rd Danaans to revert, since no pity moves thee
 For perishing Trojans ? Yet would'st thou lend me an hearing,
 30 Thou'dst find my counsel not amiss ; let's cause a cessation
 Of battle and warfare for a day ; that day having ended,

Then let them clash anew, till Troytown's doom be accomplish'd,
Since to lay it desolate, goddesses, your hearts have enacted."

Thereat bright-glancing Pallas thus address'd him in answer :

- 35 " Be't so, Far-worker ; with a like intention I also
Came, betwixt Danaans and Trojans, down from Olympus ;
But tell me the device, whereby thou'lt cause the cessation."

And thereunto reply'd Jove's offspring, royal Apollo :

- " The spirit of stalwart, steed-mastering Hector arousing,
40 We'll urge him to the midst, to provoke any champion Achaian,
One man against one alone, in mortal affray to resist him,
Whereupon indignant, these brass-lock'd princes Achaian
Shall crave only to turn their war on egregious Hector."

He spoke, nor gainsay'd him at all bright-glancing Athena ;

- 45 Then Priam's Helenus was aware in his heart o' the counsel
Which these two politic deities betwixt them agreed on ;
So tow'rd Hector he hied, and standing near, thus address'd him :
" Thou, that Jove's policies dost rival, egregious Hector,
Wilt be awhile guided by me, thine own brother algates ?
50 Cause to be all seated Danaans and our fellow Trojans,
And send out a challenge to whoe'er is best of Achaians,
One man against one alone, in mortal affray to resist thee ;
For to die at this time thy destiny will not allow thee ;
I'm thereof well assur'd ; such words have I heard from immortals."

- 55 So said he, and Hector, when he heard, was dearly delighted,
And stepp'd, his squadrons to withhold, betwixt the two armies,
Holding a lance midway ; so adown the men all sat in order,
For the well-arm'd Danaans Atrides held back on his part.
And Phœbus, the god argent-bow'd, sat down with Athena,
60 In the borrow'd semblance of prey-birds, high on a beech-tree
To Jove Ægiochus sacred ; thence gladly beheld they
Those many troops marshall'd, their places in order assuming,
Bristling with javelins, bucklers, and crests above helmets.
Like to the first roughenings o' the sea, when freshly the west wind
65 Smiteth on its expanse, and maketh it all livid under,
So this plain now appear'd, 'mid Trojans and 'mid Achaians
Down-sitting ; and Hector thereon spoke 'twixt the two armies :

“Hear me, O ye Trojans, ye Achaïans well to the greaves arm’d,
While I speak the behest, my soul imposeth upon me.

- 70 Jove, the supreme timoneer, has made our treaties effectless,
Being in heart anger’d, and bent to do all of us evil
Haply till ye capture Troy’s gates, if this be appointed,
Or near your galley-prows foam-riding are under us humbled.
Now midst your numbers you have all that’s best of Achaïans ;
75 Whosoever therefore in his heart is mov’d to resist me,
I’d have him here midway step forth, as opposer of Hector ;
And tell him on my part—and ’twixt us Jove be a witness—
If with a long lance-point he first should mortally reach me,
Then mine arms let him have, to the deep-hull’d ships to remove
them,

- 80 But send my body back, that at home in Troy fellow-townsmen
And wives of citizens may a death-pyre-portion afford me ;
And if him I vanquish, should Apollo the victory give me,
I’ll have his arms, doubtless, to remove to the boundaries holy
Of Troy, unto the fane of Apollo, the worker afar off ;

- 85 But to the ships well-array’d I’ll his body send, that Achaïa’s
Long-chevelur’d warriors with spice and balm may inurn him,
And o’er him set a cairn, looking out to the wide frith of Helle.
So shall a wight ofttimes, though a new generation arises,
His galley well-mounted when he over opaque billows urgeth,
90 Say : yonder monument stands over a man long ago slain,
Who the renown’d Hector confronted, championing Argives.
So shall they tell of us, so eternal fame shall enhance me.”

So said he, and silent they abode, and made not an answer,
Fearful of accepting the challenge, but asham’d to decline it ;

- 95 At last then, Menelaus arose, and made an averment—
With spirit indignant he groan’d, and scornfully shent them :
“O threateners, dastards—daughters, not sons of Achaïans,
This sure will bring us all a reproach disgracefully grievous,
If none against Hector will stand as a champion of Argives ;
100 But to you I leave it to sit here, till ye unto the waters
And earth your bodies have restor’d, ignobly reposing,
And ’gainst him will I arm myself, for high over us algates
Victory’s arbitraments hang among the supernal immortals.”

So said he, and eftsoons was array’d in glorious armour ;

- 105 Then the bitter moment was for Menelaus approaching,
 By thy spear, Hector, for he ill could stand up against thee ;
 But then did Danaan rulers in hot haste come about him—
 His brother i' th' foremost, th' Atreïan heir Agamemnon,
 Who on his hand fasten'd, and spoke, and made him a protest :
 110 "Thou'rt frantic, royal Menelaus ; it hardly behoves that
 Such folly should seize thee ; be rul'd, though sore it annoy thee.
 Think not about coping with a man like Priamid Hector,
 Whom none of us brooketh, for no whit a match for him art thou.
 Sure e'en Pelides, who in arms is immensely beyond thee,
 115 Through the renown-dealing conflict is alarm'd to behold him ;
 Nay, sit down this time, having erst thy troops got around thee
 And another champion will Achaians raise up against him.
 Dauntless as he may be, for strife insatiably pining,
 Yet will he, I take it, sit at home well-pleas'd, if he only
 120 From terrible warfare escape and fiery conflict."

- His brother he thus address'd, and wisely directing him, alter'd
 His purpose ; Menelaus obey'd ; and forthwith attendants
 Came, well-contented, to divest their lord of his armour ;
 But Nestor then arose, and thus spoke out among Argives :
 125 " Perdy, great mourning for Achaian land is appointed ;
 How would an old cavalier, like Peleus, chafe if he heard it,
 He that harang'd and led so wisely the Myrmidon armies,
 And in his own palace-hall so dearly delighted in hearing
 And asking me about all clans and houses of Argives.
 130 Sure, if he heard nowadays that ye all were fearful of Hector,
 Warmly would he supplicate with his outstretch'd arms the supernals,
 His spirit untented to remove to the darkness of Hades.
 Ha ! by Apollo, Athena, and by Jove omnipaternal,
 Might my youth be again restor'd, as in arms when assembled
 135 By the rapid Keladon's waters, men of Arcady lance-proud
 Met Pylians, fronting those walls, which Iardanus enters,
 Of Phejæ ! These boasted among them a match for immortals,
 Noble Ereuthalion, that a suit had about him of armour
 Won from Areithous, Jove-nurtur'd prince, him who also
 140 By the women well-girt and men was call'd Corynetes
 (Since he went never out with lance or bow to the combat,
 But the serry'd squadrons he broke with a huge club of iron).
 He by the stratagems, not strength, was kill'd o' Lycurgus,

When caught in narrow ways, where no whit his huge club avail'd
 him
 145 'Gainst a bitter death-wound ; so promptly Lycurgus's ash-lance
 Through the middle smote him, that on earth he fell back a dead
 man,
 And was spoil'd of his arms, given him by brass-yclad Ares,
 Which then in hot combats were made a defence to the victor.
 But when decrepitude in his house had come to Lycurgus,
 150 Then was his whole armour bestow'd on a trusted attendant,
 On this Ereuthalion that now bade us all a defiance.
 Our folk then stood aghast, and quail'd, and no man among them
 Durst accept the challenge, until my soul's valor urg'd me
 Unto the bold venture, though youngest I stood among them.
 155 Yet with him I bandy'd, yet Athena the victory gave me ;
 And a man I vanquish'd for strength and prowess unequall'd—
 One that in his downfall lay vast and strange to set eyes on.
 O were I as young again, perdy, with thews to rely on,
 Then for an antagonist he'd want not, plume-tossing Hector,
 160 Where none o' you, foremost men among the collegued Achaians,
 Is ready to step forth to the fight, as opposer of Hector ! ”

So chode this veteran ; then arose up nine in an instant ;
 Uprose far the quickest Agamemnon, pastor of armies,
 Then the son of Tydeus, Diomedes mighty for onslaught.
 165 Then the two Ajaces uprose, clad in hardihood eager.
 Then rose Idomeneus, and Idomeneus's attendant,
 Meriones, terrible to encounter as host-quelling Ares.
 Then rose Eurypylus, the redoubtable heir of Evemon,
 Then Thoas, Andremon's offspring, then noble Ulysses—
 170 All ready for mortal conflict with plume-tossing Hector.
 But Nestor now address'd them yfere, the Gerenian horseman :
 “ Let lots be shaken for ye all, to decide on a champion.
 Much will he have merited from brazen-plated Achaians,
 Much will he have merited from his own dear soul, if he haply
 175 Should 'scape from terrible warfare and fiery conflict.”

So said he, and each man then mark'd his mark on a counter,
 Which they dropp'd in a bass'net of Atreus-born Agamemnon's,
 While their troops, spreading out their hands, to the gods were
 a-praying,

And many thus murmur'd, looking up to the wide hollow welkin :
 180 " Have the son of Tydeus, O father Jove, or have Ajax,
 Or the monarch even, that is o'er gold-wealthy Mycenæ."

They spoke, and Nestor balloting (the Gerenian horseman)
 Cast the lot out foremost, which most they wanted, of Ajax,
 Which, circling to the right amid all that assembly, the caller
 185 Show'd to the nine foremost men among the collegued Achaians.
 They then, as each noted that mark, not his own, disavow'd it ;
 But when it had further circled, and reach'd him among them,
 Who mark'd, and put it into the bass'net, egregious Ajax,
 'Twas given him ; for he held up his hand to the caller approaching,
 190 And view'd and recognis'd his token, dearly delighted,
 Then below him cast it to the ground, and spoke thus among them :
 " O friends, I recognise my mark, and pleas'd I avouch it ;
 Methinks I'm good enough to be Hector's vanquisher haply.
 But while I'm putting here my warlike armour about me,
 195 Entreat you Kronides, the supremest king, to befriend me.
 Speak low amongst yourselves, let a word not come to the Trojans—
 Nay, or speak up aloud, for i' faith we fear not a mortal.
 We fear not to be overborne by weakness on our part,
 Nor by inexperience ; for it is not at all to be helpless
 200 That men are in Salamis gender'd and bred to the combat."

So said he, and they yfere entreated Jove to befriend him ;
 And many thus murmur'd, looking up to the wide hollow welkin :
 " Father Jove, greatest and best, whose throne is on Ida,
 Grant Ajax triumph and goodly renown, or if Hector
 205 Be so dear to thy heart, and so much care of him hast thou,
 Grant to them each equal puissance and splendid achievements."

Thus they, whilst Ajax in blazing brass began arming ;
 But when he had cap-a-pè got his armour about him, he hasten'd
 Unto the field forwards, in port like towering Ares
 210 For warfare issuing, tow'rd hosts that are unto the combat
 Kindled, by Kronides, through rage of soul-fretting hatred.
 Thus came that bulwark of Achaians, towering Ajax ;
 Grimly was he smiling, carry'd-on with footstep enormous
 Under him, and in his hand poising the spear shadow-launching.
 215 Greatly did all Argives exult to behold his appearance,

- But terror and trembling laid hold o' the limbs o' the Trojans,
 And high throb'd even the big heart i' the bosom of Hector.
 But to retreat henceforth, or again with his army to mingle
 Was past considering, for his own had been the defiance.
- 220 Up now came Ajax, with a shield that appear'd as a tower—
 Sev'n-hide-bound, brass-plated, a work of a craftsman unequall'd—
 Of Tychius, that abode i' the midst o' the people Hylean ;
 He with immense bulls'-hides had wrought and shap'd him a
 buckler,
 Poisable and sev'nfold, with an eighth brassfold added over.
- 225 His bosom therewith covering, Telamonian Ajax
 Tow'rd Hector now approach'd right near, and threat'ning address'd
 him :
- “ Now man against man alone, Hector, thou shalt in abundance
 Have proof what fighters are among the remaining' Achaians,
 Not to reckon squadron-breaking, lion-hearted Achilles,
- 230 Who 'mid his own prow-curl'd, foam-ranging ships at a distance
 Now lies, implacable to the nation's guide, Agamemnon.
 Yet with us are many left, that i' faith may stand up against thee ;
 Now step thou forwards, and give to the fight a commencement.”
 Then stalwart, pied-plume-tossing Hector in answer address'd him :
- 235 “ Jove-nurtur'd, many-folk-guiding, Telamonian Ajax,
 Try not to scare me with words, as if I were a damsel,
 Or delicate stripling, to the work of war unaccustom'd.
 I know what battle is full well, what meaneth a carnage,
 And what means wielding the tough hide-bound buckler about me
- 240 Both to the right and left, for a champion's fence I account it ;
 The strife of nimble chariots is known to me also,
 Foot-to-foot encounters, and all such game o' the war-god's.
 But now, since unawares I would not assail such a rival,
 But with a fair warning, there take it, if I can attain thee.”
- 245 So said he, and brandish'd, till he hurl'd, his spear shadow-launching,
 And smote that terrible sev'n-hide-bound buckler of Ajax,
 Where its brass covering, that stretch'd eighth over it, ended.
 Unforweary'd athwart six folds the stern weapon enter'd,
 But the seventh bull's-hide foil'd it. Then, next in his order,
- 250 Jove-nurtur'd Ajax his spear shadow-launching aventred,
 And smote Priamides' complete-orb'd shield i' the midmost.
 Through glittering buckler, through breastplate daintily graven,

- The proud spear pushing on, miss'd barely the flank o' the foeman,
 Though gashing his vesture; his flinching sav'd him a death-wound.
 255 Their long lances anon pluck'd out, they fought within arms' length,
 Like bloody-fed lions, like boars not feeble at onslaught.
 Then down came Hector, with a thrust, i' the midst o' the buckler,
 Yet pierc'd he not a whit the brass; his spear from it idly
 Fell blunted; but against his shield so stiffly ran Ajax,
 260 That thro' it he carry'd out his point, and graz'd his opponent
 In the neck, and dusk blood set flowing, arresting his onset.
 Yet thereby not a whit dismay'd, pied-plume-tossing Hector
 Drew back a few footsteps, and under his hand's heavy seizure
 A stone there lying, snaggy, dusk, and huge, he uplifted,
 265 And smote that terrible sev'n-hide-bound buckler of Ajax
 Right upon its bossy core, whence grimly the brass rang on all sides.
 Next in turn Ajax a stone far vaster uplifted,
 And swung it, and hurl'd it with upheap'd irresistible impulse,
 And on his antagonist's buckler smote as with a millstone,
 270 Smash'd it in, and backwards bore down, clinging hard to the buckler
 With maul'd knees, Hector; but Apollo forthwith upheld him.
 Then the two antagonists, with broadswords drawn, were a-closing,
 But that heralds, servants of Jove as of earthly men also,
 Came, both from Trojans and brazen-plated Achaïans,
 275 From these Talthybius, from those Idæus, a pair who
 Had wisdom from above, to stretch their staves i' the midmost;
 And first Idæus, man of heart inspir'd, thus address'd them:
 "Leave, dear my children, leave war and fighting amongst you,
 For Jove cloud-summoning bears both of you equal affection,
 280 And both are good-at-arms, and this we are all well assur'd of;
 But now night cometh on; good it is to give heed to the nightfall."
 So said he, and Ajax Telamon thus address'd him in answer:
 "'Twere better, Idæus, to bid Hector make this averment,
 Who was first to challenge to the field any champion Achaïan;
 285 But cause him to commence, and I'll be guided if he be."
 Then stalwart, pied-plume-tossing Hector address'd him in answer:
 "As the divine rulers, amid all the remaining Achaïans,
 In strength and puissance, Ajax, have made thee unequal'd,
 So gave they judgment and spearmanship to thee also.
 290 See then, of our warfare and strife let's make a cessation
 For this day; then again we'll strive, till they that are able,
 Us twain shall separate by making a victor of either.

But now night cometh on, good it is to give heed to the nightfall ;
 So wilt thou gladness carry back to the ships of Achaia,
 295 And to thy own comrades above all, who chiefly delight thee,
 While I great Priam's city seek, therein to recomfort
 Champions and ladies robe-trailing of Ilion also,
 Who to the gods' precincts have throng'd, for me to beseech them.
 But choice gifts let us eke exchange, that so, 'mid Achaian
 300 And Trojan men alike, it may be affirm'd ever henceforth—
 Doubtless in hot warfare they manfully combated each one,
 And yet, upon finishing the strife, they friendlily parted."

So said he, and in his hands he placed his silvery-boss'd glaive,
 With sheath and sword-belt well yshapen, whereupon Ajax
 305 Gave him a rich cincture, gorgeous with fiery vermeil.

They thus having parted, went, he to the ships of Achaia,
 He to the mid concourse o' the Trojans, who to behold him
 Were blithe and well-appay'd, when he whole and safe stood among
 them,
 Escap'd from fell assault and hands unworsted of Ajax.
 310 Him led they to the town, scarce daring safe to believe him ;
 And Ajax opposite by brazen-plated Achaians,
 With spirit exultant, was led to the great Agamemnon,
 Whereupon Atrides, i' the midst o' the tent when he had them,
 Chose a bull of five years, for Jove, the superb king, a victim,
 315 Which men then took in hand, and flay'd, and deftly divided,
 And spitted, and roasted ; they aright bestow'd the remainder,
 And then, their labors having ended, made them a banquet ;
 Equally they feasted, not a soul was stinted among them ;
 But the king of champions, the Atræian heir Agamemnon,
 320 Gave the long, unbroken bull's-chine to the portion of Ajax.
 But thirst and hunger when afar they'd thrust from among them,
 Then, to begin counsels, uprose the Gerenian horseman,
 Nestor, whose policies wisest they of old had accounted ;
 He, with a friend's bearing, now address'd, and spoke thus among
 them :
 325 " Atrides, and princes of all the colleaguèd Achaians,
 Since many long-chevelur'd Danaans we've lost from amongst us,
 Whose blood stern Ares i' the waves of goodly Scamander
 Has mingled, their souls having hied to the mansion of Hades—

Thou'dst better, at day-dawn, withdraw from combat Achaians,
 330 And let us our slain men gather all, and fetch them amongst us,
 By mule and ox-carts, and close in front o' the navy
 Let's consume them yfere, that a father's bones to the children's
 May be brought back, if e'er we attain to the coasts o' the dear land,
 And o'er their remnants let a single tomb be erected
 335 For the dead on Troy's plain, and build we quickly beside it
 High towers, to be unto the ships and troops a protection,
 And let us have likewise good gates, and 'twixt them a roadway
 That steeds may run upon; then a deep trench dig we around
 them

Here nigh at hand, to defend our horse and foot-men on all sides,
 340 Lest the bragging Trojans, perchance, might gain any vantage."

So said he, and thereto the colleaguèd kings were assenting;
 And in Troy likewise, in her highest quarter, a folkmote
 Confus'd and clamorous, near Priam's gate was assembled;
 Here Antenor address'd them, in whom a divine spirit harbor'd:
 345 "Trojans, and Dardans, and league-mates, lend me an audience,
 While speaking the behest my soul imposeth upon me—
 Send Argive Helen hence, and send that gear to the princes
 Atreus-born, since lying against vows holily plighted
 We carry this warfare forward; but it ill can avail us,
 350 In such a course persisting, if ye my counsel obey not."

He, thus having spoken, sat down; and forthwith among them
 Rose up Alexander, that bright Helen had for a consort,
 And with words wing-borne thus address'd, and made him an
 answer:

"Thou'st begun, Antenor, to speak not at all to my humor;
 355 Thou'st another counsel to propound that's more to the purpose;
 And if thou say'st it, not as he that sports, but in earnest,
 Then—the divine rulers have sent thy wits on a journey.
 But to the good Trojan cavaliers I'll make this averment,
 And hereof be assur'd—Helen I'll not agree to surrender,
 360 But the treasures, all things I brought to our house, that are Argive,
 I'll give them back again, with more o' my own added over."

He thus having spoken, sat down; and forthwith among them
 Dardan Priam arose, in prudence like an immortal,

Who with a friend's bearing now address'd, and spoke thus among them :

- 365 "Trojans, and Dardans, and league-mates, lend me an audience,
While speaking the behest, my soul imposeth upon me.
Go your ways now awhile ; let feed our troops as aforetime ;
Your watchmen set aright, and keep yourselves in alertness.
And when morn reappears, we'll send to the ships Idæus
370 And tell th' Atridans, Agamemnon with Menelaus,
What Paris is proffering, the debate's first author amongst us.
Ask earnestly besides, if now they'll grant a cessation
Of the stern din of arms, and leave us time for a burning
Of slain men ; then anew we'll fight, till they that are able,
375 Our armies separate by making a victor of either."

- He spoke, and they yfere hearken'd, and clove to the precept ;
And the men in silence sat down, and made them a banquet ;
But when morn reappear'd, they sent to the ships Idæus,
Who found there Danaan champions, good liegemen of Ares,
380 Nigh to the ships' moorings of great Agamemnon assembled ;
There this herald eloquent stood amongst, and thus 'gan address
them :

- "Atridans, and princes of all the collegued Achaïans,
Priamus, and divers princes, Troy's lordly commanders,
Have sent us to declare, if meet and right you account it,
385 What Paris is proffering, the debate's first author amongst us.
All treasure and substance, that in holds of ships billow-rang-
ing
He carry'd off Troywards (O if erst his days he had ended !),
He promises to return, and more of his own added over.
But the wedded consort of nobly-renown'd Menelaus
390 He will not give him up, though Trojans hotly demand it.
This should I ask likewise, whether ye'll now grant a cessa-
tion
Of the stern din of arms, and leave us time for a burning
Of slain men ; then anew we'll fight, till they that are able,
Our armies separate by making a victor of either."

- 395 So said he, and silent they abode, and made not an answer ;
At length armipotent Diomedes spoke thus among them :
"Let from Alexander none think of taking a ransom,

No, nor taking Helen, since would not an imbecile even
See, that Troy's headlong to the goal of ruin arriving?"

- 400 So said he, and forthwith ran a shout along Argos's army,
Exalting Diomed, the steed-controller, his answer.
Idæus then anon was address'd by great Agamemnon :
"Thou'st heard, Idæus, what kind of an answer Achaïans
Would bid thee carry back, whereunto my own well agreeth ;
405 And as for slain men's burnings, I stand not against them,
Since no man beareth such a grudge to the dead that are ended,
As to prevent pieties, whereby men aright may appease them.
Vouch Jove our promises, consort sky-rending of Hera."

- Tow'rd the divine fellowship putting out his sceptre he ended,
410 And Idæus approach'd now again Troy's boundary sacred,
There to behold Trojans and Dardani all in a cluster
In the common forum, where still the report they awaited.
There that herald enter'd, and taking a place i' the midmost
Told in full the reply, whereat they quickly prepar'd them
415 Their slain men to collect, and wood for burning around them.
And from their galleys hied the brazen-plated Achaïans,
Their slain men to collect, and wood for burning around them,

- But when a boon sun again struck freshly the land upon all sides,
From the smooth profluence of deep-bedded Ocean ascending,
420 And heaven o'erstriding, then mingled army with army.
Here had they much ado to discern their countrymen each one,
Yet the bodies gore-stain'd they wash'd, and water upon them
Pour'd, blent with tear-drops, and rais'd them aloft to the death-carts.
Great Priam forbade to lament, and softly the corpses
425 His men pil'd up in heaps (their hearts were sunken in anguish),
And consum'd them yfere, and back to the great city sacred.
And opposite likewise the brazen-plated Achaïans
Pil'd their slain men in heaps (their hearts were sunken in anguish),
And consum'd them yfere, and back to the ships billow-ranging.
430 And e'en ere Day-dawn had appear'd, i' the dusk o' the twilight,
O'er ashes of comrades a selected band of Achaïans
For the dead on Troy's plain one single tomb were erecting.
And close thereby a wall they built, and quickly beside it
High towers, to be unto the ships and troops a protection.

435 There made they likewise good gates, and 'twixt them a roadway
That steeds might run upon ; then a deep trench also prepar'd they,
Broad and magnificent, and planted stakes to defend it ;
So toil'd on their parts plume-crested sons of Achaïans.

But round Jove, lavish of lightnings, the divine kin, assembling,
440 Watch'd these great labors o' the brazen-plated Achaïans,
And outspoke foremost earth-shaking, mighty Posidon :
“ Father Jove, shall a mortal on infinite earth never henceforth
Make the divine rulers with his heart and purpose acquainted ?
Dost thou mark, how about their ships yon sons of Achaïans
445 Have set a wall up anew, with a deep-dug trench to surround it ?
Yet grudge they to return to the gods a superb hecatomba.
Now, wide as Day-dawn visiteth, shall glory resound them,
And how we've labor'd, myself and Phœbus Apollo,
On great Laomedon's city-walls must now be unheard of.”

450 Deep in his heart anger'd, Kronides cloud-marshalling answer'd :
“ Ah mé ! what say'st thou, world-puissant Ennosigaius ?
Let some others, weaker than thou, from amongst us immortals,
In thews and spirit eke, be alarm'd at these machinations.
Now, wide as Day-dawn visiteth, shall glory resound thee.
455 Go to ! bestir thee, when again plume-crested Achaïans
Their galleys have started, to push home to the coastso' the dearland ;
Break this wall then asunder, adown to the sea wash it wholly,
And bestrew with a great sand-bank its place ever after :
So shalt thou then efface this monstrous work of Achaïans.”

460 Thus spake on their parts, and thus made answer immortals,
And all by sunset that Achaïan wall was accomplish'd.
Then was there supper in their tents, and slaughter of oxen,
And many ships likewise, freighted with wine, were arriving
Just then from Lemnos, which Iason's heir Eumæus
465 Sent the two Atridans, Agamemnon with Menelaus.
And wine was purchas'd, amid all plume-crested Achaïans,
With brass and blue steel, bulls'-hides, and yokes too of oxen,
Bondswomen and bondsmen ; then made they a banquet abundant.
And so feasted yfere all night plume-crested Achaïans,
470 And i' the town feasted Trojans and leaguèd associates.
But Jove all night long was compassing evil against them,

Discharging terrible lightnings ; so fear fell on each one,
 And they pour'd o' the wine on ground, nor durst any drink it,
 Sans pouring to Jove, the superb king, first for a token.
 475 Then they laid them adown, and slumber's bounties arrested.

BOOK VIII.

THE TROJANS MADE MASTERS OF THE FIELD.

Now when first yellow-rob'd Day-dawn was on earth shed on all
 sides,
 Jove, lavish of lightnings, convok'd the supernal assembly
 On topmost eminence of Olympus's head many-crested,
 And himself them address'd, in silence seated around him :
 5 " Ye gods and goddesses, be ye all and each one attentive,
 While I speak the behest, my soul imposeth upon me.
 Let none dare, whether it be a deity male or a female,
 My counsels to deprive of effect, but rather uphold them,
 Compassing, how soonest these broils may find a solution.
 10 But should apart any god venture to the banded Achaians
 Or Trojans to give aid—with an uncouth wound on Olympus
 I'll make that god appear, or lifted I haply may hurl him
 Down to the deep hollowness below earth, to the cells o' the lightless
 Tartarus, whose pavement is brass, whose gates are of iron,
 15 As far 'neath Hades, as are earth and welkin asunder ;
 And, whether I'm strongest of immortals, then will he ask not.
 Come, try this by effect, that ye all may learn to believe me ;
 Let from heaven downwards hang a golden cable, about which
 Let gods and goddesses take hold, and strive to pull under
 20 Jove, the supreme timoneer—long might ye swink at it idly !
 But should I on my part pull in earnest, I would about you
 Drag the sea and mainland, and bind on a peak of Olympus
 That cable, swinging all i' the void your strength that oppos'd me ;



So much am I paramount of mortals and of immortals."

- 25 So said he, and silent they abode, and made not an answer,
In marvel, for he had so sternly declar'd the commandment ;
But the goddess spoke after a while, bright-glancing Athena :
" O Kronides, parent of us all, of lords the supremest,
We know this well enough, that thine is mastery matchless ;
- 30 Yet mickle it grieves us, that so many martial Achaians
Must thus be perishing, their baleful destiny draining.
Yet we'll from conflict sit aloof, if so thou appointest,
But let us our Argives then assist, with counsel, if only,
Lest they should perish all, thine anger glowing against them."
- 35 Smiling on his daughter Kronides cloud-marshalling answer'd :
" Fear not, Tritogenea, the word's not so said in earnest,
But there's some sufferance ; I mean but gently to mark thee."

- So said he, and harness'd to the car his brass-footed horses,
Swift-rushing and gold-man'd ; his gold-flashing arms he about him
- 40 Donn'd himself, then in hand took a golden scourge well yshapen,
Mounted up, and plied it ; but blithely started his horses,
Bounding 'twixt nether earth and star-prank'd heav'n i' the midmost,
Soon came he to the wild-game's nurse, to the fountainous Ida ;
Here at Garganus own'd he a fane with an odorous altar.
- 45 Here the common parent of mortals and of immortals
Paus'd, and his coursers unyok'd, and darkness around him
With mickle air curdling, sat adown on a peak o' the mountain,
Joying in his puissance, surveying ships of Achaians
And all Troy's confines in a vista before him united,
- 50 While Danaan warriors throughout their tents upon all sides
Hastily made a repast, and donn'd their armour about them.

- I' th' city the Trojans, likewise, their arms were assuming
In diminish'd numbers, yet mindful of hardy resistance
For wives' sake and children—a need compulsory mov'd them.
- 55 Then were their city-gates all open'd ; whence in a cluster
Pour'd out horse and foot-men, awaking an outcry enormous.
Soon, the middle distance o'erpass'd, they join'd the fell onslaught ;
Shields cross'd, and javelins, and wraths of men clad in armour,
In clamor and turmoil ; now dreadfully rang bossy bucklers,
- 60 And groans of perishing champions, from soil bloody-reeking,
Were rising, to unite their peals to the shouts o' the wounders.

- Now, while Morn lasted, the divine Day still winning empire,
 On both sides javelins took effect, and troops were a-falling.
 But within heav'ns midmost region when now the sun enter'd,
 65 Then the supreme Father massy golden scales i' the welkin
 Rear'd, and their burthens put in each of death's long arrestment,
 For steed-proud Trojans, for brazen-plated Achaians—
 He pois'd them with his hands, and weigh'd the disaster of Argos,
 Whose burthen fell apace upon earth's many-nurturing acres,
 70 While its antagonist's was rais'd, and lodg'd i' the welkin.
 Then began he to storm upon Ida, the brands o' the lightning
 Making a god manifest, and bursting on Argos's army
 With terrible splendors, whereat stood amaz'd the beholders,
 And yellow fear's tinges were on all their faces apparent.
 75 Then dar'd Idomeneus no more, nor dar'd Agamemnon,
 Nor the two Ajaces, to remain, such liegemen of Ares !
 That guard of Danaans, Nestor, was singly remaining,
 Not by his own liking, but his horse was gall'd by an archer
 (By the stately Paris, that bright Helen had for a consort)—
 80 Pierc'd in his head's hindmost, where first in steeds a commence-
 ment
 Of mane is manifest ('tis a point above all to be aim'd at),
 So that, in his torment, he rear'd, and into the brain-pan
 Took the severe arrow-point, and tangled, writhing, his harness.
 Now, while old Nestor to release his steeds was attending,
 85 Seizing on his sword-hilt, rapid horses approach'd him of Hector,
 Hasting a bold charioteer, Hector, to the core o' the combat.
 Then would he have doubtless lain low, the Gerenian elder,
 But the son of Tydeus, Diomed, was prompt to discern him ;
 Grimly then he shouted, to the rescue calling Ulysses :
 90 “ Jove-nurtur'd, manifold-counsell'd, Laertid Ulysses,
 What dost thou, running here i' the medley, like any craven ?
 But recollect algates, if a lance i' the rear should attain thee—
 Hold ! let us our veteran rescue from a grievous assailant.”

- He spoke, but little heed gave wary, stately Ulysses,
 95 But sped away, past him, to the dark-hull'd ships of Achaia.
 Yet rush'd on Diomed, thus alone, to the front o' the combat,
 And came up to the car of that Neleadan elder,
 And opposite standing, with wing-borne words thus address'd him :
 “ O veteran, warriors much younger are hard now upon thee,

But soon as their fleet I attain, have a wary remembrance
 Of fire that desolates, till among their ships I arouse it,
 And burn them to the keels, and slaughter among them a concourse
 Of Danaans, 'wilder'd in smoke and glare o' the ruins."
 180 So said he, and summoning the steeds that he held, thus address'd
 them :
 " Now come Xantho, come Ætho, Podargo, and Lampo the match-
 less,
 Now to my Andromache give a goodly return, to the daughter
 Of brave Eëtion, for her often placing afore you
 Wine by her hands mingled, and choicest wheat in abundance.
 185 Thus, when ye are minded, she feeds ye, and earlier haply
 Than the gallant Hector that boasts of being her husband.
 Now follow up therefore, and tug, for I hope to lay hold of
 Yon shield of Nestor's, whose fame to the welkin ascendeth
 As being all gold-wrought, to the bars for grasping it even ;
 190 And Diomed's shoulders, too, I hope to spoil of a cuirass
 'Neath Hephæstus's hand emboss'd with bravery wondrous.
 These two things if I held, I fancy that Argos's army
 Would to swift galleys hie, that selfsame night, to push homeward."

Such were his high boastings, which gall'd imperial Hera,
 195 So that, on her throne stirr'd, she shook the long heights of Olympus ;
 Soon to Posidaon she turn'd, and call'd the superb god :
 " Ah me, strond-battering, world-puissant Ennosigaius,
 Is not thy spirit in thy bosom raising an outcry
 For yonder perishing Danaans, who have often at Ægæ
 200 And Helikē brought thee such great and splendid oblations,
 And whom thou promisedst to support, and victory give them ;
 See ! were we but agreed, all we that favor Achaians,
 Yon Trojans to repulse, despite Jove, viewer of all things,
 Vainly should he fret his heart, on a lonely throne, upon Ida."
 205 Sore in his heart anger'd, Enosichthon made her an answer :
 " O what words have I heard, thou speech-unpondering Hera ?
 I would not recommend, myself, our party united
 To strive with Kronides, for immensely stronger I hold him."

Thus they parley'd among themselves, while unto the ramparts
 210 From the galleys' moorings, the space entrench'd was on all sides
 Fill'd in a trice, pellmell, with steeds and troops heavy-buckler'd,

- Whom a man had routed, that appear'd like storm-footed Ares—
 Hector Priamides, while Jove with victory grac'd him.
 Then would he have carry'd up to the ships red fire to devour them,
- 215 But by great Hera's promptings in his heart Agamemnon
 Was rous'd, and hasted to the rescue to call his Achaïans.
 Down went he to the ships and tents o' the forces of Argos,
 His vermeil robe's skirt in his hand of power upholding.
 So came he to the midst, and made a stand on Ulysses'
- 220 Black galley whale-shoulder'd, to be heard each side at a distance
 'Twixt tents of Telamon's Ajax and tents of Achilles,
 E'en to the two farthest confines o' the navy, protected
 By this pair, who had hearts and hands to be hardily trusted—
 There stood he, and sent forth his voice to the banded Achaïans :
- 225 " Shame to you, O Danaans, poltroons, rare wights for a picture,
 Where went those boastings, which brave above all men averr'd you,
 Wherewith ye at Lemnos bragg'd idly, devouring a foison
 Of the flesh of steep-horn'd oxen, whilst wine, brimming over,
 Your many cups coronall'd ; methought each spearman amongst
 you
- 230 For fivescore Trojans were a rival, or haply two hundred ;
 But to one antagonist, Hector, you are all now unequal,
 And here he'll carry soon red fire to the ships to devour them.
 Father Jove, amid all earth's kings and heirs of allegiance,
 Hast thou ever chastis'd any yet with a like visitation
- 235 As me thou visitest, of goodly renown to bereave me ?
 Yet where, where pass'd I thy glorious altar unheeded,
 While hither on proud ship to my own desolation I hasted ?
 Where was my sacrifice not burn'd, fat of herds upon haunches,
 While I crav'd to possess for a prey Troy's fair habitations ?
- 240 Ah but, Jove, grant me yet alone this boon that I ask thee,
 Save my people alive, and open a path to preserve them,
 Lest they should perish all, the Trojans mastery gaining."

These he utter'd weeping, whereat came ruth to the Father,
 Who to the king's orison's gave ear, to preserve him a people,
 245 Lest they should perish all, and sent him forthwith an eagle,
 Over birds paramount, who a tender fawn of a light roe's
 Bore in his hard seizure, and dropp'd to the beautiful altar
 Where Argive offerings were brought for Jove, the Revealer.
 They then, having witness'd that Jove had sent them an eagle,

- 250 Their virtue recollecting, oppos'd more hotly the Trojans.
 Yet no competitor, from among such a number of Argives,
 Could the son of Tydeus forestall in turning his horses
 From trench back to the field, and facing against his opponents.
 He, far outstripping all, brought down in combat a champion,
 255 Phradmon-born Agelas, to the rear just turning his horses,
 And having his face turn'd ; whose back the spear having enter'd
 Midway 'twixt shoulders, his bosom lent it an outlet ;
 Down sank he with a thud, with clanking of armour around him.
 Next turn'd th' Atridans, Agamemnon with Menelaus ;
 260 Next turn'd th' Ajaces, and clad them in hardihood eager ;
 Next to them Idomeneus and Idomeneus's assistant,
 Meriones, terrible to encounter as host-quelling Ares—
 Next these Eurypylos, the redoubtable heir of Evæmon,
 And ninth came Teucer, rounding the refractory bow's-length ;
 265 And ever he cower'd, where held Telamonian Ajax
 His great buckler aloft ; then anon, when an outlet he open'd,
 Peer'd forth, and shot among the crowd, and laid with a death-wound
 Some wight low, then apace withdrew to the buckler of Ajax,
 Who shelter'd him again ; so a child by his own mother hideth.
 270 Whom then slew Teucer foremost, that bowman accomplish'd ?
 Orsilochus foremost, and Ormenus, and Ophelestes,
 And Chromius, Dætus, Polyæmon's heir Omopaon,
 And Lycophron liken'd with immortals, and Melanippus—
 This first, and that anon, fell on earth's many-nurturing acres.
 275 But the king of champions, Agamemnon, joyfully witness'd
 His ravaging Trojan squadrons with bow so effective,
 And he strode forwards, and standing near, thus address'd him :
 “ My Teucer, Telamon's well-approv'd son, pastor of armies,
 Keep on thus, that a light may arise to the sons of Achaia,
 280 And to thy own father, Telamon, thine early supporter,
 Who in his house rear'd thee, no less for being a bastard ;
 Make him nobly renown'd, tho' abiding now at a distance ;
 For to thee I promise here, and well the result shall avouch it,
 Let but Jove Gorgon-buckler'd some day with Athena
 285 Grant us by conquest to possess Troy's fair habitations—
 From what it holds choicest thou shalt have next me a portion,
 Either a war-chariot with a pair of steeds, or a tripod,
 Or some maid, to go up perchance to the dear bed of union.”
 Him Teucer then in answer address'd, that bowman accomplish'd :

- 290 "Glorious Atrides, this is urging a man that is eager.
 I've not been slack at all, so far as power upholds me,
 Since to push our enemies Troywards we made a commencement.
 I'm standing still alert, mine archery mortally using,
 And long-barb'd arrows eight have I already set to the bowstring,
 295 And flesh'd, and bury'd each in youths' bodies hardy for aidance :
 Yet can I him yonder, the mad hound that he is, not attain to."

- So said he, and set again from bowstring a keen arrow flying
 Tow'rd Hector's aspect, for his heart was greedy to reach him.
 Yet miss'd he once more, but lodg'd his point i' the bosom
 300 Of brave Gorgythion, King Priam's consummate offspring
 By that Castianira the lovely, the peer of immortals,
 Whom he at Æsumæ conducted first to the bower.
 Like poppy, that sideways in a garden unequally droopeth
 Its head, seed-burthen'd or oppress'd in spring by a shower,
 305 So droop'd he sideways, with his head down-weigh'd by his helmet.
 But Teucer set again from bowstring a keen arrow flying
 Tow'rd Hector's aspect, for his heart was greedy to reach him.
 Yet miss'd he once more, for his aim was foil'd by Apollo :
 Yet with a wound Hector's charioteer he pierc'd i' the bosom,
 310 Bold Archeptolemus, pushing up to the core o' the combat.
 Nigh the pap his brass point enter'd, and sent the man headlong
 Of vigor and life-breath despoil'd, and scar'd the good horses.
 Then for that charioteer seiz'd heart-nipping anguish on Hector ;
 However, he quitted him, though pain'd for so good a comrade,
 315 And call'd Cebriones near him, brother unto the dead man,
 And bade him his reins hold, nor at all gainsay'd him his hearer.
 Down from his all-burnish'd chariot with a leap he alighted,
 Raising a cry dreadful to be heard ; a stone he uplifted,
 And sprang against Teucer, for his heart was greedy to reach him.
 320 From the quiver straightway took Teucer a keen arrow deadly,
 And set it on bowstring ; but whilst he pull'd at it, Hector
 Reach'd him off his shoulder, just where the neck unto the bosom
 Joins by the clavicle—'tis a point above all to be aim'd at.
 Here, forestalling his aim, he drove an immense bossy fragment,
 325 And the sinews pounded ; so his hand was numb'd i' the wrist-joint ;
 So, both knees pressing earth, his bow from his hand he abandon'd.
 But not a whit mindless to protect his fall'n brother, Ajax
 Rush'd hither, and screen'd him with his out-thrust buckler enormous.

- Meantime came Echian Mecisteus, came good Alastor,
 330 His followers well-approv'd and dear, and carefully lifted,
 And to the ships hollow-built convey'd him drearily moaning.
 But to Troy's forces now again the monarch of Olympus
 Lent vigor and daring, to repel their foes to the trenches ;
 And Hector was among their foremost, prowess-elated.
- 335 As when some dog attacks i' the rear or a boar or a lion,
 Trusting in his ready feet, not allowing a turn that he eyes not,
 And ever he fastens on his heel or clings on his haunches ;
 So sore press'd Hector the long-hair'd cavaliers of Achaia,
 Always their last men cutting off all fleeing afore him.
- 340 But when they now again their trench and fences had enter'd,
 Pursued, and many necks the Trojans' prowess had humbled—
 Hard by their galleys' ends, perforce, their flight they arrested,
 And rallying comrades, and calling on all the supernals,
 Each with his arms outspread, they lifted a cry to the welkin.
- 345 And hither and yonder the superb-man'd steeds hurry'd Hector,
 Like homicide Ares in his eyes, or like to the Gorgon.
 But pity for such a sight had fall'n upon Hera the white-arm'd,
 And with words wing-borne forthwith she accosted Athena :
 " Birth of Jove Gorgon-buckler'd, shall nought then arouse us
- 350 Those massacred Danaans to protect for a last fit, if only,
 Lest they should perish all, their baleful destiny draining,
 By one man's fell assault ? for now doth Priamid Hector
 Rage past all tolerance, and evil immense is accomplish'd."
- Her the goddess then in answer address'd, bright-glancing Athena :
 355 " I would have him rather, perdy, by th' hands of Achaia's
 Of vigor and life-breath despoil'd i' the land he arose from ;
 But now my father, spirited with an unlucky fury,
 Hard-dealing, spiteful, arrests my purposes always.
 Nor cares he to remember how oft I help'd, in achievements
- 360 For the king Eurystheus, his son so painfully toiling.
 His cries in very deed to the welkin rose, but I always
 Was sent by Kronides from above to preserve or assist him ;
 Though, had I all this affair foreseen and warily minded,
 Then, when Jove sent him to the keep-fast portal of Hades,
- 365 Out of deep Erebus that abhorr'd king's hound to drag upward,
 Ne'er would he have visited the streams of Styx—to repass them.
 Now Jove bears me a grudge, but accomplishes all the devices

Of Thetis, who pray'd him to exalt city-rasing Achilles—
 Enclasping with her arms his knees, his beard pressing humbly ;
 370 Yet soon must I again be his own dear daughter Athena.
 But let thy coursers be anon for both of us harness'd,
 While, in Jove Gorgon-buckler'd his abode having enter'd,
 I shall for warfare put on arms, to behold, if it haply
 Shall make him glad at heart, this puissant plume-tossing Hector,
 375 When we two goddesses shall appear i' the lanes o' the carnage,
 Yea, to see how prey-birds and hounds can pick from a Trojan
 Lean and fat morsels i' the midst o' the ships of Achaia."

She spoke, and not a whit found white-arm'd Hera reluctant.
 First the goddess paramount uprose, Saturnian Hera,
 380 And led forth with her hand her golden-frontleted horses.
 But that virgin Athena, the birth o' the Gorgon-buckler'd
 Jove, along his pavement let sink her robe's tissue downy,
 Which with her own fingers she'd wrought, and daintily broider'd,
 And with cloud-summoning Kronides his baldric about her,
 385 For many-tear-water'd conflict she array'd her in armour ;
 Then stepp'd she to the burnish'd car, and grasp'd her enormous
 And solid and heavy lance, wherewith she breaks the united
 Companies of champions 'gainst whom, sire-proud, she is anger'd.
 Then lash'd Hera with haste the steeds, and unbidden open'd
 390 Heav'n's gates, whose keeping to the day's twelve Hours is awarded,
 As to them is trusted the sphere, and spacious Olympus,
 Whiles to put on coverings of clouds, and whiles to remove them.
 Through such a gate issuing, they drove lash-amenable horses ;
 Whom, when Jove had on Ida beheld, he call'd by him Iris
 395 Gold-glittering-plumag'd, and gave her a charge in his anger :
 " Rise and go, summon home, rapid Iris, arrest the departure ;
 For their withstanding me in arms would scarcely beseem us ;
 And I make my avouch—the result shall accomplish it also—
 Their chariot will I all to-break, and out o' the mounture
 400 Both riders will I hurl, and maim their swift-footed horses,
 And wounds past healing, for a tenfold period even
 Of the sun and seasons, they'll thole, if lightning attain them ;
 So shall Athena discern what it is to strive with her author.
 But 'tis not so sorely that Hera provokes or annoys me,
 405 Since to thwart me in all intents she of old is accusom'd."
 So said he, and up arose at his 'hest the storm-footed Iris,

- And down Ida she hied, and unto the coombs of Olympus.
 Soon she found on Olympus's height, in front o' the portal,
 And stay'd those goddesses, to divulge the commands o' the Father.
- 410 "What mean you? whither haste you? an inward phrensy directs you!
 For not a whit Kronides will allow your helping Achaians.
 Lo, Jove thus menaces (may't ne'er in event be accomplish'd!),
 Your chariot will he all to-break, and out o' the mounture
 Both riders will he hurl, and maim your swift-footed horses ;
- 415 And wounds past healing, for a tenfold period even ;
 Of the sun and seasons, you'll thole, if lightning attain you ;
 So would Athena discern what it is to strive with her author.
 But 'tis not so sorely that Hera provokes or annoys him,
 Since to thwart him in all intents she of old is accustom'd.
- 420 But thou must, dread maiden, i' faith, have an unblushing hound's-
 face,
 If thy spear's heavy beam thou'lt lift, where Jove is against thee."
 So much having spoken, withdrew the storm-footed Iris ;
 And Hera straightway thus address'd bright-glancing Athena :
 "Birth of Jove Gorgon-buckler'd, what work for us henceforth ?
- 425 I would not recommend to strive with Jove for occasions
 Of mortals upon earth : leave chance and hap to determine
 Who liveth, who perisheth ; let him eke, whose ways are his own
 ways,
 Judge, betwixt Danaans and Trojans, that which is equal."

- These words being utter'd, she turn'd back her hoof-clanging
 horses,
- 430 Whom soon from chariot the majestical Hours had unharness'd,
 And at their mangers, ambrosia-laden, attach'd them ;
 And eke that chariot the stand gold-glistering enter'd.
 Then came those goddesses back among the remaining immortals,
 And sat upon gold thrones, to the dear heart stung with annoyance ;
- 435 And the supreme Father drove back from fountainous Ida
 His steeds and chariot, to return to the gods on Olympus ;
 And eke Jove's coursers wide-fam'd Enosichthon unharness'd,
 And stall'd his chariot, with a rich tissue over it hoisted ;
 And anon on gold throne sat down the discerners of all things,
- 440 Jove, below whose footstool trembleth the strength of Olympus.
 But parted from him, and withdrawn, sat Athena with Hera,
 In silence, nor address'd him at all, nor sought any tidings.

But to them he spoke out, for of all had his heart well appris'd him :

“ What makes you now offended, Athena and Hera, so highly ?

445 Ye stay'd not long among warfare's man-enhancing achievements.

Right ! since no powers in Olympus, united against me,
Shall sway me ; thus avouch mine heart and hands never humbled.
Ah, no ! but shudderings your ivory limbs had assaulted
Ere ever of warfare and war's grim effects you'd tasted.

450 Yet mark my sentence, for fear that a deed may avouch it ;
You'd never have ridden home, had once my lightning attain'd you,
On your own chariot to the seat o' the gods on Olympus.”

So said he, and straiten'd were lips by Athena and Hera,
Where they two sat apart, shaping for Troy mickle evil ;

455 And silent did Athena remain, and made not an answer,
Aw'd by Jove's reverence ; but her heart was seething in anger,
And her's Hera refrain'd no more, but thus she address'd him :

“ Sublimest Kronides, what a word is this to give ear to ?
Nay, we know well enough that thine is mastery matchless ;

460 Yet mickle it grieves us that so many martial Achaians
Must thus be perishing, their baleful destiny draining.
Yet we'll from combat sit aloof, if thou so appointest ;
But let us our Argives then assist with counsel, if only,
Lest they should perish all, thine anger glowing against them.”

465 Thereat cloud-summoning Kronides thus in answer address'd her :

“ Much more dread Kronides, if thou be pleas'd to behold it,
By to-morrow's daylight, heifer-ey'd, imperial Hera,
Will Danaan squadrons mow down with slaughter enormous ;
For with continuing warfare Hector shall oppress them,

470 Till swift Pelides to defend their ships reappareth,
When battle has rag'd up to the poops, and grinds the two armies
In dreadful narrowness, Patroclus fallen among them.

Lo, this have I destin'd, for I heed not if I may offend thee—
Not though thou'lt wander to the farthest boundaries even

475 Of the sea and mainland, where yawning Tartarus opens,
Where Kronos, Iapetus sit yfere, whom neither a mounting
Sun's radiance comforts, nor breathes any wind which attains them.
So far may'st wander ; but I have small care of allaying
Thy discontentment, for effrontery matchless is in thee.”

480 So said he, and not a word answer'd gold-throne-sitting Hera ;
And the sun his bright light now merged i' the deep-running Ocean,

Drawing dusk nightfall upon earth's many-nurturing acres ;
 For Trojans it arriv'd much amiss, but on Argos's army,
 Thrice-bless'd, heart-coveted, came night's Tartarean umbrage.

- 485 Bold Hector, meantime, from against the fleet of Achaia
 Tow'rd the river's rippling waters, led a Trojan assembly,
 Where a space open'd, i' the midst o' the corpses appearing.
 There from their chariots, to receive his charge, they alighted ;
 There spoke out Hector, the belov'd of Jove, with a ported
 490 Spear of elev'n cubits in his hand, whose point flung a brightness
 Far forward, being held with a golden brace to the lance-beam ;
 Thereupon he leaning, with wing-borne words them accosted :
 " Hear me, O ye Trojans, league-mates, and Dardani, hear me !
 Methought I could anon the fleet and forces of Argos
 495 Have crush'd, ere I again should wind-woo'd Ilion enter ;
 But nightfall too soon hath arriv'd, which mainly protected
 Up to the sea's confines both ships and spearmen Achaian.
 Now let us all, therefore, to the darksome night be obedient,
 And have a meal furnish'd, and loose our swift-footed horses
 500 All from their chariots, and set fodder amply before them ;
 And let from Troytown dapper herds and flocks be afforded,
 With wine heart-solacing, with garner'd wheat in abundance ;
 And fetch sere wood in heaps, that a blaze may gleam to the welkin
 From many fires all night, till morning arise ruddy-finger'd,
 505 Lest by night, anywise, the long-hair'd cavaliers of Achaia,
 O'er the billows long-back'd, should attempt to flee to the dear land.
 Go to ! let none ascend their ships in peace, nor unhinder'd !
 Deal to them out portions, that they'll take home to digest them,
 All whom sharp arrow-points, or boring spears can attain to,
 510 Climbing their galley-sides ; let us have men charier henceforth
 Of putting on steed-proud Trojans war's labor of anguish.
 But let heralds, servants of Jove, within Ilion enter,
 And summon our beardless striplings, our hoar-headed elders,
 Tow'rd the city's ramparts, which immortal labor erected ;
 515 And summon our matrons to provide great lights in abundance,
 Each at her own portals ; and keep we a guard in alertness,
 Lest, our arm'd men abroad, our walls by stealth be attempted.
 See to this, O Trojans mickle-hearted ; do what I urge you.
 Up to the fit moment let us hold all said, that is wholesome ;
 520 And more at daybreak shall I have to divulge to the captains.

- I pray, with mickle hope, to Jove and all the supernals,
 Soon to rid our confines o' the pernicious hounds that assail us,
 Whom their black galleys here wafted for a deadly disaster.
 So this night have a care to defend yourselves if assaulted,
 525 And let us at day-dawn, having arms and armour about us,
 Round hollow-built war-ships waken the storming of Ares.
 Then will I of stalwart and Tydeus-born Diomedes
 Know whether he'll chase me citywards, or if I from him haply
 Gory spoils will assume, his life with brass having ousted.
 530 His valor he'll manifest next morning, if he then abideth
 My spear-thrust; but, I am well assur'd, he'll nigh to the foremost
 Lie low, where many more shall bear him company bleeding,
 Ere to-morrow's sun is high. Perdy! so were I immortal
 And age-proof thro' unending days, and like as Apollo,
 535 And as Pallas Athena rever'd, as deadly disaster,
 Ere to-morrow's sun is high, shall alight upon Argos's army."

- So said he, and Trojan plaudits made boisterous answer;
 Then from their car-yokes their reeking steeds they unharness'd,
 And near his chariot they fasten'd each with his halter;
 540 And from Troy dapper herds and flocks were speedily furnish'd,
 With wine heart-solacing, with garner'd wheat in abundance,
 And with sere wood in heaps, and soon was a savory vapor
 O'er the levels rising, wind-whirl'd, to the bourns o' the welkin.
 Thus they with dapper hearts, i' the lanes o' the combat assembled,
 545 All night were seated, many watch-fires blazing among them;
 And as heaven showeth when stars all round the refulgent
 Moon are array'd beaming, when stirs not a wind below æther—
 Hill-tops, and outlines o' the woods, and sea-jutting headlands
 Stand clear, and from above the skies breaks infinite heav'n in;
 550 All stars are manifest, each neatherd inly rejoiceth;
 Thus, by so many fires, the front of Troy was illumin'd
 From the rippled Xanthus right up to the ships of Achaia.
 O'er the plain full a thousand burn'd, and fifty by each one
 Were sitting, arm'd warriors, red firelight glancing against them,
 555 While their steeds, fasten'd to the cars, and greedily tearing
 Their oats and pale barley, superb-thron'd Morning awaited.

BOOK IX.

THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES.

- THUS were these Trojans then alert, but ghastly Disorder,
 Which followeth blood-freezing alarm, was in Argos's army,
 And all their champions unspeakable anguish assaulted ;
 And as where oscillates the swarmful surge, at a meeting
 5 Of Zephyr and Boreas, what time from Thracia ranging
 They plunge down unawares, and sweep the swart billows higher,
 Which the matted seaweeds in abundance toss to the surface,
 So the resolve waver'd i' the breasts o' the banded Achaïans.
- 'Mid these Atrides, whom heart-nipping anguish afflicted,
 10 Roam'd, ever instructing summoners of keen-ringing accents
 His chieftains to collect for a council, attending on each one,
 But not calling aloud ; he among them toil'd i' the foremost.
 Thus met these princes, sad at heart ; amid whom Agamemnon
 Rose, and stood weeping fast tears, as a fount shadow-laden
 15 O'er a rocky precipice, by dribblets dusky, descendeth ;
 So stood he, and groaning, spoke out to the princes Achaïan :
 " Ah, comrades, Danaan generals, and heirs of allegiance,
 Me Kronides, of a truth, has curs'd with a grievous illusion,
 Hard dealer that he is, to grant me a nod for assurance
 20 Of making Troytown desolate, and safely returning ;
 But foul fraud was it all ; he areads me now to push homeward
 With fair fame diminish'd, many brave men lost from amongst us.
 No doubt, such treatment should of high-proud Jove be awaited,
 Who many great cities' heads hath bow'd to the dust from afore-
 time,
 25 And shall bow many more, for he holdeth mastery matchless.
 But come now, let us all be guided as I will aread you,
 And unmoor the galleys to push home to the coasts o' the dear land,
 Since our hope to reduce Troytown broad-streeted is over."

He spoke, and silent they abode, and made not an answer ;

- 30 Tongue-tied and sorrowful sat yfere those princes Achaian.
 At length armipotent Diomedes spoke thus among them :
 " I will, O Atrides, be first thy phrensy resisting
 In conclave ; for I hold it meet ; nor be thou affronted ;
 For thou disparagedst, foremost, to the banded Achaians
- 35 My valor, and madest them account me unhelpful, unhardy.
 There's not a wight, young or old, but knows it in Argos's army.
 But thy gifts Kronides in a contrary guise hath apportion'd,
 Exalting thee, above mankind, with a sceptre of empire,
 But not through prowess, which noblest mastery yieldeth.
- 40 O matchless paramount, dost fancy the sons of Achaia
 Such pitiful dastards, as thy discourse hath announc'd them ?
 Rather, if it suiteth thy private fears to push homeward,
 Go ! thy way's manifest, and all thy ships are about thee,
 Those all that brought thee to the war from stately Mycenæ ;
- 45 But we other Danaans will abide, till, in Ilion enter'd,
 We've laid it desolate ; or, if haply the rest will abide not,
 They, with their galleys all, may flee to the coasts o' the dear land,
 And I with Sthenelus, we alone, will stay to the crisis
 Of Troy's fate ; for allied to the deity came we against her."
- 50 So said he, and in applause all princes Achaian united,
 Exalting Diomed, the steed-controller, his answer.
 Then rose up Nestor to speak, the Gerenian horseman :
 " Tydides, eminent in fight thy prowess appeareth,
 And in thy generation is eke thy wisdom unequall'd ;
- 55 No Danaan would arraign thy words, nor make them effectless ;
 But more is to be heard, ere sound advice will have ended ;
 And thou'rt yet very young ; thou could'st have been to me haply
 My latest offspring, but i' faith a divine spirit in thee
 Is dwelling, and shrewdly speaketh to the princes Achaian.
- 60 But go to ! sith I have more years than thine to relie on,
 I'll utter and sift out all things, and no man amongst you
 Need slight my sentence, no, not the supreme Agamemnon.
 No laws, no brotherhood, no ties exist for a mortal
 Whom horrible discord gratifies i' the midst o' the people—
- 65 However, at this time to the dark night let's be obedient,
 And have a meal furnish'd ; let sentries too from amongst us
 Be chosen to protect our trench outside o' the ramps—
 This to the young men in arms I say. Then make a commencement

Thyself, Atrides, for of all most royal I hold thee,
 70 And give thy senators a repast, sith it only beseems thee.
 Thy tent's fairly supply'd with wine, which daily the merchants
 O'er yon immense waters carry thee from Thracia's harbors,
 And thou'st wealth to command, and over a vast many rulest.
 This done, from many wights conven'd, to the counsellor hearken
 75 Who shrewdest may appear; for i' faith we need a sagacious
 And politic judgment, since nigh to the ships of Achaia
 Such watch-fires inimical arise; who'd choose to behold them?
 Perdy! this very night must save, or ruin us outright?"

So said he, and each one gave ear, and clove to the counsel;
 80 And now their guardsmen, clad in arms, came hastily forward,
 Some 'neath Nestoridan Thrasymedes, pastor of armies,
 Some 'neath Ascalaphus, some Ialmenus, offspring of Ares,
 And the son of Creon, Lycomedes nobly renown'd,
 Meriones, Aphareus, and Deïpyr also in order—
 85 Sev'n heads of guardsmen, that had each one his hundred adherents,
 Young men in arms marching, their spears long-shafted upholding.
 These pass'd th' entrenchments, sat down midway to the ramparts,
 And lit great watch-fires, and each with his own fell a-feeding.

Meantime Atrides to the tent conven'd his assembly
 90 Of Danaan princes for a banquet featlily furnish'd;
 And their meats, ready-cook'd and standing, anon they assaulted.
 But thirst and hunger when afar they'd thrust from among them,
 Then to begin counsels uprose the Gerenian horseman,
 Nestor, he whose policies wisest from of old were accounted;
 95 He, with a friend's bearing, now arose, and spoke thus among
 them:

"Atrides, paramount of men, sublime Agamemnon,
 Both in thee will I end, and from thee make a commencement,
 Since over many wights thou reign'st, and Jove with a sceptre
 And with prerogatives, to promote their weal, has enhanc'd thee.
 100 Hence thou should'st, above all, both speak, and lend men an
 audience,

And a support even, when a man's true purpose has urg'd him
 To speak tow'rd benefit; the resolve is thine to determine.
 Yet no one, be assur'd, will find aught more to the purpose
 Than this, which many times I've held, and hold, to behave us.

- 105 Since thou, great sovereign, sentest to the tent of Achilles,
 And took'st yon damsel, Briseis, his anger arousing—
 We, perdy, not assenting at all—at least to dissuade thee
 I strove on many grounds ; yet thou, thy great spirit urging,
 Did'st the man of matchless prowess, the belov'd of immortals,
 110 Contemn, by seizing, to retain it, a portion assign'd him—
 But let us, albeit now late, leave nought unattempted,
 If placable language or attractive gifts can appease him."

Hereupon Atrides, king of hosts, thus in answer address'd him :
 " Thou tell'st me, veteran, too truly my infatuation ;

- 115 I was, I own, phrenetic ; many troops much less can avail me
 Than such a confederate, whom Jove so dearly regardeth
 And honoreth—thus afflicting in aid of him Argos's army.
 But, thus far having err'd, my heart's wicked humor obeying,
 I'll now propitiate, and make him an ample atonement.
 120 Hark ! I'll show to you all what gifts right noble await him.
 Twenty flagons brilliant, sev'n tripods fire-unacquainted,
 And sev'n mighty talents of gold, and twelve dapper horses,
 Racers, whose rushing hooves have mastery gain'd in arenas—
 Yea, prizes by these have I earn'd so goodly, so often,
 125 As might make any wight exempt from neediness henceforth,
 And among all owners of world-priz'd gold set him higher.
 Sev'n captive women eke I'll grant, cunning-handed, accomplish'd,
 Lesbian, who, when his own prowess their strong city captur'd,
 Were made mine ; not a daughter on earth their loveliness equall'd.
 130 These I will give him all, and her too, of whom I amerc'd him,
 Yon child of Brises ; lo, an oath of might shall assure him,
 I never her chamber visited ; never have we united
 In the manner nature maintains, as a male with a female.
 All this much let him have straightway ; but if e'er the divine will
 135 Shall grant us, to possess for a prey, Troy's fair habitations,
 Then let him heap upwards, till his heart be surfeited even,
 Brass and gold upon all his ships, when amongst us Achaians
 The spoils are parted ; let him eke have twenty selected
 And fairest women out of Troytown, next Helen only.
 140 Last, if we come again to the world's nipple, Argos Achaian,
 I'd for a son take him, to be held as dear as Orestes,
 My sole male offspring, that at home I've royally nurtur'd.
 Three maids, my daughters, within high palace-halls are abiding,

Chrysothemis, then Laodicea, then Iphivanassa—

- 145 Out of these let him whom he will, sans gifts to the father,
Take to him in Peleus's abode ; and I'll give a dower,
Like as man never hath bestow'd on a daughter aforetime.
Sev'n cities, I promise him, shall he have, right goodlily peopled,
Cardamylè foremost, Enopè, many-pasturing Ilè
150 And Æpea superb, Anthea the deep-meadow-belted,
Pedasus of vineyards, and Pheræ's soil hallow'd-holy.
All these are maritime, to the sand-strown boundary verging
Of Pylos, and rich in herds and flocks are those who abide there.
They'll with their offerings reverence him like an immortal,
155 And with large revenues will enhance his sceptre at all times.
All this am I proffering ; let him only return from his anger,
And be won to relent. It is Hades only relents not,
Nor pardons ; therefore no immortal so much is hated.
And let him eke so far submit to me, as the precedence
160 Both in virtue of age is mine, and virtue of empire."

Hereat made answer Nestor, the Gerenian horseman :

- " Atrides, paramount of men, sublime Agamemnon,
No man can reprehend these gifts thou'st nam'd for Achilles.
But let us ambassadors now choose, and speedily send them
165 Tow'rd the son of Peleus his tent ; or let the selection
Be mine, and as on each I call, let us have them obeying.
Let first come Phœnix, the belov'd of Jove, to direct them ;
Let puissant Ajax follow next, and noble Ulysses ;
Eurybates, Odius, that heralds are both, will attend them.
170 But pour out water now on hands, cause words to be holy,
And let us all supplicate high Jove, if a way yet is open."

- He ceas'd, and they yfere welcom'd with applause the proposal,
And water was on hands forthwith pour'd out by attendants,
And young men coronall'd their bowls with wine brimming over,
175 And pour'd libations, and goblets pass'd then in order.
Their offerings ended, when drink had fairly suffic'd them,
They quitted Atrides his tent—the Gerenian horseman,
Nestor, suggesting to them all, and most to Ulysses,
Divers things, needful to be held in mind, in essaying
180 How they might move best to relenting matchless Achilles.
Then went they downward to the beach where loudly the sea frets,

- And came so to the tents and ships o' the Myrmidon army,
 Where the son of Peleus was playing a lute to delight him,
 Whilom in Eetion's Thebæ cull'd out o' the booty,
 185 Bright, rich-wrought, mellow-ton'd, with a yoke of silver around it;
 Therewith sooth'd he his heart, and sang the glories of heroes.
 And Patroclus alone was near, and company bore him,
 Unto the song list'ning, to begin no speech till it ended.
 So the two ambassadors, Ajax and noble Ulysses,
 190 He foremost, now appear'd in sight; then started Achilles,
 And rose up, that lute in his hand, surpris'd to behold them;
 And eke Patroclus, when his eyes had caught them, arose up;
 And swift Pelides then address'd, and gave them a greeting:
 "Dear friends, be welcome: good occasion doubtless has urg'd
 you;
 195 Certes, of all Danaans you're dear to me, even if anger'd."

- So spoke, and inwards to the tent led noble Achilles,
 And made them sit upon benches, with fiery purple
 O'erstrewn, and then address'd Patroclus, near him attending:
 "Now set a more liberal wine-bowl, and blend the potation
 200 Kindly, Menœtiades, and give their cups to them each one,
 For men dearly belov'd are these, my abode who have enter'd."

- He spoke, and Patroclus obey'd his dear fellow-champion,
 And set a great caldron to the fire, to blaze up about it;
 And a wether's fat chine with a kid's he plung'd i' the caldron,
 205 And thereto swine's flesh, simmering with fatness abundant.
 Automedon took in hand, but Achilles cut them asunder,
 And spitted each portion, when he all had deftly divided;
 And god-like Patroclus a blazing fire had awaken'd.
 Soon, the flame having all burn'd down, its whitening embers
 210 He stirr'd, and put across them spits, and aye upon holders
 Lifted up, and sprinkled each piece with salt, the divine gift.
 Thus when he had roasted, then anon brought all to the trenchers,
 Then glittering chargers Patroclus bore to the table,
 And thence dealt bread around; the flesh was shar'd by Achilles,
 215 Next one wall o' the tent, confronting noble Ulysses.
 There sat he, and bade anon Patroclus, best of his helpers,
 By throwing firstlings to the fire, to salute the supernals.
 Then their meats, ready cook'd and standing, anon they assaulted:

But thirst and hunger when afar they'd push'd from among them,
 220 Ajax and Phœnix beckoning, the divine man Ulysses
 Fill'd a wassail goblet, then anon bespoke he Achilles :

“ All hail, Pelides ! no dearth of meats has annoy'd us,
 Either when seated within Atreus-born Agamemnon's
 Tents, or thine opposite ; there want not savory viands,
 225 But we brook not at all to give heed to the joys o' the banquet,
 Whilst we see, terrified, that deadly disaster approaches,
 O prince heav'n-favor'd, our fleet, whose being or ending
 In the balance wavers, but if up thou rise to preserve us ;
 For close now to the wall and ships are camping against us
 230 War-spirited Trojans and league-mates call'd from a distance,
 And many great watch-fires they burn, and nought any longer
 Shall stop them, they avouch, our dark-hull'd ships from assailing ;
 And high Jove thunders, promising victorious aidance,
 And Hector, trusting to that help, with's prowess elated,
 235 Glares terrible raptures, and mortal might nor immortal
 Cares no more to defy ; such a phrensy'd phantasy rules him,
 Yea, the divine Day-dawn's visitations fain would he hasten,
 Our galleys' heads vowing to cut off, and burn them up wholly
 With fires of mickle heat, and slaughter about them a concourse
 240 Of Danaans, 'wilder'd in smoke and glare of the ruins.
 Therefore fear penetrates my bosom, lest the supernals
 Fulfil these menaces, should fate have appointed us haply
 Here to die, and not again to behold steed-pasturing Argos.
 Or wilt thou, king, at all recollect us sons of Achaïans,
 245 Thus late, if thus alone, from Trojan fury to save us ?
 Else will it hereafter displease thee, but for an evil
 Done there's no medicine to devise ; nay, promptly bethink thee
 How from this bitter hour thou yet mayst shelter Achaïans.
 Dear my lord, recollect Peleus, thy father, how often
 250 He warn'd thee, setting out from Phthia to join Agamemnon :
 ‘ My child, for thy prowess Athena and Hera will answer,
 If such their pleasure is, but keep thine high spirit under,
 For better is mildness ; put away that shaper of evils,
 Discord ; so doing, thou'lt be to the banded Achaïans
 255 More dear and reverend, to the young men alike and elders.’
 Thus th' old man counsell'd, but thou'st put away the remembrance.
 Yet there's time to relent, still time to quit heart-nipping anger ;

- With gifts magnificent Agamemnon fain would appease thee.
 And here I'll tell anon, so thou be pleased to give audience,
 260 What gifts Atrides, i' the tents, held out, which await thee.
 Twenty flagons brilliant, sev'n tripods fire-unacquainted,
 And ten mighty talents of gold, and twelve dapper horses—
 Racers, whose rushing hooves have mastery gain'd in arenas—
 Yea, prizes by these hath he earn'd, so goodly, so often,
 265 As might make any wight exempt from neediness henceforth,
 And among all owners of world-priz'd gold set him higher ;
 Sev'n captive women eke he grants, cunning-handed, accomplish'd,
 Lesbian, who whilom, when thou their strong city seizedst
 Were made his ; not a daughter on earth their loveliness equall'd.
 270 All these he'll give thee, with her also, of whom he amerc'd thee,
 Yon child of Brises ; lo, an oath of might shall assure thee,
 He never her chamber visited, never have they united
 In the manner natural, my prince, as a male with a female.
 All this thou straightway may'st have ; but if e'er the divine will
 275 Shall grant us to possess for a prey Troy's fair habitations,
 Thou mayst heap up aloft, till thou be surfeited even,
 Brass and gold upon all thy ships, when amongst us Achaians
 Those spoils are parted ; mayst eke have twenty selected
 And fairest women out of Troytown, next Helen only.
 280 Last, should we come again to the world's nipple, Argos Achaian,
 He'd for a son take thee, to be held as dear as Orestes,
 His sole male offspring, that at home he royally nurtures.
 Three maids, his daughters, within high palace-halls are abiding,
 Chrysothemis, then Laodicea, then Iphivanassa—
 285 Out of these whomso thou wilt, sans gifts to the father,
 Take to thee at Peleus's abode ; and he'll give a dower,
 Like as man never hath bestow'd on a daughter aforetime ;
 Sev'n cities he promises to resign, all goodly peopled,
 Cardamylè foremost, Enopè, many-pasturing Ilè,
 290 And Æpea superb, Anthea, the deep-meadow-belted,
 Pedasus of vineyards, and Pheræ's soil hallow'd-holy.
 All these are maritime, to the sand-strown boundary verging
 Of Pylos, and rich in herds and flocks are those that abide there.
 They'll with their offerings reverence thee like an immortal,
 295 And with large revenues will enhance thy sceptre at all times.
 Lo, with what liberal tenders he fain would appease thee !
 But what, if Atrides be, more than death, to thee hateful,

His gifts and he alike, pity yet the remaining Achaïans,
 In straits of warfare suffering; for like an immortal
 300 They'll prize thee, when again thou'st made them nobly reputed;
 And thou mayst Hector kill anon, now his heart's mad assurance
 Shall lead him nigh enough; for among the colleaguèd Achaïans,
 Whom the fleet had aboard, he vows that he has not an equal."

Then swift Pelides bespoke, and made him an answer:
 305 "Jove-nurtur'd, manifold-counsell'd, Laërtid Ulysses,
 I say this foremost, that I have to return you an answer
 Right as I am purpos'd, and as the result shall avouch it.
 You need not, therefore, press around, or croon to me henceforth,
 Since my soul hateth, like unto the portal of Hades
 310 Him, that utters one thing, when anoth'r in his heart he is hiding.
 I deem it scarce likely, that Atreus-born Agamemnon
 Or that other Danaans will me persuade any farther,
 Now that it is render'd manifest, what a thankless achievement
 Was fighting, sans resting, against your foemen at all times.
 315 Like honor have slinkers, and those that are hardily fighting,
 And a man of many deeds perishes, like one that is idle;
 So that I am careless to be unforweary'dly fighting
 And my life perilling, now once disgust has attain'd me,
 Since, as a bird carrieth morsels to her young, that are unfledg'd,
 320 Right as she getteth each, and ill she fares for her offspring,
 Lo, thus have I wasted many nights in wearisome unrest,
 And days in bloody toils consum'd, 'mid martial opponents,
 For these kings' marriages; from aboard my ships I have enter'd
 Twelve cities in Troas deep-gleb'd, and so many well-nigh
 325 Upshore, and many things and goodly to keep have I ousted,
 And given Atrides, while nigh to the ships he hath always
 Sat to receive many goods himself, and less for his army.
 And prizes to the kings and chiefs he hath also awarded,
 Which they still possess all, but from me alone of Achaïans
 330 He takes yon coveted paramour, whose bed let him even
 Control! And why on earth were Trojans blam'd by Achaïans,
 Or what made Agamemnon a numerous army to muster
 From many lands Troywards? For Helen was it all, the superb-
 hair'd?

By none amongst perishing mankind is a mate to be heeded,
 335 Save the two Atridans? He, who is not a fool or a coward,

- Still loveth and careth for his own ; thus lov'd I her also,
 And with my very soul, that lance-won bondswoman even.
 See then, having carry'd off my prize, and foully bereav'd me,
 Let not him his knower reattempt ; for it only can harm him ;
- 340 But let him ask rather from thee some counsel, Ulysses,
 Or thy peers, to defend his ships from fires of avengers.
 He's, perdy, many things and goodly without me accomplish'd,
 And has built up a wall, and dolven a trench, to surround it,
 Broad and magnificent, and planted stakes to defend them ;
- 345 Yet can he in no wise the strength of man-quelling Hector
 Withstand, though when of old I fought i' the forces Achaian,
 From within his bulwarks Hector dar'd hardly to venture,
 Or perchance to the Scæan gate, and up to the beech-tree,
 And not further abroad ; there scarcely my arm he avoided.
- 350 Now then, as I care not to strive with egregious Hector,
 Ere to-morrow's sun is high, when Jove and all the supernals
 I'll have with sacrifice invok'd, and drawn to the sea-beach
 My galleys all freighted, then shalt thou see me, Ulysses,
 If such a sight gratifies perchance, and leisure allows thee,
- 355 O'er the finny-swarming frith of Helle swiftly departing,
 With galleys and mariners that an oar expertly can handle.
 I then may well enough, should mighty Posidon allow me
 Fair weather, in three days have attain'd to Phthia the deep-gleb'd.
 I left there many goods, coming out to my own desolation ;
- 360 I'll have there likewise yellow gold, and comelily girded
 Handmaids, and ruddy brass, and hoary steel in abundance—
 At least my portion to possess. But since Agamemnon
 Gave and took back again my prize, and left me an outrage—
 I charge you, tell him all I speak, nor flinch to declare it
- 365 Plainly, that all Danaans thereby may learn to be anger'd
 In future, should he hope to deceive any wight from among them,
 Being cloth'd always in effrontery, though the man hardly
 Will venture any more, brass-brow'd as he is, to behold me—
 I will not be allied in counsel or act with him henceforth,
- 370 For double his dealings have been ; his words to beguile me
 Are worthless ; let us hold all said ; bid him only to leave me,
 And perish, as Kronides hath of understanding amerc'd him.
 Hateful are his profferings ; I set not a tare by him henceforth ;
 Even if he gave me tenfold, or centuple even,
- 375 All that is, or may be within his disposal in all time,

- Gear, such as Orchomenus bestreams or Thebæ of Egypt,
 Where lies in palace-hall most wealth, whose gates are an hundred,
 And steeds, and chariots, and fivescore troops are in each one—
 Or gave me treasure-heaps like dust, or like to the sea-sand—
 380 Yet shall it Atrides not avail my peace to repurchase,
 Or-ever I've paid him to the full for his heart-cutting insult.
 And I'll not wed a daughter of Atreus-born Agamemnon,
 Even if in fairness she match'd Aphrodita the golden,
 And eke with cunning hand rivall'd bright-glancing Athena—
 385 I'd yet not covet her; let him elsewhere find her a bridegroom,
 Whoso appears meetest, and most of a king, 'mid Achaïans.
 And for me Peleus himself, should favor immortal
 Safe to my home guide me, will find some bride to present me.
 Are there not many maids in Phthia to find, or in Hellas,
 390 And sprung from princes, that Achaïan states are obeying,
 Whence I might, with a welcome, elect my bride to delight me?
 And from these, I avow, my soul doth manfully prompt me,
 Take a solemn-plighted consort, a beseeeming alliance,
 And of honor'd, ancient Peleus enjoy the resources.
 395 See! to my own soul's worth I prize not of Ilion even,
 That city well-champion'd, the redundant wealth which it harbor'd
 In mickle ease whilome, ere came the colleaguèd Achaïans—
 No, nor yon treasure-heaps, inside his porch alabastral
 On Pytho's rugged heights, of Phœbus Apollo the shooter:
 400 For flocks, and dapper herds, and troops of cream-color horses,
 And plate magnificent, are gain'd and lost by occasion;
 But man's life, let it only beyond his teeth's narrow fences,
 No ransom can avail to redeem, nor price to repurchase.
 My mother eke tells me, the divine Thetis argent-sandall'd,
 405 That whereas, should I here to besiege Troytown be abiding,
 My chances to return are nought, my fame never-ending,
 Therewith, if I rather to the dear land turn, to push homeward,
 My fame's magnificence is lost, but life to me henceforth
 Shall be lent many years, ere marring death can attain me.
 410 I'd say, moreover, to the rest, if I haply could urge them,
 Sail homewards; long might you abide in vain for a crisis
 Of Troy's fate, for aloft all-seeing Jove to protect her
 Holdeth his arm outstretch'd, and truly the people is hardy.
 But when arriv'd yonder, speak you to the princes Achaïan
 415 Even as I charge you—for a legate's task this is only.

Find a scheme other and more shrewd, that thought may afford you,
Your good ships to defend, and save your hosts of Achaians
From perishing round them ; for it is not this can avail you,
Which now you've set afoot, for I have not ceas'd to be anger'd.
420 But Phœnix with us here shall abide, and rest, till he enter
Our galleys at daybreak, to push home with us unto the dear land,
Namely, should it please him ; not against his will shall I urge him."

He ceas'd, and silent they abode, and made not an answer,
Pondering his sentence, for he had full sternly declar'd it.
425 That veteran cavalier, Phœnix, at last then address'd him,
Tears from his eyes bursting, th' endanger'd fleet so alarm'd him :
" If to return homewards incline thy thoughts, my Achilles,
If thou care not all, this fury thy heart having enter'd,
From fires that desolate to preserve our ships billow-ranging,
430 How shall I endure it, my child, by thee when abandon'd,
Here to remain forlorn ? Recollect who made me attend thee,
That veteran cavalier Peleus, when tow'rd Agamemnon,
He sent thee, yet a boy, from Phthia, when all unacquainted
With the never-sparing conflict, and new to the trials
435 Of national councils, which a man grows nobly renown'd by.
He bade me, therefore, go abroad, and throughly to teach thee
By counsel to direct, and lead men in action heroic.
Ne'er could I have patience, my darling child, to live exil'd
And separate from thee, not if even a god should assure me
440 He'd my years brush away, with blooming youth to renew me.
Such youth I carry'd out, when leaving bright-bevy'd Hellas,
When for a mate fine-hair'd I fled the reproach of Amyntor.
He was my father, son of Ormenus, and had affronted
My mother, his consort, by a new misplanted affection.
445 She therefore many times enclasp'd my knees, to beseech me
To snatch that paramour from his hopes, and make him abhor her.
These precepts I obey'd, fulfill'd ; which soon having heard of,
With terrible curses my father pray'd to the Furies,
That grandchild of his own his knees might ne'er be ascending,
450 Born of my lineage. To the curses gods were attentive,
Jove Infernipotent, and lauded Persephonea.
And thenceforth my soul it annoy'd, to remain any longer
Ranging these palace-halls of a father, who enmity bare me,
Though meantime many friends and kinsmen, around me united,

- 455 Full many times compass'd and strove in th' house to retain me,
 And slaughter'd many sheep, and horn-curl'd, hoof-dragging oxen,
 And many boars, succulent and fat, they sent for a roasting
 All whole, Hephæstus, to the might of fire which obeys thee,
 And many large beakers were drain'd o' the wine of Amyntor,
 460 And nine nights following they slept in a circle around me,
 And in turn sat awake, on guard ; and fires were a-burning,
 One next that palace's well-fenc'd courtyard, in a precinct ;
 One within our guest-hall, my door shutting over against it.
 But when a tenth nightfall its masking darkness afforded,
 465 I broke my chamber's massy doors, and easily bounded
 Quite o'er th' enclosure o' the court, all notice eluding,
 Both of male guardians and females serving us also ;
 And far I fled away through Hellas of ample arenas,
 And came to Phthia's deep-gele'd, many-nurturing acres,
 470 Unto the king Peleus, who forthwith kindly receiv'd me,
 And lov'd me with a love that a father bears not his only
 Son, many years coveted, when abundant wealth is his heirloom ;
 And opulent made he me amain, and lord of a people,
 The tribes of Dolopes, to Phthia's boundary reaching.
 475 Here was it I rear'd thee to resemble a god, my Achilles,
 And lov'd thee very dear, for with me alone to the banquet
 Wast thou glad to go out, and wouldst not at home have a morsel,
 Or ever I seated thee upon my knees, to supply thee
 Flesh, which I had portion'd, and held up tow'rd thee a wine-cup.
 480 Thou'st on my bosom many times, in a child's silly mischief,
 Gone sipping and spilling out thy wine, and stain'd me a vesture ;
 And I've borne thenceforth many things, and done many for thee,
 Perpending the decrees of immortal gods, which allow'd me
 No natural lineage, but adopting thee, my Achilles,
 485 My demigod, to defend me in age from ghastly disaster.
 Now rule thy grand heart, for it is not meet, my Achilles,
 Thou should'st be pitiless ; lo, gods are appeasable even,
 Who by strength, wisdom, puissance, exceed us immensely ;
 And yet with sacrifice, and humble pray'rs of adorers,
 490 Incense, drink-offerings, can they be sway'd to relentings,
 Where a man hath trespass'd, and wrought some wrong that offends
 them.
 And therewith recollect, that Pray'rs are children of high Jove ;
 Decrepit and blear-ey'd, and lame, who labor up after

- Atè on her pathway, for swift and forceful is Atè,
 495 And ever outstrips them, ranging to the world's very confines ;
 She visiteth mankind with a pest, but Pray'rs are as healers.
 Whosoever, therefore, respects these children of high Jove,
 They grant him mickle aid, and turn not away from his asking ;
 But when a man shaketh thus his head, to sternly repel them,
 500 Then they seek Kronides, the supremest king, to beseech him
 That such wights Atè may attend and plague, to requite them.
 But do thou reverence Jove's daughters ; take the propounded
 Noble amends, suited to win hearts of lordly men even.
 Faith, if he had nothing here tender'd, nor pledg'd what is after,
 505 If bitter and still-aggriev'd he abode, I would not have urg'd thee
 Thine indignation to refrain, or spend any labor,
 On succoring Danaans, howso they dearly desir'd it.
 But since so many things he gives, and so many likewise
 Thereafter proffereth, sending such men to beseech thee,
 510 These foremost in his army, the men most dear to thee also,
 Let not their utterance, their steps be wasted upon thee,
 Nor slighted, though of old thou didst not amiss to be anger'd.
 And recollect, what accounts we have heard of glorious ancients,
 At times when vehement anger some among them has enter'd,
 515 How gifts they welcom'd, and pray'rs had power upon them.
 This case I recollect, not lately, I own, but aforetime,
 And let me tell it here, since all are friends now about us—
 When to the Curetes th' Ætoli combat-abiding
 Gave fight near Calydon, th' Ætoli a fair city guarding,
 520 And their antagonists by warfare bent to reduce it.
 'Gainst these Ætoli the superb-thron'd Artemis anger'd,
 Had wrought them mickle harm, because CENEUS fail'd to present her
 Oblations at his harvest-home ; to the rest o' the powers
 He made great offerings, but left Jove's virginal offspring
 525 Slighted or unnotic'd, for his heart was fatally phrensy'd.
 Hereupon indignant, this daughter of heav'n's arrow-potent
 Sent upon his glebe-lands her tusk-white boar o' the wild-wood,
 Which then, with manifold incursions, wasted his acres—
 Yea, many fair tree-trunks were brought to the ground by it head-
 long,
 530 Their wrench'd roots naked, their fruitful branches upon them.
 Then to kill it sally'd out that ruler's son, Meleager,
 Round whom, from many towns, were dogs and huntsmen assembled,

Since no small gathering could against such a monster have help'd
them ;

Yea, to the sad death-pyre it sent many corpses of heroes.

- 535 Then the goddess kindled to strife and martial alarums,
For this boar's rugged hide and crest, one people on each side,
Namely, the Curetes and these Ætoli high-hearted.
Here, whilst yet warlike Meleager of arms was a bearer,
Sorely the Curetes were press'd, nor could they against them
540 Keep outside Calydon their ground, though numerous also ;
But, when wrath enter'd in his heart—which boileth up even
In breasts intelligent and finely to wisdom attemper'd—
He from his own parent, Althæa, in enmity parted,
And withdrew with a plighted bride, his fair Cleopatra,
545 Daughter of Evenic Marpessa, the beautiful-ankled,
And Ides, who of all mankind in those generations
Was strongest ; [he had even against lord Phæbus Apollo
His bow taken in hand, his bride so lovely to rescue.
These parents Cleopatra's name to Alcyone alter'd
550 In those days, meaning to declare what grievous affliction
Her gracious mother had, when seiz'd by Phæbus Apollo
And carry'd off, sorrowing more wildly than Halcyon even.]
With such a bride closeted, consum'd he his heart-fretting anger,
Chafing at Althæa's malisons, wherein she against him
555 Sued the divine rulers, when her heart her lost brother anger'd.
She sued Hell's paramount and lauded Persephonea,
Watering her bosom with tears, for death for her offspring ;
Low knelt she, smiting many-nurturing Earth's lap around her.
Nor was that supplication unheard by a Fury relentless,
560 Out of deep Erebus, by darkness-ranging Erinyes.
Now the city's ramparts and gates with martial alarums
And engines were assail'd, whereat th' Ætolian elders
Entreated Meleager—a chosen company sending
Of priests, and promising great gifts—to come out to the rescue.
565 All round fair Calydon, where most its glebe could allure him,
They bade him his portion to select, a demesne very goodly—
Fifty measur'd acres, fitted half to plant as a vineyard,
And half of level earth and smooth, for ploughs to go over.
Much did his old father likewise, steed-mastering Cæneus,
570 Implore him, kneeling, by his high-ceil'd room, in his entry—
The stanch floor quivering, when about his knees he inarm'd him.

- His gracious mother eke and sisters dearly besought him,
 And were but more sternly repell'd; his elected associates,
 Whom above all other heads he priz'd and dearly regarded,
 575 These even from his heart's resolution fail'd to remove him—
 Till the missiles fell about his bower, as up to the ramparts
 Press'd Calydon's enemies, threat'ning with fire to deface it.
 Then with speech dolorous that consort comelily-girded
 Implor'd him to relent, and plainly began to recite him
 580 All the bitter sufferings of a town, that foes shall have enter'd—
 How the men are slaughter'd, their houses burnt to the pavement,
 How the women well-attir'd and children are haul'd as a booty.
 Then was his heart kindled, when he heard such a number of evils;
 Forth hied he to the field, with his armour blazing about him,
 585 After his heart's promptings, and from th' Ætoli averted
 Their imminent ruin; yet he had no longer a guerdon
 Large and magnificent, but he hasted still to befriend them.
 But to do in this wise let it into thy heart never enter,
 Nor let a god prompt thee, my prince, for it only can hurt thee
 590 Our rescue to put off, to behold galleys already flaming;
 Come straightway to receive our gifts, that amongst us Achaians
 Thou mayst be reverenc'd and worshipp'd like an immortal;
 But shouldst thou later come abroad, too late for a guerdon,
 Thy fame will suffer hence, although thou rescue us even."
- 595 Then swift Pelides bespoke and made him an answer:
 "Father mine, reverend Phœnix, whom Jove has a care of,
 I need such glories not a whit; but as heav'n has appointed,
 So my fame shall among prow-curling ships dwell upon me,
 While my soul animates, and while my limbs yet uphold me.
 600 This mark thou further, to revolve it deeply within thee—
 Leave mine intelligence unvex'd with dreary lamentings,
 Whereby thou seekest Agamemnon's thanks: have a care now
 Lest thou, by loving him so much, thy friend set against thee;
 Side with men that are on my side, as it only beseems thee,
 605 And honor and empire thou mayst share equally with me.
 Now let thy comrades carry word to the camp, but abide thou
 And lie softly within my tent till morning ariseth;
 Then let us hold council to remain or sail away homeward."

He ceas'd, and with his eyes gave mutely Patroclus a signal

- 610 Straight to provide Phœnix with a bed (to speed the departure
Of the two ambassadors). Thereat Telamonian Ajax
Rose god-like to behold, and out he spoke thus among them :
“ Jove-nurtur’d, manifold-counsell’d, Laërtid Achilles,
Let’s homeward, for I am nòt in hope any more of achieving
615 Our ends in this guise, but among the remaining Achaians
We must go carry back the reply, tho’ an angry one even,
Where they sit waiting. But Achilles wrongfully treats us
In steeling to revenge the big heart of him, wholly regardless
Of what he owes comrades and friends like us, that aforetime
620 ’Mid the galleys priz’d him more dearly than all the remainder.
Hard man ! for many times doth a wight accept an atonement
For brother or dear child, despatch’d by chance or in anger,
So that the slayer still abides, for an ample atonement,
In the city scathless. But now, what a fury relentless
625 Into thy heart is pour’d from on high, for a bondswoman only,
Though seven are tender’d, the selectest sev’n, to replace her,
With more gifts manifold ! Come, assume now a kindlier humor,
And thy guest-chamber reverence ; thou’st lent us a shelter
As Danaan public delegates, and anxious are we,
630 E’en above all Argives, as a friend and mate to retain thee.”

- Then swift Pelides bespoke, and made him an answer :
“ Hear me, Jove-nurtur’d sovereign, Telamonian Ajax.
Thou tell’st me nothing here, save what my reason avoucheth ;
Yet passion inflameth me, as oft as I have to remember
635 How to this Atrides I’ve been as a wandering abject,
Safely to be singled as a mark of scorn ’mid Achaians.
Go therefore, carry back my words ; be assur’d, that I am not
Minded at all henceforth in fiery fight to commingle,
Till the son of warlike Priam, yon egregious Hector,
640 Up to the Myrmidonēs their tents and ships be approaching
O’er many fall’n Argives, while fire your navy defaces.
If thence Hector approach my tent and my galley dark-hull’d,
I reckon, all ardent as he is, that I here can arrest him.”
He ceas’d, and each man took in hand his cup double-op’ning,
645 And worshipp’d ; then away to the camp, now led by Ulysses.
Meantime Patroclus to the maids and bondsmen had order’d
For Phœnix that a bed they should compose with alertness ;
Nor did they disobey, but strew’d it aright, as he order’d,

Both furs and woolly webs, and flow'r of fine linen under.

- 650 Thus couch'd, that veteran the superb-thron'd morning awaited ;
 And eke Pelides i' the well-pight tent, in a precinct
 Lay, and beautiful-hued Diomede, Phorbas's offspring,
 Down with him, whom whilom he'd brought from Lesbos a captive ;
 And opposite rested Patroclus, who had with him Iphis,
 655 Noble in her cincture, given him by matchless Achilles,
 Scyrus's high citadel what time he'd won from Enyeus.

But now th' ambassadors Agamemnon's tent having enter'd,
 Up rose from many sides to salute them princes Achaian,
 Each with gold cup in hand, and bent on questioning each one ;

- 660 However Atrides, king of hosts, was first to demand them :
 " O boast of Danaans, O nobly-renownèd Ulysses,
 Say, means he to defend our ships from fiery ruin,
 Or to refuse, cherishing vengeance in his high spirit always ?"
 Answer'd thereat anon much-tholing noble Ulysses :

- 665 " Atrides, paramount of men, sublime Agamemnon,
 He's no whit mollify'd, but storms more fiercely, renouncing
 Thy gifts and thee alike, and sends, moreover, a warning
 That thou'st need to devise thyself, or seek amid Argives
 Shrewd advice, to defend both ships and forces Achaian.
 670 He threateneth likewise that, soon as morning appeareth,
 He'll draw down to the water his oar-girt ships well-accountred ;
 Aye, and he recommends, he says, the remaining Achaians
 Straight to depart homeward—' you'd wait in vain for a crisis
 Of Troy's fate ; for aloft all-seeing Jove, to protect her,

- 675 Holdeth his arm outstretch'd, and truly the people are hardy.'
 So said he, as these men can attest, who company bore me,
 Ajax, and these two summoners, men goodlily gifted.
 Old Phœnix still abides yonder, for so did he order,
 That with him at daybreak he might embark to push homeward,
 680 Namely, should it please him—not against his will would he urge
 him."

So said he, and silent they abode, and made not an answer,
 Pondering his tidings, for in earnest mood he announc'd them.
 In sorrowful stillness long abode those princes Achaian ;
 At length armipotent Diomedes spoke thus among them :

- 685 " Atrides, paramount of men, sublime Agamemnon,

Thou neededst not at all to beseech dire-doing Achilles
 And proffer him many gifts, for of old he is only too haughty ;
 And here we school him to behave more haughtily tenfold.
 He'll fight hereafter, be assur'd, when some novel humor
 690 Reigns in him, or promptings from high, perchance, may arouse him.
 But go to, let us all be guided as I will aread you :
 Give this night to repose, when food and drink have afforded
 Each heart contentment ; for strength and prowess is in them ;
 And when again bright-blee'd, rose-finger'd morning emerges,
 695 Let the foot and horsemen to the front o' the ships be assembled,
 Speak to them, and labor thyself i' the ranks o' the foremost."

So said he, and in applause those princes Achaian united,
 Exalting Diomed, the steed-controller, his answer.
 Then strode they to the tents, each man's libation accomplish'd ;
 700 There they laid them adown, and slumber's bounties arrested.

BOOK X.

THE NIGHT ADVENTURE OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES.

Now by their galleys' heads the remaining princes Achaian
 Lay, captives to delightsome sleep, till morn should arouse them.
 But sweet sleep visited not at all that guide o' the people,
 Atrides, for his heart with carking cares was afflicted.
 5 And as where Hera's consort sky-rending awakens
 His lightnings, shaping whether hail, or rain-flood enormous,
 Or snows, which cover all in white, or he opes the tremendous
 Throat of gall-scattering warfare—so fast Agamemnon
 Was groaning from his inmost breast, so aquake were his heart-
 strings.
 10 Now, when his eye wander'd to the Trojan plain, then appall'd him

In the city's forefront many fires ; then he heard the reveillees,
 Sackbuts, and flageolets, and mingled roar o' the people.
 And then anon, turning to the ships and tents of Achaians,
 He tore out many tufts of his hair, and Jove, on his high throne,
 15 Entreated, many sighs from his heart imperious heaving.
 But many things ponder'd, he at last this counsel elected—
 He would Nestor of all men seek, the Gerenian elder,
 And try some counsel to devise, and shape to the purpose,
 20 From general downfall to preserve the colleaguèd Achaians.
 He therewith, sitting up, put about his bosom a tunic,
 And having his glossy feet in sandals splendid accoutred,
 He flung on his shoulders then a tawny red hide of a lion,
 Huge and continuous to the feet ; with a lance, too, he arm'd him.

Nor less was Menelaus aghast ; yea, sleep from his eyelids
 25 Had fled ; such miseries now appear'd impending on Argives—
 All that, in his quarrel arm'd, had sail'd and cross'd many surges,
 Intent on carrying to Trojans war's rash alarums.
 First, he plac'd on his ample back the gay hide of a panther,
 And put a brass skull-piece on his head ; then plac'd he a mighty
 30 Hand upon his spear-shaft, and went forth, bent on awaking
 His brother, o'er Argives who rul'd with a wide domination,
 And honor and reverence had among them, like an immortal.
 He near his galley's head, putting his bright armour about him,
 Was found, and welcom'd from his heart Menelaus approaching ;
 35 'Twixt these two, martial Menelaus first began asking :
 " Why, brother, art putting on thine arms ? is it haply to send out,
 From thy confederates, a spy to the camp o' the Trojans ?
 I fear me, no man will assume such a task very lightly,
 Of going, thus alone, to the midst of a crowd of opponents,
 40 Through the muffled darkness ; for his heart should truly be hardy."
 Thereat made answer the commander of hosts, Agamemnon :
 " We both are needing, noblest Menelaus, a counsel
 Right shrewd and politic, to defend from deadly disasters
 Our ships and men alike, since Jove now turneth against us.
 45 Sure Hector's offerings more favor find in his aspect,
 Since any wight's doing such feats, in a day, so enormous,
 As this man, the belov'd of Jove, has wrought 'mid Achaians,
 I never have witness'd, nor mention have heard of it even,
 Though mother or father, that is aught but mortal, he has not.

- 50 Such things he's done, i' faith, as Achaia will have to remember
Late and long forwards, bitter hurts to the forces of Argos.
But see'st thou ? go in haste to the ships, and call me up Ajax,
And with him Idomeneus ; and I will awaken heroic,
Neleus-born Nestor, to go out to the company goodly
- 55 That round us keeps guard, and tell them a word to the purpose.
They'll heed him, for his own son is also among them a captain,
He with Meriones, who cleaves to the side o' the Cretan
Idomeneus ; for amid these two we shar'd the direction."
So said he, and warlike Menelaus in answer address'd him :
- 60 " Well ! but say, meantime, what it is thy will to command me ?
Would'st have me to remain, with them, till again thou arrivest,
Or follow thee thus anew, when I have them duly directed ?"
Answer'd him then anon the commander of hosts, Agamemnon :
" Keep there, lest anyhow we fail of duly rejoining
- 65 Each other, as many ways go athwart our leaguer on all sides.
And where thou visitest, exhort, and call for alertness,
And name their families, their fathers' names to them each one,
Their merit exalting, nor proudly demean thee among them,
But their toils let us eke partake, since Jove has appointed
- 70 Our sorrows and sufferings, ere yet we came to the daylight."
So said he, and sent off Menelaus, wisely directed ;
And anon he sought out Nestor, that pastor of armies,
And by his own galley's end he found him, softly reposing
Under his own tent-roof : the rich arms were lying around him,
- 75 Shield, and two javelins, and gorgeous-glistening helmet ;
And next him was a belt, emboss'd with bravery wondrous,
Which girt him, when in arms he strove in front o' the people,
For by wearisome Age he allow'd not his heart to be o'ercome.
Now his head he lifted, then lean'd he aside on his elbow,
- 80 And tow'rd Atrides call'd out, and questioning, hail'd him :
" Who be'st thou, that about our ships art ranging amongst us,
Through the muffled darkness thus alone, while sleep the remainder ?
Speak, what thou covetest, and stealthily do not approach us."
Thereat made answer the commander of hosts, Agamemnon :
- 85 " Neleus-born Nestor, thou praise and boast of Achaians,
Soon wilt thou recognise Agamemnon, that son of Atreus,
Whom Jove in trouble hath founder'd, and means to release not
While my soul animates, and while my limbs yet uphold me.
'Tis therefore I am up, for gentle sleep will abide not

- 90 On mine eyes anywhyle ; but wars and woes of Achaïans
Still trouble and haunt me ; for I am right fearful about them.
My spirit is broken, distraught ; mine heart throbberh in me,
Its barriers bursting ; my knees are 'neath me a-shaking.
But wilt thou succor us, now sleep has thee too abandon'd ?
- 95 Come with me yonder to the guards, to detect them, if haply,
Leaving sore labors and sleep victorious o'er them,
They've laid them to repose, forsaking a sentry's alertness ;
For folk are nigh at hand, that rancorous enmity bear us,
And, e'en by night-time, who knows they will not assail us ?"
- 100 Thereat made answer Nestor, the Gerenian horseman :
" Atrides, paramount of men, sublime Agamemnon,
All-wise Jove, be assur'd, intends no whit to give Hector
All that his hopes promise him ; 'tis far more like that in anguish
And trouble, exceeding this of ours, he'll pine, if Achilles
- 105 Shall put away from his heart hereafter dreary resentment.
Now lead and welcome ; let us also awake some associates,
Say, the son of Tydeus lance-fam'd, and next him, Ulysses,
Ajax of Salamis, Phylides prompt to the rescue.
And these were welcome likewise, if a man could arouse them,
- 110 Crete's lord Idomeneus, and Ajax, peer of immortals,
Whose galleys are farthest, and not well attain'd in a moment.
But now, though reverend and dear, I must Menelaus
Blame here (and not be reticent, tho' I even annoy thee)
For sleeping, leaving thee alone to support such a labor.
- 115 He should much rather to the foremost chiefs of Achaia
Have gone about summoning ; for a need unbearable urges."
- Answer'd him then anon the commander of hosts, Agamemnon :
" O veteran, whilome I fain would have heard thee arraign him,
Since oft he draweth back his hand, and resteth inactive,
- 120 Though not from slothful negligence, or want of adroitness,
But tow'rd me looking up too much, my motion awaiting.
But foremost was he up this night, and met me unorder'd,
And to summon these men thou'st nam'd have I already sent him.
But come away yonder, for amidst our guards they await us
- 125 Nigh to the gate's sentries ; for there we agreed to rejoin them."
- Answer'd him then again Nestor, the Gerenian horseman ;
" There can no Danaans now arraign or slight the direction,
Henceforth, of Menelaus in all that he urges or orders."
So said he, and meantime put about his bosom a tunic,

- 130 And having his glossy feet in sandals splendid accoutred,
 Cast upon his shoulders then a robe of fiery vermeil,
 Broad-skirted, twyfold, cropping out with soft tissue downy.
 His massy, brass-pointed javelin then in hand he uplifted,
 And went down to the ships o' the brazen-plated Achaians.
- 135 Thus Nestor, the Gerenian ancient, came to Ulysses
 In council to be heard like Jove, and calling arousd him,
 With sudden hail sending to the root of his heart an alarum ;
 Whereupon he, sallying to the front o' the tent, thus address'd them :
 " Why rove you thus alone i' the camp i' the midst o' the navy,
 140 Through night's hours balm-fraught ? doth a need so galling arouse
 you ?"
- Answer'd him straightway Nestor, the Gerenian horseman :
 " Pardon us, if terrible mischance has come to this army ;
 And let us all forward, and more men arouse, who assistance
 Can give us in council, for flying or else for abiding."
- 145 He spoke, and back anew to the door stepp'd wary Ulysses,
 And took up his buckler rich-wrought, and went on among them.
 Soon they found outside of a tent, with his armour about him,
 Tydeus-born Diomed, with a sleeping company circled ;
 They pillow'd on bucklers their heads ; their spears were erected
 150 Each upon its beam-end ; their brazen points at a distance
 Shone like fork'd lightnings of Jupiter omnipaternal.
 Here on a wild bull's hide, extended on earth, the commander
 Lay sleeping, with a rug bright-hued for his head to repose on ;
 And near him Nestor now arriv'd, the Gerenian horseman,
 155 And touch'd him with his heel, and spoke, and bluntly rebuk'd him :
 " What dost thou, Diomed, to be all night daintily resting ?
 And i' the ships' forefront our foes encamp'd i' the rising
 Ground hear'st thou not at all ? See, a short space only divides us."
 He spoke, and Diomed, waking, rose up with alertness,
 160 And with words wing-borne thus address'd and made him an
 answer :
- " 'Tis shocking, O veteran, thou dost not flinch any labors.
 Are there not many younger amid the colleaguèd Achaians,
 That might now well enough go about, each leader arousing ?
 And was't thy business, thou most intractable elder ?"
- 165 Answer'd him then again Nestor, the Gerenian horseman :
 " Ay, comrade, true is all thou sayst, and timely noted.

- I've my sons good-at-arms, and troops, not a few, that obey me,
 'Midst whom there's many could perform this task of arousing,
 But that in extremity standeth the state o' the people,
 170 And our chance oscillates, as upon the blade of a razor,
 Betwixt continuance of life and fearfully sinking;
 But since thou pitiest me, awake Salaminian Ajax,
 And the son of Phyleus, and play thy part as a junior."
 So said he, and Diomed cast o'er him a hide of a lion,
 175 Tawny, big, and reaching to the feet; then a lance he uplifted,
 Went to the men, waken'd, and led them away to the muster.
 All marching then yfere, they came to the midst o' the sentries,
 Whose headmen not a whit to sleep they found given over,
 But vigilant each one, with his arms and armour about him.
 180 As where with many dogs is a watch maintain'd by a sheepfold,
 When the shepherd heareth some fierce wild beast o' the mountain
 Through the forest plunging, while in pursuit of him huntsmen
 And hounds are clamorous, that slumber on eye can alight not—
 So 'mid those guardsmen night's wearisome hours were elapsing,
 185 No sweet sleep visiting their eyes, for still to the midspace
 They turn'd, and hearken'd if among their foes were a movement.
 Right glad was Nestor to behold that alertness among them,
 And with words wing-borne thus in exhortation address'd them:
 "Well done, lads! be alert, and let not sleep come amongst you,
 190 Lest all be given up to the pride and greed o' the Trojans."

- He spoke, and sped across the trench; and closely behind him
 Came those kings following, that a part should bear i' the council;
 Nor did Meriones not come to the regal assembly,
 With the son of Nestor; they call'd both, freely, to join them.
 195 All these pass'd outside o' the moat, and down sat in order,
 Where a space open'd, i' the midst of corpses appearing,
 There where puff'd Hector from slaughter immense of Achaians
 Had turn'd him to retire, when night's obscurity check'd him.
 Here they sat them adown, and shar'd their counsel among them,
 200 And Nestor foremost, the Gerenian horseman, address'd them:
 "Friends, is there no man so assur'd and daring amongst you,
 Would yonder go among the triumphant foes at a venture,
 Some straggler to cut off, perchance, and make him a captive?
 Or to gather tidings, or a rumor, about the devices
 205 Which now these Trojans meditate, whether here, upon open

Ground, i' the ships' forefront, to remain, or apace to re-enter
 Their city, contented with a victory won from Achaïans.
 Such-like intelligence if he heard, and brought back amongst us,
 Unwounded, then amongst mankind, to the bourns o' the welkin,
 210 Might his fame penetrate, and goodly rewards should await him :
 All foremost Danaans, that are here of ships the commanders,
 Shall gift him with a black wether each, that suckleth a young one.
 What could he have choicer ? Then in all the carouses amongst us
 And festal gatherings shall he aye be assur'd of a welcome."

215 So said he, and silent they abode, and made not an answer.
 At last armipotent Diomedes spoke thus among them :
 " Here are, Nestor, a soul and heart that boldly command me
 To step across yonder to that hostile camp o' the Trojans.
 Nathless, were any man dispos'd herein to support me,
 220 We might, with better hope and heart, our purpose accomplish.
 Where two men go yfere, one sees what 'scapes his associate
 (Of vantage) ; but a lone man, if aught he rightly discerneth,
 Yet works he from a thought less far, and feeblïer holds it."

So said he, and proffering their company, rose up a number ;
 225 Up rose Meriones, and Nestor's offspring heroic,
 And the two Ajaces, that liegemen good were of Ares,
 And lance-fam'd Menelaus arose, and rose up Ulysses
 Long-suffering—coveting to plunge i' the midst o' the Trojan
 Encampment, such an intrepid heart his breast ever harbor'd.
 230 Then spoke out to them all the commander of hosts, Agamemnon :
 " Tydeus-born Diomed, well approv'd and dearly regarded,
 I'd have thee to select, to thy own content, thy associate,
 Whoever is meetest to be he, where so many crave it ;
 Nor let by reverence thy mind be sway'd to reject him
 235 Who's better, and take one less worthy, regarding among them
 High lineage, to be aw'd thereby, nor dignity regal."

These he utter'd, fearing to expose yellow-hair'd Menelaus ;
 But the son of Tydeus answer'd thus amid that assembly :
 " If the common judgment then approve my choosing a comrade,
 240 How can I unthinking pass o'er our noble Ulysses,
 Being, at each emprise that occurreth, so willing-hearted
 And so bold-spirited, so lov'd therewith by Athena.

Send me with such a man, ne'er wanting a shift to recur to,
And we'll both come away scathless from a fiery furnace."

- 245 Answer'd him then anon much-tholing, noble Ulysses :
" Praise me not, Diomed, too much, nor carp thou against me,
Speaking amongst Argives, for fairly they already know me.
But come, night waneth now apace, and dawn is approaching ;
Rath stars are sinking to the west ; two parts o' the night-time
250 Have laps'd, and one alone is left to do all that is hop'd for."

- So much having spoken, they in armour dreadful array'd them ;
And the son of Tydeus with a sword double-edg'd was accoutred
By warlike Thrasymed ; for his own i' the tent he abandon'd.
He lent him too a shield, and girt his brow with a bass'net
255 Unstudded, uncrested, compos'd of tough leather only,
Which by young men in arms is worn, and called a catætyx.
So did Meriones give a sword and bow to Ulysses,
And quiver all garnish'd ; he lent him his helmet of hide too,
Fasten'd with many thongs inside, that fitly secur'd it,
260 While outside many white boar's-teeth were gleaming about it,
Well set with mickle art ; it had under it also a wool-cap.
This once Autolycus got of Ormen's offspring, Amyntor,
Whose well-built Eleonic abode by fraud he had enter'd.
He gave in Scandea this helm to Cytherus's offspring,
265 Amphidamas, who gave it again for a sign of alliance
Unto Melos : then it had gone down to the child o' the taker,
Namely, to Meriones, to be head-gear now for Ulysses.
Thus, when in arms dreadful to behold they both had array'd them,
They started to go out, leaving that assembly behind them.
270 Then near their pathway, to the right, did Pallas Athena
Send them a hern flying ; their eyesight fail'd to detect him
Through the muffled darkness ; yet miss'd their ear not his outcry ;
Whereupon exulting, thus Ulysses call'd to the Power :
" Hear me, thou Gorgon-buckler'd Jove's daughter, who always
275 Nigh me in all peril art, as I also well recollect thee
Wherever I go in arms ; now of all times help me, Athena ;
Grant us both to return to the ships of Achaia triumphing
From working such a work, as Troy may keenly remember."
After him armipotent Diomedes thus put a pray'r up :
280 " Hear, too, mine orisons, Jove-born goddess Atrytona.
Be to me as Tydeus, my father, found thee aforetime

- Tow'rd Thebæ when he hied, on an embassy sent by Achaians,
 While upon Asopus their troops, to the rear of him, halted.
 He to the Cadmeans went up, with a friendly proposal
 285 At first, but coming home, when thou wast fain to support him,
 Noble among goddesses, brought grim desolation among them.
 Thus set thy power to the work, and come to protect me ;
 Then shall thy victim be a choice heifer, under a year old,
 Broad-brow'd, inviolate, with neck to the yoke never humbled.
 290 I'll lead thee such a one, with her horns gold-twin'd, to thy altar."
 These they utter'd praying, not unheard by Pallas Athena.
 But when their orisons they'd said to the daughter of high Jove,
 Then together press'd they, like lions, into the darkness,
 Through the livid carnage, on gore, on corpses, on armour.
- 295 But meantime Hector was, on his part, no whit allowing
 His Trojans to repose ; but calling a chosen assembly
 Of champions, eminent i' the land and chiefs o' the people,
 Whom having all muster'd, on a deep-laid counsel he enter'd :
 "What man will promise here, and dare this work that I ask for,
 300 Fairly to be guerdon'd ? for a prize right noble awaits him.
 I'll give that chariot, that pair which claims the precedence
 Of coursers massy-neck'd, amid all yon fleet of Achæa,
 Unto the man daring, for his own reputation eternal,
 Yon swift ships visiting, to return a report, if among them
 305 There be guardsmen alert as of old, or if haply the people,
 Confessing our triumph, are counselling how to push homeward,
 And if, dispirited by toil and hardship enormous,
 They no more be about their ships maintaining a night-watch."
 So said he, and silent they abode, and made not an answer ;
 310 Then rose one Dölo up, for so was yclep'd a Trojan
 Sprung from a noble herald, Eumedes, being his only
 Male issue, altho' among five sisters—great amid owners
 Of brass and yellow gold—swift-heel'd, but mean in appearance ;
 He near Hector approach'd, and spoke i' the midst o' the chieftains :
 315 "Hector, I have such a soul and heart as manfully prompt me
 Tow'rd yon swift galleys out, to report upon all that occurreth ;
 But stretch thy sceptre to me here, and vow to procure me
 Those very same horses, that draw dire-doing Achilles,
 And that same chariot brass-wrought with bravery wondrous.
 320 So shalt thou find me not an idle spy nor a useless,

For forwards will I urge my course, and reach Agamemnon's
Tent and his warriors ; for there, no doubt, will assemble
His chieftains, to debate on flight or standing against us."

He said it, and Hector, putting out his sceptre, averr'd it :

- 325 " Vouch Jove my promises, consort sky-rending of Hera,
I'll not allow any wight in Troy, save thee, to be owner
Of the superb horses ; thou alone shalt proudly possess them."

He spoke, and took his oath in vain ; but elate was his hearer,
Whose shoulders in a trice with shafts and bow were accoutred,

- 330 And then a gray wolf's-hide he cast as a mantle about him,
And put a helm fur-lin'd on his head ; with a lance then he arm'd him,
And clear'd th' encampment, and sped to the ships of Achaia,
Whence he ne'er was again to return with a tale to tell Hector.
Now, when Troy's chariots and troops he'd left at a distance,

- 335 Eager he hied onward, till aware was noble Ulysses
Of the man advancing ; then address'd he thus Diomedes :
" Some wight, O Diomed, from amidst our foes is approaching,
A spy bound, maybe, to the ships, or he haply desireth
Of low-laid cavaliers to denude for a booty the corpses.

- 340 But first now suffer him some while to stride by us onward,
Then sally we forwards, to lay hands unaware on him haply ;
But should he escape us with his heels, bear down on him always,
With ready lance cutting off his flight to the camp o' the Trojans,
And force him to the ships, nor leave any way to the town-walls."

- 345 So much having spoken, they turn'd to the midst o' the corpses,
Out o' the path some deal, while he strode quickly before them
Like a wittol thoughtless ; but aloof was he hardly the distance
O'er which a mule draweth (for they more deftly than oxen
Through deep-geleb'd acres tug a ploughshare skilfully fasten'd),

- 350 When straight they ran at him ; but he halted on hearing a movement,
Hopes in his heart stirring, that friends of his own were arriving,
Whom Hector (very like) had sent at his heels to recall him.

But within a spear's length, or less, when now they approach'd him,
Then did he his foemen recognise, and plied with alertness

- 355 His limbs to scud away ; they started as hotly behind him.
As when two dapper hounds, well-train'd, are seen in a woodland,
Chasing a hare or a fawn, straining close after her always,
While she fies querulous, their saw-like teeth at her open'd ;

- So set upon this man, cutting off and urging him always,
360 Here the son of Tydeus, and there city-rasing Ulysses.
But when he had well-nigh rush'd into the lines o' the guardsmen,
Tow'rd the galleys flinching, then strength from Pallas Athena
Was shed upon Diomed, that no plume-crested Achaian
Might hit his antagonist, and seize his glory before him.
365 He, the spear levelling, now approach'd, and call'd to the Trojan :
" Heh ! stand, or carry thence my lance. Thou'lt not be a waiter
Long for thy bitter end, if thou to 'scape me attemptest."

- So said he, and tow'rd him let fly, but wilfully miss'd him ;
So the polish'd lance-head, when it his right shoulder had hardly
370 Pass'd over, fasten'd i' the soil ; but alarm'd, the man halted,
Teeth together knickering, yellow fear disguising his aspect,
Till panting they arriv'd, and by both hands then attach'd him ;
Whereupon, imploring, through streaming tears he address'd them :
" Spare, make me prisoner ! to redeem my life I am able.
375 There's gold yonder at home, brass, iron skilfully temper'd,
From which my father will afford you a ransom enormous
Hearing I am yet alive, and held i' the ships of Achaia."
Outspoke then, to return him an answer, wary Ulysses :
" Take to thy heart comfort, let a thought of death not approach thee,
380 But tell me what I ask, and plainly return me an answer ;
What makes thee from among thy friends thus singly to wander
Through the muffled darkness, while sleep lays hold upon all men ?
Art thou come, fallen cavaliers to denude for a booty ?
Was't Hector sent thee to the ships, to report any tidings
385 Which thou couldst gather hence, or was't thine own spirit urged
thee ?"

- His limbs all quivering, the Trojan made them an answer :
" Hector had inflated my soul with frantic illusions,
Those horses promising, that draw dire-doing Achilles,
And that same chariot, brass-wrought with bravery wondrous.
390 For these he bade me to this hostile camp to betake me,
Through the rapid-gliding darkness, to report, if about it
Your guardsmen were alert, as of old, or if haply defeated,
Confessing our triumph, ye counsell'd how to push homeward ;
And if, dispirited by toil and hardship enormous,
395 Ye no more were about your ships maintaining a night-watch."
Then, smiling, gave him back an answer wary Ulysses :

- “ Perdy, thou covetest not a mean or scanty requital,
 Namely, yon Æacidan coursers, which are hard to be handled,
 And guided by a mortal wight, if it is not he only
 400 Whom a divine parent gave birth to, the matchless Achilles.
 But tell me what I ask, and plainly return me an answer :
 Say, where thou leftest, coming out, host-marshalling Hector,
 Where are his arms well-assay’d in fight, and where are his horses?
 What stations occupy the remaining troops, to repose in,
 405 Or maintaining a guard ? what plans are mooted among them ?
 Near our ships to remain encamp’d, or anon to re-enter
 Your city, contented with a victory won from Achaians ? ”
 Then Dölo, Eumedes’ offspring, thus in answer address’d him :
 “ I will about all things inform and truly direct thee.
 410 Hector amid those men, that have over affairs the direction,
 Is sitting in counsel, near Ilus’s holy sepulture,
 Out o’ the camp’s turmoil. But, about our guards to give answer,
 We’ve no distributed sentries set apart to secure us,
 But, round their several watch-fires, all those o’ the Trojans
 415 Whom need craves, are awake, and each one keeps in alertness
 His neighbors ; but in unlike guise are sleeping around us
 Our many confederates, to the Trojan troops giving over
 All their cares, having here no wives or babes to be heeded.”
 So said he, and then again bespoke him wary Ulysses :
 420 “ Are these confederates dispers’d i’ the midst o’ the Trojans,
 Or do they lie apart ? I claim to be herewith acquainted.”
 And Dölo, Eumedes’ offspring, thus in answer address’d him :
 “ I will of all these things inform and truly direct thee.
 Nigh the sea are Cares, Leleges, Pæonian archers
 425 Arm’d with bows sinuous, Caucons, and hardy Pelasgi.
 Tow’rd Thymbra are Lycians, Mysi with prowess elated,
 And dapper-hors’d Phrygians, and plum’d Mæonian helmets.
 But respective accounts why need’st thou seek any farther ?
 Since, if you meditate to push into the midst o’ the people,
 430 Yon Thracians lie apart, last come, last plac’d, with among them
 That son of Eioneus, King Rhesus, an owner of horses
 Unrivall’d, among all I’ve seen, for size or appearance,
 More white than snow-flakes, and like in speed to the tempest ;
 And in a car gorgeous with gold and silver arriv’d he,
 435 And in gold armour, wondrous to behold, was accoutred,
 Which seem’d not to belong to the world, or meet for a mortal

- Wight's wearing, but alone to befit the supernal Olympians.
But take me now away to the ships foam-riding of Argos,
Or leave me, bounden with a ruthless bond, to remain here
440 Until ye are come again ; so might you have ample assurance
Of whether I've told you now a truth or told you a falsehood."
Then the son of Tydeus, obliquely beholding him, answer'd :
"Think not of escaping though welcome be thy announcements,
O son of Eumedes, my danger once having enter'd,
445 Since, if we liberate this time, or let thee elude us,
Thou mayst yet come again (seest thou ?) to the ships of Achaia,
A spy's part performing, or hardily fighting against us ;
Whereas if, here finishing, mine hands thy life shall have ousted,
Thou'lt never henceforward give us Argives aught of annoyance."
450 He spoke, and fell on him, while, craving mercy, the Trojan
Was reaching well-nigh with his hand to the beard o' the foeman.
On the neck he smote him, both tendons cleanly dividing,
So that his head, speaking to the last, upon earth's lap alighted.
They then on his fur-lin'd head-piece came down in a moment,
455 And upon his brisk bow, long lance, and doublet o' wolf's hide.
These, in his hands compass'd, lifted the divine man Ulysses
Overhead in triumph, invoking Athena the reaver :
"Hail for these, O Athena ! 'mid all the supernal immortals
We'll ever invoke thee foremost ; now deign to direct us
460 Where lie those cavaliers of Thrace and Thracian horses."

- So said he, and reach'd out with his hands, and high on a gum-tree
The spoils distributed, then an area mark'd he around it
By breaking many reeds and boughs with greenery loaded,
Not to miss it, coming home, i' the dark rapid hours o' the night-time.
465 Forth went they then apace, on gore, on corpses, on armour,
And came up to the bounds, where Thrace's company rested,
Like to men o'er-labor'd. The glorious armour of each one
Lay near him, filling up their ranks, well grounded in order,
And each his double-yok'd coursers had near by him harness'd,
470 And Rhesus slumber'd i' the midst, and next him his horses
Swift-footed, whose head-stalls to the girth o' the car were ybounden.
Lo ! thus was Diomed by Ulysses call'd to behold him :
"Tydides, we have here that prince, and here are his horses,
Whom Dôlo out yonder disclos'd (whose life we have ousted).
475 Put then thy strength out ; for it is not now to the purpose

Here to remain idling, clad in arms ; look now to yon horses,
Or leave them to my hands, and turn thine own to the carnage.”

- So said he, and Diomed, with prowess fill'd by Athena,
Went killing all round him ; so an uncouth moan now ascended
480 From warriors brass-hack'd, and earth was crimsoning under.
And as sheep are attain'd, or goats in a flock, when a lion,
Where no guard is at hand, rushes evilly-minded upon them ;
So the son of Tydeus the Thracian squadron assaulted,
And twelve wights he anon despatch'd, his comrade assisting.
485 Whomsoever Diomed with sword came down on at arm's length,
Him, fasten'd by his heel, did Ulysses drag to the vanward.
He prudently devis'd the superb-man'd horses an outlet
Whence they might pass out unalarm'd, lest haply the corpses
Might their hearts terrify, not inur'd as yet to the carnage.
490 But the son of Tydeus King Rhesus now was attaining,
Whom thirteenth he assail'd, of life's priz'd breath to bereave him.
Sorely was he gasping, for a hateful dream from Athena
Reach'd his head on that night, figuring th' Æneidan hero.
But the well-hoov'd coursers meantime by wary Ulysses
495 Were rein'd and led away to the field quite out o' the leaguer.
He drove them with a bow, for he had not thought o' removing
Out o' the gay chariot the scourge with bright metal hafted.
Thus did he, and whistling for a signal, arous'd Diomedes,
Who with his heart meantime counsell'd what bolder achievement
500 He'd compass—would he haply the pole uplift, to pull outward
That chariot, which had arms inside and glorious armour,
Or souls of many more Thracians were't best to disharbor ?
These things he ponder'd in his heart, when came up Athena,
And near armipotent Diomedes standing, address'd him :
505 “ Hardy son of Tydeus, bend now thy thoughts to retreating
Tow'rd thy ships hollow-built ; else hunted mayst thou arrive there,
If some other Power these hosts of Troy should awaken.”
She spoke, and Diomed, the divine voice plainly discerning,
Mounted that chariot, with which to the ships of Achaia
510 Flew the steeds forwards, compelled with a bow by Ulysses.
Nor was not bright-bow'd Phœbus then alert as a guardian,
When the son of Tydeus he saw by Pallas assisted.
Sore anger'd i' the midst o' the Trojan camp he alighted,
And rous'd Hippocoon, to Thracians being a leader,

515 And cousin of royal Rhesus. From sleep he awaken'd,
And found empty the place where stood the swift-footed horses—
Found bodies of warriors quivering still, cruelly dinted,
Whereat a wail he rais'd, and mourn'd his dear fellow-champions;
And clamor and turmoil now arose i' the camp o' the Trojans,
520 When, together crowding, they saw their grim desolation,
While the men who wrought it, to the ships were swiftly returning.

These two having come again, where death they gave to the Trojan,
Their rapid-hoov'd coursers were arrested there by Ulysses.
Then sprang Tydides to the ground, and handed him upward
525 The spoils all bloody-mark'd; his seat he again then ascended,
And the steeds rous'd they, which away to the ships of Achaia
Blithely began rushing out, ever as they chose to direct them.
Spoke Nestor meanwhile, having heard their sound at a distance :
“ O my friends, Danaan sovereigns and heirs of allegiance,
530 It may not be a truth I speak, and yet will it outward.
Surely the sound penetrates to my ear of swift-footed horses ;
Send heav'n, that warlike Diomed may there with Ulysses
Be coming already back, driving good steeds o' the Trojans.
And yet am I much alarm'd, lest haply the best of Achaians
535 Should now stand ill at ease, by Trojans pell-mell assaulted.”

These last words had he hardly spoke, when they two, arriving,
Down to the ground lighted ; their comrades then to receive them
Came out with loving arms and friendly speeches on all sides ;
But Nestor question'd them anon, the Gerenian horseman :
540 “ O boast of Danaans, O nobly-renowned Ulysses,
Whence came these horses ? did ye into the midst o' the Trojans
Plunge down, or meeting with a god did ye haply receive them ?
Their splendor's wondrous to behold, and like to the sunbeams.
Day by day meet I yon Trojans, and I aver that
545 I loiter not amidst our ships, tho' an old man amongst you ;
And yet have I nowhere descried these marvellous horses.
I cannot help thinking from a power immortal ye had them.
Jove lavish of lightnings bears both of you equal affection,
And his daughter is eke your friend, bright-glancing Athena.”
550 Then spoke out to return him an answer, wary Ulysses :
“ Neleus-born Nestor, thou praise and boast of Achaians,
Easily might any god these steeds, or far better even,

- Have given us, willing it, for theirs is mastery matchless.
 But these are, veteran, new-arriv'd and Thracian horses ;
 555 And the king, who brought them, was slain by brave Diomedes ;
 So were twelve comrades of his also, the best men around him,
 And a spy, thirteenth, who, by the direction of Hector
 And of other Trojans vain-glorious, here was approaching
 Our camp, to spy it out ; him nigh to the ships we arrested."
- 560 So said he, and sped across the trench those hoof-clanging horses,
 Laughing, while many wights were attending blithely behind him.
 And soon, in Diomed's well-appointed tent having enter'd,
 The steeds of Rhesus they attach'd, with thongs well yshapen,
 Unto the same manger, whereat those swift-footed horses
 565 Whom he drove whilom, were their sweet barley devouring.
 Next in his own galley's hold the spoils were left by Ulysses
 Of Dölo all blood-stain'd, to prepare for rites of Athena.
 Then to the sea's margin they strode, and sweat that abounded
 On their necks as about their limbs they clear'd i' the waters,
 570 Which war-stains could efface, and grateful coolness afforded.
 Then the polish'd lavers they sought, and there having enter'd
 Bath'd, and their persons with abundant oil then anointed,
 Then sat down for a meal, whereat, from bowls brimming over,
 They pour'd drink-offerings, honey-savor'd wine, for Athëna.

BOOK XI.

THE WOUNDS OF THE LEADERS.

- Now quitting her paramour Tithonus, Morn was arising,
 Forth carrying daylight for mortals and for immortals.
 Now Jove sent Eris out to swift war-ships of Achaia,
 Fierce Eris who portents of fight in her hand was upholding,
 5 Down went she to the midst and made a stand on Ulysses'

Black galley whale-shoulder'd, from thence to be heard along each way,

Here to Ajax Telamon's, and there to the ships of Achilles,
Unto the two furthest confines o' the navy, protected
By these twain, who had hearts and hands to be hardly trusted.

10 Here the goddess, standing, shouted to the banded Achaïans
Her terrible war-peal, putting into the bosom of each one
New vigor and daring, to be unforweary'dly fighting—
Whence thoughts of warfare to them all grew sweet in a moment,
Far more than pushing home in barks prow-curl'd to the dear land.

15 And with her Atrides was abroad, and making his Argives
Arm, whilst he likewise in brass sight-dazzling array'd him ;
And his limbs foremost in a pair of greaves he accoutred,
Goodly, that had silver fast'nings wherewith to secure them ;
And above his cincture he attir'd him next with a breastplate
20 That Cinyras gave him, whilome, as a gift of a messmate,
When loud-voic'd the report in Cyprus arriv'd, that Achaïans,
Now ready for sailing Troywards, on ships had assembled ;
Unto the king's favor thus he hop'd to secure him an entrance.
This Cyprian breastplate three coils of cyanon all black,

25 And of soft tin elev'n, and twelve of gold had around it ;
And i' the neck meeting, three lindworms, cyanon also,
Were glittering many-hued, like rainbows, which for a portent
Jove i' th' cloud showeth to the tribes of language-enhanc'd men.
Then slung he on shoulders his broadsword, all studded over

30 With gold, and guarded by a sheath of silver around it,
And with gold fast'nings was it also fitly supported.
Then took he his rich-wrought buckler, that his whole body
guarded,

Poisable and splendid, which ten brass coils had about it,
And upon its surface contain'd it twice such a number

35 Of bosses of white tin, with a dark boss alone i' the midmost ;
And upon its margin was a Gorgon, elated in aspect
And cruel to behold ; and Flight and Fear were around it.
He seiz'd it by an argent brace, whereon was a lindworm
Dark-hued, and rolling many rings : heads three from a single
40 Neck thereon sprouted with a dreadful crest upon each one.
And then his head cloth'd he with his helm, emboss'd upon all sides,
Four-crested, shaded with a horse-tail dreadfully waving.

And last two javelins of might in his hand he uplifted,
 Sharp-pointed, that a brazen effulgence shot to the welkin,
 45 Whence in thunder Athena and Hera return'd him an answer,
 Paying honors manifest to the lord of wealthy Mycenæ.

Now began each Argive cavalier to direct that his horses,
 Unto the moat's margin driven up, be array'd well in order,
 While they afoot meantime, having arms and armour about them,
 50 Press'd to the van, greeting Day-dawn with an infinite outcry.
 Then with their charioteers following they came to the border,
 Ere yet their enemies were arriv'd, Jove 'twixt the two armies
 Shaping affrays baleful; for he out o' the midst o' the welkin
 Caus'd to descend earthwards bloody drops, his purpose avouching
 55 Of sending to the shades many souls with prowess acquainted.

The Trojans opposite were array'd, where slightly the surface
 Of their plain bulges; their chiefs were towering Hector,
 Æneas, reverenc'd i' the region like an immortal,
 Pulydamas, Acamas god-like in youthful appearance,
 60 Three men of Antenor's household, and splendid Agenor;
 And Hector was amidst them, his equal buckler upholding.
 As when among drift-clouds a star bale-breeding emerges
 Glistening, and then anew dives into the cloud shadow-launching,
 So sometimes Hector was among their front men appearing,
 65 And sometimes i' the rear, giving orders, all in his armour
 Glorious, as lightnings of Jove the dread ægis's holder.

Here then, as it fareth with a rich man's field, at his harvest,
 When reapers opposite reapers are clearing among them
 Wheat, or barley belike, which fast is falling in armfuls—
 70 Right so were Danaans and Trojans each his opponent
 Charging at and levelling; nor were they at all a remembrance
 Of base fear cherishing, but sprang to the mutual onset
 Like wolves, while Discord sorrow-working joy'd to behold them,
 For Discord took a part i' the combat alone of immortals,
 75 Since all but she alone were far, and quietly seated
 I' th' several precincts, where each one a fair habitation
 Held, given him for his own i' the shade-rich coombs of Olympus.
 But cloud-controlling Kronides they apace were arraigning
 For that day choosing to decree success to the Trojans;

- 80 But the supreme paramount their discontent little heeded.
 He sat down, parted from among them, alone at a distance,
 Joying in his puissance, surveying ships of Achaia
 And all Troy's precincts in a vista before him united,
 And slayers and slain men yfere, and brass-flashing armour.
- 85 Now while Morn lasted, the divine Day still winning empire,
 On both sides javelins took effect, and troops were a-falling.
 But what time in a mountain dell the repast of a woodman
 Is taken, when his hands have fell'd tall trees in abundance,
 And his soul yieldeth to the weariness, and in his inmost
- 90 Heart's precincts appetite penetrates of a savory morsel—
 Then was a breach open'd by strength and prowess Achaian
 Through th' enemies' squadrons, man charging man to be hardy ;
 And foremost Agamemnon emerg'd, who princely Bienor
 Smote, and next him a comrade of his, the good horseman Oïleus.
- 95 Who from their chariot leapt down, and rush'd up against him.
 He reach'd him with a lance i' the brow, forestalling his onslaught,
 So that his helm's heavy brass the cleaving spear could abide not,
 But metal it vanquish'd and bone, and entering inwards
 Dash'd his brains pell-mell ; so stemm'd were his eager approaches.
- 100 So these two the commander of hosts Agamemnon abandoned
 When stripping, he'd open'd to th' sun their ivory bosoms.
 Next of Priam assail'd he a lawful son with a bastard,
 Antiphus and Isus, that yfere on a car were arriving.
 Isus was charioteer, the spear bold Antiphus handled.
- 105 They'd once, while keeping their flocks i' the gorges of Ida,
 Been bound with willow boughs, and captive led by Achilles,
 Who freed them for a ransom again. Not so quitted either
 That lord of regions, th' Atreïan heir Agamemnon,
 Who lodg'd his javelin foremost i' the breast o' the bastard,
- 110 His nipple o'er-passing ; then smote by th' ear with a sword-cut
 Antiphus, and hurl'd him, dismounted, aloof from his horses.
 Their persons then in haste he stripp'd o' the beautiful armour,
 Well knowing them, as erst i' the midst o' the ships he had ey'd
 them,
 When swift Pelides thither off Mount Ida remov'd them.
- 115 As when a light roe's young the tremendous teeth of a lion
 Easily dismember, when he into the lair having enter'd
 Drains delicate vitals, their poor dam being unable,

Though she stood nigh enough, to give aid; for her whole body
trembles,

Yea, she must fly aloof herself, if sweat can avail her,

120 Through thicket and woodland, the tremendous foe rushing after;

So to succor these men none of all their Trojan associates
Had strength, but terrified they fled themselves from Achaïans.

Next these Atrides now assail'd two sons o' the war-vers'd
Antimachus, that of old had in Ilion hotly resisted,

125 When Paris had brib'd him with gold and goodly donations,
Their sending back Helen to rejoin yellow-hair'd Menelaus.

Two sons of such a wight were afore him, one Pisander,
One nam'd Hippolochus, that yfere their car had ascended;
And the polish'd traces they'd both forsaken affrighted.

130 Up to them Atrides now rush'd i' the guise of a lion;
But they from chariot stretch'd out their hands to beseech him:
"Spare, make us prisoners for a noble amends, son of Atreus!
Antimachus possesses many goods well gracing a household,
Both brass, and yellow gold, and iron skilfully temper'd.

135 From these our father would accord thee an ample atonement,
Hearing, that still alive we abode in ships of Achaïans."

So pray'd they, weeping, to the lord of wealthy Mycenæ
In soft words, but a voice unsoft was lifted in answer:

"How? is it Antimachus war-vers'd you claim for a parent?

140 Him that gave, whilom, sentence in a Trojan assembly
For slaying Menelaus along with noble Ulysses,
Ere they came back amongst us again, while each was a legate?
Now must you then atone your sire's unspeakable outrage."

He spoke, and carry'd off Pisander anon from his horses,

145 Hurl'd upon earth supine, transfix'd i' the breast with a lance-thrust.
Out leap'd Hippolochus; but of him too made he a booty,
When with sword he his hands had lopp'd, and neck cut asunder,
And, as a round stem is urg'd, roll'd him to the midst o' the carnage.
Thereupon he left them; but where most thickly commingled

150 The squadrons were struggling, he hied, follow'd up by Achaïans.
Now cavaliers cavaliers, foot-troops irresistibly forward
Bore terrified foot-troops; and dust in clouds was ascending
From the levels pounded by th' hooves of clangorous horses,
Deadly weapons lighting, while great Agamemnon, his Argives
155 Inspiring, with his own right-hand added aye to the carnage.

As 'mid a mighty forest when blinding fire is awaken'd,
 Sway'd hither and yonder by wrestling winds, when, in hundreds
 Uprooted, massy trunks are strewn i' the midst o' the ruin ;
 So sank heads, i' the pathway of Atreus-born Agamemnon,
 160 Of scattering Trojans ; amid whom many neck-massive horses
 Plung'd, hurrying chariots unmann'd i' the lanes o' the carnage,
 Forlorn of their good charioteers, whose limbs at a distance
 Were strown more loveable to the vultures than to the wenches.
 But still was Kronides, amid all the storm o' the lances
 165 And horror and uproar of carnage, sheltering Hector.
 Atrides hurried on meantime, exhorting his Argives,
 Who now were to the mound of Dardanid Ilus attaining
 Through the level's midmost, well-nigh to the side o' the beech-
 tree,
 Tow'rd the city straining, while loud i' the rear Agamemnon
 170 Shouted, while gore-stain'd were his hands that allow'd no ap-
 proaches.

But when they came up to the Scæan gate, to the beech-tree,
 Here halting, they allowed their stragglers time to rejoin them.
 But still their enemies fled in open country before them,
 Like herds, by dead o' night startled, that flee from a lion—
 175 All flee, save one alone, upon whom death quickly descendeth ;
 Whose neck having master'd, his puissant teeth in it enter'd,
 Soon upon her vitals fresh-bleeding makes he a banquet.
 Thus follow'd Atrides this fugitive host i' the rearward,
 Their last men cutting off, they flying as hotly before him ;
 180 Thus many from chariot were thrown, face over or under,
 Where raging still afront his deadly spear had alighted.
 But, the city's ramparts when he almost now was attaining,
 Then the common parent of mortals and of immortals
 Left heaven, and sat upon the summits of fountainous Ida,
 185 Holding in his right hand lightnings, and call'd by him Iris
 Gold-glittering-plumag'd, and gave her a charge to declare it :
 " Rise and go, carry tow'rd Hector, rapid Iris, a warning.
 So long as he marketh the commander of hosts Agamemnon
 Raging among foremost fighters, ranks mortally mowing,
 190 Still withdrawn let him hold himself, his people arousing
 Their enemies to resist, the battle so deadly dareyning.
 But whenever, wounded by a lance, or reach'd by an archer,

Atrides shall his horses seek, thenceforth will I Hector
 Strengthen, till massacring to the well-tier'd ships he arriveth.
 195 Till the sun have sunken, till sacred darkness ascendeth."

So said he, and not a whit gainsaid wind-outstripping Iris :
 From many-ridg'd Ida straightway she flew to divine Troy,
 And found there war-skill'd Priam's son, egregious Hector,
 Standing in his firm-built chariot, to the rear of his horses ;
 200 And, near him coming up, thus address'd him wind-footed Iris :
 " Thou, like Jove to be heard in council, Priamid Hector,
 Our father Kronides hath by me sent thee a warning—
 While still thou markest the commander of hosts Agamemnon
 Raging among foremost fighters, ranks mortally mowing,
 205 Content thee to remain withdrawn, thy people arousing
 Their enemies to resist, the battle so deadly dareyning.
 But whenever, wounded with a lance, or reach'd by an archer,
 Atrides shall his horses seek—he'll victory give thee
 Thenceforth, till massacring to the well-tier'd ships thou arrivest,
 210 Till the sun have sunken, till sacred darkness ascendeth."

So much having spoken, withdrew wind-outstripping Iris.
 Lightly from his chariot to the ground leapt Hector in armour,
 Poising two javelins ; then his host survey'd he on all sides,
 Their hearts inspiriting, rousing the sternness of onslaught.
 215 Thereat they rallied all, and fac'd upon Argos's armies ;
 But these in good array strengthen'd their files to resist them ;
 So with oppos'd aspect they form'd ; amid whom Agamemnon
 Sprang to the charge foremost, for he had no mind to be outdone.

Now prompt me Muses, possessors of Olympian houses.
 220 Who came first forward, that dar'd, whether out o' the Trojan
 Companies, or league-mates good-at-arms, to resist Agamemnon ?
 Iphidamas, son of Antenor, stout and dapper-hearted,
 He that o' Thrace deep-gleb'd, mother of many flocks, was a
 nurseling ;
 There Cisseus in his home had rear'd him, being a guardian
 225 And grandsire of his own—Cisseus, who lovely Theano
 Had for a dear daughter ; this prince, when glorious youthhood
 Reach'd his ward, kept him for a guest, and made him her
 husband.

- He quitted her bower, when he heard the reports of Achaïans,
And twelve ships prow-curl'd follow'd him ; but these he abandon'd
230 In Percope anon ; 'twas afoot that he Ilion enter'd.
This same Iphidamas now stood to resist Agamemnon ;
And but a short distance parted these foemen asunder,
When first Atrides took an aim, but miss'd his opponent ;
Thereupon Iphidamas his belt, just under his hawberk,
235 Reach'd, and the spear-point urg'd in with his hand's heavy seizure ;
Yet could it ill penetrate that cincture daintily graven,
But, flattening lead-like, by an argent plate 'twas arrested.
On the spear set his hand and tugg'd it lord Agamemnon
With leonine seizure, and wrested it out o' the foe's hand,
240 And his neck so attain'd with sword, that erect he abode not,
But reel'd, and fell adown, and slept a slumber of iron.
So died he ruth-worthy, the cause o' the townsmen upholding,
Far from his early-belov'd, his consort holily plighted.
Scarce were his hopes tasted, yet had he paid largely to gain her.
245 Of cattlè he paid out fivescore, thereafter a thousand
Goats and ewes promising ; for thereof he own'd in abundance.
Now was it all ended ; th' Atreïan heir Agamemnon
Slew the man, and carry'd off to the ranks his glorious armour.
Thereof when Coon was aware, that spearman accomplish'd,
250 Antenor's eldest son, a blinding grief on his eyes fell,
For never henceforward to possess that dear brother hop'd he.
Lance-arm'd he stood aside, Agamemnon's notice eluding,
And in his arm reach'd him, by a thrust, close under his elbow,
And opposite carry'd out his shining point to the daylight.
255 Cold shuddering fell upon the commander of hosts Agamemnon ;
Yet ceas'd he not a whit from toiling or hardily fighting,
But with spear wind-drinking in hand, he turn'd to the foeman,
Who slain Iphidamas, the brother partaking his own blood,
Had seiz'd on by his heel, and on their best fellow-champions
260 Was calling to give aid—to secure that slain body yearning.
Him, dragging it troopwards, Agamemnon's spear so arriv'd at,
Just below his bossy shield, that limbs no more could uphold him ;
Then close t' Iphidamas, Atrides made the man headless.
So sank two, by a single foe, to the mansion of Hades,
265 Children of Antenor, their fated courses accomplished.
But the king hied onwards, and rank and file the remainder,
With sword, with javelin, with enormous stones he assaulted—

Whilst in a warm fountain from his hurt his blood yet ascended.
 But when it had stinted flowing, when it over him harden'd,
 270 Sharp pangs then fell upon the strength o' the great son of Atreus.
 Like women, whom Hera's birth-hindering offspring are hunting
 (The stern Ilithuias, who o'er bitter anguish have empire)—
 Hunting with javelin that rends and cruelly galls them—
 So with pangs was assail'd the strength o' the great son of Atreus.
 275 His chariot with hot haste he clomb; his driver he order'd
 Tow'rd the galleys forthright, for his heart with pain was amated;
 But calling thus aloud, he appeal'd to the princes Achaian:
 "Ho, comrades, Danaan cavaliers and kingly commanders!
 Be 't yours henceforward to defend from furious onset
 280 Our ships foam-travelling; but guardian Jove disalloweth
 Me to remain 'gainst Troy fighting till day shall have ended."

So said he, and forthwith to the well-tier'd ships rapid horses,
 Urg'd by their charioteer, themselves rush'd on willing-hearted.
 Foam their breasts whiten'd, below all with mire was immingled,
 285 While their gall'd king in haste they tugg'd away out o' the combat.
 And in a trice Hector both loud and long to the Trojans
 And Lycians shouted, viewing the retreat o' the leader:
 "Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardans close-battle-handling,
 Comrades, be warriors, recollect to be hardy to rescue.
 290 Their best man's fled aloof; now drive your clangorous horses
 Up to the bold Danaans, and win reputation eternal."

So said he, and spirited their hearts and minds to be hardy;
 And as against lion perchance, or boar o' the wild-wood,
 When dapper hounds white-tooth'd are cheer'd to the fight by a
 huntsman,
 295 So the son of Priam, like-dreadful as host-quelling Ares,
 Urg'd along his Trojans to encounter th' armies of Argos.
 He to the first fighters advanc'd, with 's daring elated,
 And plung'd into the fight, as plunges a wind o' the welkin,
 Mottling up in breakers th' expanse o' the violet-hued sea.

300 Who was kill'd foremost then of all by Priamid Hector?
 Who was kill'd latest, while Jove with victory grac'd him?
 Autonus foremost, Assæus anon, then Opites,
 And Clytian Dolopus, then Opheltius and Agelaus,

Oarus, Æsymneus and Hipponus hardy to rescue.

- 305 Nine Danaan leaders he smote, and next i' the people
 Made havoc, as Zephyrus disperses clouds i' the welkin
 Pil'd by swift Nötus up, when his huge hurricano attacks them,
 While high-swoll'n welter many waves, and over about them
 Fly spray-flakes, which aloft this wind far-wandering hurleth ;
 310 Heads upon heads tumbled thus apace i' the pathway of Hector.

Now would it in carnage and monstrous ruin have ended,
 And slaughter'd i' the ships had sunk the remaining Achaians,
 Had the son of Tydeus not been thus address'd by Ulysses :
 " What do we, Diomed, forgetful of hardy resistance ?

- 315 Nay, come hither, comrade ; stand by me ; if host-quelling Hector
 Should the galleys capture, we must to the world be a byword."
 And stalwart Diomed bespoke, and made him an answer :
 " I'll stand fast by thee, be assur'd ; yet that can avail us
 But little, if Kronides Cloud-marshaller unto the Trojans
 320 Will grant predominance, and means of his aid to deprive us."
 He spoke, and flung on earth Thymbræus aloof from his horses,
 Whose left breast with lance he attain'd ; but next him Ulysses
 Hit Molion, carmate to the same king, a man demi-godlike ;
 These they left grovelling, content they'd made the men harmless ;
 325 But carrying turmoil, they plung'd i' th' midst o' the Trojans,
 Like, in train'd pack of hounds, wild boars that scorn to be hinder'd.
 So rallying slew they many foes, but gladly did Argives
 Seize the relief yielded by plume-tossing Hector a moment.

Two men mounted yfere they reach'd, the cream of a nation,
 330 Born both of Meropus, Percosian augur accomplish'd,
 Who fain would not have had those sons expos'd to the danger
 Of the never-sparing conflict ; but they disobey'd him,
 For death's dark agents to the goal of destiny drove them.
 Now the son of Tydeus, lance-fam'd, from both o' them ousted

- 335 Their spirit and very soul, and stripp'd their marvellous armour.
 Hippodamus fell too, with Hypirochus, under Ulysses.
 Thus 'twixt both armies Kronides made victory waver,
 And both made conquests, he upon Mount Ida beholding.
 'Twas then that Diomed struck Agastrophus over his hip-joint,
 340 Pæon's bold offspring, when he had not a car to repair to.
 Far off he'd left it, prompted by an unlucky rashness,

With the men who follow'd him, that he into the core o' the combat
Might run afoot ; therefore dear life was forfeited even.

Warily mark'd Hector this assault, his troop tho' arraying,

345 And thither hied shouting, follow'd up by Troy's battle-order.

Nor was not warlike Diomedes loth to behold him ;

Not the less he spoke thus to Ulysses, near him abiding :

“ Tow'rd us the scourge comes ; it is high-proud Hector approaches !

But go to, let us halt, and make a stand to resist him.”

350 So said he, and brandish'd, till he hurl'd, his spear shadow-launching,
Which reach'd and miss'd not, but flew to the cope of his helmet,
And on his head founder'd, when brass by brass was arrested,
His comely skin unhurt ; so avail'd the strength of his head-piece
High peak'd, three-crested, given him by Phœbus Apollo.

355 Hereupon he drew back not a few steps, into the legion,
And sank down, pressing under him earth with his hands' heavy
seizure ;

And black Night on his eyes began already drawing a curtain.

But while Tydides advanc'd i' the midst o' the fighters,

His spear's course following, which on earth far off had alighted,

360 Hector drew breath again, till he into his car had ascended,
And drove into the crowd, flinching Death's hated approaches.
But stalwart Diomed, with spear rushing after, address'd him :

“ Thou 'scapest me afresh, dog ! a mischief certes alighted

Full near thee, but again did Phœbus Apollo preserve thee ;

365 Worship him henceforward, ever ere the spears whiz about thee.

However, I'll finish all, perdy, when next I attain thee,

Unless I err trusting, that I eke have allies on Olympus ;

But meantime to the rest I'll turn, and take what arriveth.”

So said he, and rifled the spear-fam'd Pæonid hero.

370 Thereat Alexander, that bright Helen had for a consort,

His bow 'gainst Diomed pointed, that pastor of armies—

'Neath a column shelter'd, on a grave of a law-giver ancient
(Ilus, of whose lineage men attested Dardanus author) ;

Thence, while Tydides was stooping, Agastrophus handling,

375 Seizing on his rich-wrought breastplate, his ponderous helmet,

And below his shoulders his shield—the Trojan against him

Strain'd bow 'gainst arrow-barbs, nor loos'd he a shaft ineffective.

It struck upon Diomed's right ankle, and yonder emerging,

- Unto the ground pinn'd him ; then sprang Paris out of his ambush
 380 All blithe and well-appay'd, and boastfully gave him a greeting :
 " Thou'st got it : I sent thee no futile shaft ! O, if only
 In thy flank settling thus deep, thy life it had ousted !
 So Troy might yet again take breath from grievous affliction,
 Troy, by thee terrified, like bleating goats by a lion."
 385 Answer'd him stalwart Diomedes no whit amated :
 " Ha, bowman, coxcomb, ready railer, maidenhead-hunter !
 Were but we two alone confronted in arms for a trial,
 Neither bow nor arrows thick-showering aught should avail thee.
 Art with my scratch'd foot so elated ? That do I heed not ;
 390 Some woman or silly child could have hit me more to the purpose.
 Feebly the shaft reaches from a shooter unhelpful, unhardy ;
 Not so my weapon hurts, if it have but graz'd a man only,
 But with it his destruction arrives. His wife for him henceforth
 Her delicate features may rend ; his children are orphans ;
 395 And rotting his body lies, on gore-stain'd soil, in an odor
 More fit for gathering vultures than wenches around him."

- He spoke, and near him now arriving, noble Ulysses
 Stood to give him shelter, whilst he that shaft from his ankle
 Was sitting and pulling out, while pain thro' his whole body darted.
 400 His chariot then in haste he clomb, and bade that his horses
 Should speed him to the ships, for his heart with pain was amated.
 So Laertiades stood alone, nor was there an Argive
 Now bore him fellowship, such fear upon all had alighted.
 Hereupon indignant, thus his own great heart he accosted :
 405 " Ah ! what can come of it ? for scath and shame it appeareth
 By numbers to be overborne ; yet worse may await me
 Being alone captur'd, while Jove dismays my associates.
 But what am I doing, that I hold such a parley within me ?
 Sure I know well enough 'tis cravens flee from a combat ;
 410 But the man whom prowess distinguishes, he to the latest
 Must hold out, whether hurt himself or wounding a foeman."

- All this time, in his heart and mind as he inly debated,
 Companies of Trojans, heavy-buckler'd, march'd up against him,
 And compass'd him around, and hemm'd their fear in among them.
 415 And, as where many dogs and young men lusty for aidance
 Some wild boar may assail, when he out of a dingle emerges,

Sharpening his white tusks i' the well-slung jaws he is arm'd with—
Then round him they approach; then are heard teeth fearfully
champing—

They flinch not, nor avails his grimness at all to repel them;

- 420 Thus Laertiades, the beloved of Jove, was assaulted
By the men of Troytown. He among them Deïopetes
First ran at, and pierc'd him with a keen spear nigh to the shoulder;
Next he added Thoon, next Eunomus, unto the fallen;
And last Chersidamas, who, drawn on a car, had approach'd him,
425 Clean below his bossy shield he reach'd with a lance i' the navel,
So that having fallen to the dust, he writh'd on his elbow.
These quitting unrifled, their victor attain'd with a lance-thrust
That brother of Socus, Charopus, son of Hippasus high-born.
Him to defend Socus came forward, like an immortal,

- 430 And standing full near, thus address'd he noble Ulysses:
“Thou, that of endurance and craft never hast any surfeit,
Fam'd Laertiades, this day thou must be a victor
Of both Hippasidæ, the spoils of both of us earning,
Or by my spear-thrust hath first thy life to be ended.”

- 435 So said he, and urg'd it full against his shield's massy roundure.
Through glittering buckler, through breastplate daintily graven
Made way that spear-head so burly, till entering onward
It graz'd his skin athwart his ribs; but Pallas Athena
There check'd, and would not suffer it to win on to the vitals.

- 440 Thereat, upon knowing this assault was abortive, Ulysses
Drew back a few footsteps, and made a reply to the Trojan:
“Ha, caitiff ill-fated, now death cometh hastily tow'rd thee;
Thou'st checked me (that I own) from fighting against thy
associates;

But for thee's slaughter with eternal darkness appointed

- 445 This day, when staggering thou'lt yield my spear reputation,
And yield thy spirit up to steed-egregious Hades.”

So said he, and Socus to retire began already turning;
Then below his shoulders reach'd him the spear of Ulysses.
Sternly was it driven on, till it out o' the breast was emerging;

- 450 So dropp'd he with a clank; then vaunted loudly the victor:
“Whew! thou'st gone foremost to thy end, son of Hippasus hardy
And dreaded on chariot; my spear has mortally reach'd thee.
Ha, caitiff, whose eyelids in death must neither a father's

Nor a mother's fingers compose ; but birds bloody-feeding
 455 Shall thy rent body tug, many foul wings beating about thee.
 I'll have from Danaans, if need be, a holy sepulture."

Then began he drawing that burly spear o' the Trojan's
 Both from his own body forth and out o' the shield's massy
 roundure.

Streaming blood follow'd it, sore pain his soul having enter'd.
 460 But pellmell ran at him with a shout Troy's hardy defenders
 I' th' moment it appear'd that blood was spilt of Ulysses.

Then began he backward to retire, and call'd his associates.
 Thrice his voice, shouting, to the farthest reach was uplifted,
 Thrice, succor invoking, martial Menelaus had heard him,

465 And Ajax he thereat address'd, now near him abiding :

" Hear me, Jove-nurtur'd paramount, Telamonian Ajax ;
 There streameth to my ear now a voice as of hardy Ulysses,
 Like as if our enemies were on all sides closing around him
 With strenuous warfare and uncontrollable onslaught.

470 But to this encounter speed we ; for he ought to be holpen.

I fear, lest thus alone it might go amiss with a champion,
 Whom thenceforth Danaans would have all too deeply to mourn
 for."

So said he, and led away, while, like as a god, follow'd Ajax,
 Where Laertiades, the belov'd of Jove, had around him

475 Trojan crowds, as about some wounded deer i' the mountains

Tawny jackals cluster ; say, th' archer's shaft has attain'd him,
 And rapid hooves help'd him for a time, while out of his hurt yet
 Well'd his blood lukewarm, and lithe his limbs yet upheld him.

Soon, when on his life-springs the malign arrow gains domination,

480 Then meets he new attacks i' the shade-rich dells o' the mountain :

First the jackals snap at him ; then a monstrous lion among them
 Has rush'd, and scattereth that troop, and all is his only.

Right thus now Trojans round hardy, deviceful Ulysses

Came many, came good-at-arms ; but he aye was charging
 against them,

485 Lance-arm'd, and warding from his head the fell hour that
 approach'd him :

Up then came Ajax with a shield that appear'd as a tower,
 Stood by him, and many ways dispers'd those troops of assailants,
 Till so far martial Menelaus had out o' the medley

Drawn his friend by th' hand, that his own charioteer now attain'd him.

- 490 Ajax then rushing up to the foe, gave death to Doryclus,
Priamidán bastard ; then smote he Pandocus also,
Pyrasus, and Lysander anon, then fifthly Pylartes.
As when an autumnal full-swollen stream from a mountain
Comes to the plain headlong, when Jove's rainfall has arous'd it,
495 And many tall pine-trees, many firm-grain'd oaks i' the waters
Are carry'd, and rubble-heaps to the surf are swept in abundance ;
So came now, scouring that plain, Telamonian Ajax,
Slaughtering horse and rider. Of whom unaware yet had Hector
Far off been fighting, to the left extreme o' the combat,
500 Near the Scamander's bank ; nor were not there above all parts
Heads dropping in numbers, the strife unslakably raging ;
For there Idomeneus, and there fought Nestor heroic,
By many their followers sustain'd ; whom Hector opposing,
His lance, his chariot with dreadful alacrity guiding,
505 Made broad gaps i' the rank and file o' the youth of Achaia.
Yet the gallant Danaans their ground might ne'er have abandon'd
But that Alexander, that bright Helen had for a consort,
Sent an arrow three-barb'd to Machaon, pastor of armies,
Which, when it his right shoulder attain'd, his prowess arrested.
510 Much were thereat alarm'd those Argive companies hardy ;
And anon Idomeneus Jove-nurtur'd Nestor accosted :
" Neleadan Nestor, safeguard and boast of Achaïans,
Mount on thy chariot with speed, and give to Machaon
Place in it, and hasten to the ships the tough hooves o' thy horses.
515 Sure the man of leechcraft should count for more than a number,
Skill'd to remove arrow-heads, and skill'd with salves to relieve us."
Thus spoke Idomeneus, and Nestor was not unheedful,
But sought his chariot ; whereon the surgeon also
Clomb, the son of complete Asclepius, hardy Machaon.
520 Then the lash he lifted, but blithely started his horses
Tow'rd the galleys well-array'd, where best they lik'd to betake
them.

Meanwhile Cebriones, who at Hector's side was attending,
Spoke out and warn'd him, seeing the repulse o' the Trojans :

- " Dost thou mark, Hector, that while we are here with Achaïans
525 Fighting in our confines, i' the bounds of war's grim alarms,
'Midst our friends yonder rages Telamonian Ajax,

And scattereth chariots and troops? I know well his aspect,
 And upon his shoulders recognise that buckler enormous.
 Come, let us our coursers to the rescue speed up among them,
 530 Where in hottest conflict, for mutual injury craving,
 Clash the foot and horsemen, where rises an outcry enormous."

So much having spoken, the superb-man'd horses he hasten'd
 With scourge of shrilly sound; the stroke whereof they obeying
 Sped the rapid chariot through Trojans and through Achaïans,
 535 O'er bodies, o'er bucklers; its axles crimsoning under
 And all its cincture wi' the gouts of blood that ascended'
 In front from clashing hooves and from dizzy wheels to the rear-
 ward.
 Eager he hied onward, coveting to plunge i' the midmost
 Crowd of his antagonists, and through them break. With his onset
 540 Came uncouth disarray; scarce seem'd his lance ever idle.
 However, he fell upon the remaining companies always,
 With sword, with javelin, with enormous stones, but avoided
 Meeting one man alone, and that Telamonian Ajax.

But the supreme timoneer, Kronides, sent fear upon Ajax;
 545 And perplex'd he abode; his seven-hide shield having o'er him,
 And look'd out, terrified, to the crowd; as a beast o' the wild-
 wood

Turns to retreat sidling, limb past limb barely removing.
 As when, some cattle-house to defend, come assailing a tawny
 Lion his antagonists, both hounds and men, that against him
 550 In the forest all night have watch'd, and would not allow him
 That dapper herd's fatness for a prize; which he hungering after
 Now rushes out; yet avails this nought; so thickly to meet him
 Fly darts and firebrands, quitting hands of swains that are hardy,
 So that he is daunted, despite o' the rage of his hunger,
 555 And slinks home, when morning emerges, his heart in him aching;
 Thus from among Trojans went Ajax, hugely reluctant,
 With spirit indignant: th' endanger'd fleet so alarm'd him.
 As when a field's enter'd by an ass, 'midst lads that oppose him,
 A slow beast, upon whom are broken staves in abundance,
 560 He trudges on, browsing the lush herbage, whilst on him always
 His troublers ply apace their staves—whose swinking is useless,
 For, when his own appetite subsides, he is only then ousted;

- Thus the gallant Trojans and league-mates nobly-renownèd,
 Round their tall enemy swinking (Telamonian Ajax),
 565 Spent many keen spear-heads i' th' midst of his huge bossy buckler :
 And Ajax now awhile was mindful of hardy resistance,
 And fac'd at them again, till he held at bay the reverting
 Companies of steed-proud Trojans, now afore them he 'ielded ;
 And ever he check'd those who made to the ships any movement.
- 570 Thus strove he, standing now apart betwixt the two armies,
 Trojans and Danaans ; while darts, by daring assailants
 Launch'd, in part enter'd in his huge shield, hot to push onwards,
 And in part many times fell short, and midway alighted
 Into the ground quivering, to devour his fair body pining.
- 575 But when, with many darts pester'd, descried him Evæmon's
 Beautiful Eurypylus, then, tow'rd his side having hasted,
 His bright spear he upheld, and launch'd, and deep i' the vitals
 Reach'd the son of Phariseus, Apisaon, a guide o' the people,
 Through the liver pinning him : so limbs no more could uphold him.
- 580 Up rush'd Eurypylus to denude his breast of his armour ;
 But when Alexander, the divine in beauty, beheld him
 Laying bare Apisaon's corpse, his bow was alertly
 Turn'd upon Eurypylus, from which flew a shaft that attain'd him
 And his right thigh lam'd, wherein, though broken, it enter'd.
- 585 Back stepp'd he, from bane to retire, 'mid his host of associates,
 But cried out, with a lifted voice, to the banded Achaians :
 " O comrades, Danaan champions and kingly commanders,
 Now rally to stand fast, and keep the fell hour at a distance
 From the son of Telamon, that against yon darts can abide not,
- 590 Else I see little hope he'll 'scape from war's grim alarums ;
 But stand, stand forward to defend Telamonian Ajax."
 These he utter'd wounded ; they arriving abreast of him, halted,
 Shouldering all bucklers, their lines condensing in order,
 Their lances levelling ; then came in front o' them Ajax,
 595 Fac'd round, and halted, when amongst his foes he had enter'd.
 Here toil'd they thus amain in a burning, fiery conflict.

But tugging out Nestor from affray, toil'd Nelean horses ;
 Nestor was charioteer, and next him princely Machaon.
 This noted, looking on, the rapid-footed hero Achilles,
 600 Who stood, surveying from his own vast-hull'd galley's hindmost,

- The sturdy stress of arms, and conflict's baleful alarums.
 Whereupon he straightway call'd forth Patroclus his helpmate,
 From the vessel sending to the tent his voice ; which on hearing,
 Came out, like Ares to behold, the Menætiad hero,
 605 And spoke out foremost, to commence thus his own desolation :
 " Why dost thou call me ? what need'st thou with me, Achilles ? "
 Then swift Pelides bespoke and made him an answer :
 " Hero Menætiades, whose love my soul is appay'd with,
 I trow now, that about my knees th' imploring Achaïans
 610 Will throng me, constrain'd by a need unbearable henceforth.
 Only go ask Nestor, my Jove-lov'd trusty Patroclus,
 Who's the man he carries here wounded, from affray to remove him ?
 In the back he seemeth to resemble fairly Machaon,
 Whom Asclepius own'd his child ; I saw not his aspect,
 615 So rapid he pass'd me, for his horses are hot to push homeward."
 So said he, and Patroclus obey'd his dear fellow-champion,
 And started to run out to the ships and tents of Achaïans.

- Now came those cavaliers to the tent o' the Nefead hero,
 And from their mountures upon earth many-feeding alighted,
 620 And soon Eurymedon the steeds o' that elder unharness'd,
 His follower good-at-arms : then, facing anon to the sea-wind,
 On the rivage standing, they wip'd their sweat from about them,
 Then stepp'd into the tent, and took their seats to repose on.
 Then 'gan make them a drink Hecamede comelily-braided,
 625 Daughter of Arsinous mickle-hearted, who, after Achilles
 Had Tenedos captured, was singled out by Achaïans
 As Nestor's ; for of all in council he held the precedence.
 Now foremost in front o' the men she drove up a table
 Beautiful and lustrous, with feet of dusk metal under ;
 630 Then set a brass charger, then made she a whet for a potion
 With comb-drawn honey, leeks, and meal o' the bounteous harvest ;
 She set a rare goblet thereby with gold studded over,
 Ta'en by that veteran from his house, which around it had handles
 Four, and doves gold-wrought, one pair to one handle, a-feeding ;
 635 And below it likewise was a pair that serv'd to support it.
 This goblet most men could uneath lift up from a table,
 When fill'd, but veteran Nestor right easily rais'd it.
 Here for their beverage the supernally beautiful handmaid
 Pour'd wine Pramnean, grated goat's cheese in it also

- 640 Out of a brass grater, besprinkled meal o' the whitest,
 And bade them sip anon, when aright their drink was attemper'd.
 They then having drunken, when parching thirst was ejected,
 Exchanging narratives, 'gan parley sweetly between them ;
 When, god-like to behold, Patroclus came to the tent-door ;
- 645 At which sight, quitting his bright throne, rose Nestor in haste up,
 And took his hand, led him into the tent, and there would have
 held him ;
 Yet would not Patroclus assent, but made him an answer :
 " Must not sit, veteran Jove-nurtur'd, dare not obey thee :
 August and dread is he that I have to return a reply to—
- 650 Who's the man, whom wounded thou driv'st? but princely Machaon
 I myself recognise : I'll therefore take back Achilles
 These tidings : well enough thou know'st, nor need I apprise thee,
 Jove-nurtur'd veteran, the director I have to commune with,
 Impatient, quick enough to blame the unblamable even."
- 655 Him Nestor then in answer address'd, the Gerenian elder :
 " Ah me ! what means he to deplore any sons of Achaia,
 Whom javelins have attain'd ? he sees not at all what a number
 Of mournings i' the camp are on hand : what if each o' the foremost,
 By missile or spear-thrust, i' the tents lies already wounded ?
- 660 There lies armipotent Diomedes, struck from a distance,
 And Laertiades in close fight, and Agamemnon.
 Eurypylos lies there, whose thigh was reach'd by an archer.
 Here's another nigh thee, that I have withdrawn but an instant
 From the battle, wounded by a wing'd arrow's head : but Achilles,
- 665 Our pride, for Danaans cares not, nor rues he upon them.
 What ? waits he to behold our ships consum'd to the sea-mark
 With fire by Trojans, i' th' teeth o' the prowess of Argives,
 And ourselves pellmell massacred ? ourselves, for I have not
 That strength wherewith of old my well-slung limbs were acquainted.
- 670 O were I as young again, perdy, with thewes to rely on,
 As 'twixt the Eleans and us when arose such a contest
 From my driving away their beasts, a security seizing,
 And killing Itymoneus, that Hyperochid heir, who in Elis
 Was dwelling at this time, good-at-arms. He among the defenders
- 675 Was reach'd, i' th' foremost fighters, by a lance o' my aiming,
 And brought down ; whereat fled in haste his company rustic.
 So the spoils o' the field we seiz'd in splendid abundance :

- There were fifty good herds of kine, and so many flocks too
 Of goats and woolly sheep, and swine-droves twice such a number.
 680 Of bay steeds likewise we'd three times so many females,
 And foals with not a few : these all we drove i' the darkness
 Tow'rd Pylos and royal Neleus, who, dearly delighted,
 Saw me, so young a man, bringing home from fight such a booty.
 Then shrill-voiced summoners, as soon as dawn was emerging,
 685 Convok'd all men aggriev'd, who had aught in beautiful Elis
 Wrongfully kept from them, to reclaim it, where an assembly
 Of Pylian chieftains to divide the spoils were appointed.
 Nor were not creditors of Epeans found in abundance ;
 So much had our Pylians, when feeble, endur'd of ill-usage.
 690 Alcides' puissance i' the bygone years had oppress'd us,
 And our best champions o'erthrown ; and I was alone then
 Left Neleus, when elev'n fine youths had fall'n of his offspring ;
 And, hereby made hardy, the brass-plate-coated Epeans
 Browbeat us, and many things unjust and monstrous attempted.
 695 Now veteran Neleus, for his own indemnity, seiz'd on
 Both cattle, and woolly flocks, and pastors, up to three hundred ;
 For much had he likewise to reclaim in Jove-blessèd Elis,
 Where he had his chariot, when a race was in hand for a tripod,
 Sent with four coursers, which prizes had earn'd in arenas—
 700 And these Augeas, king of hosts, had forcibly seiz'd on,
 And made their charioteer walk home, distress'd for his horses.
 Hence my father, aggriev'd in word now as oft as in action,
 Seiz'd himself an enormous share, and gave to the people,
 That none might lack his own, the remains o' th' prey to divide it.
 705 These we distributed piecemeal, and brought the supernals,
 All round our city walls, offerings : but a third day elaps'd not,
 Or ever our enemies, many troops and hard-footed horses
 Yonder in arms muster'd (the Molions being among them,
 Albe yet very young, no adepts yet in hardy resistance).
 710 In Pylus of many sands her furthest verge, is erected,
 O'er Alphëus, a town on a rock, by name Thryoëssa,
 Which they'd camp'd then about, and hotly strove to reduce it.
 All its plain they had overrun ; then amongst us Athena
 Came, carrying tidings of affray, by night from Olympus.
 715 Nor were our Pylians then unapt to be urg'd to the combat,
 But ready. Now Neleus my going a-field would have hinder'd,
 And kept my chariot conceal'd ; for in arms yet he held me

- Unpractic'd; yet a-foot then amongst our horsemen I algates
 Gain'd honour—our onslaught was so by Athena directed.
- 720 There's a river, by name Minuïus, which to the sea-mark
 Near Arene attains: there splendid Morn we awaited,
 We Pylian cavaliers; there foot-troops also to join us
 Came streaming. Then in arms we arose, and march'd to the sacred
 Water of Alphēus by noon, a full army collected.
- 725 Here with fair offerings we entreated Jove, the superb king,
 And sacrific'd Alphēus a bull, then a bull to Posidon,
 And one heifer, still unus'd to the yoke, to eye-sparkling Athena.
 Here we made a repast i' the camp, sitting in battle-order;
 Then lay down to repose, having arms and armour about us,
- 730 Near the river's margin; meantime the big-hearted Epeans
 Already were circling that fair city, bent to reduce it,
 Had they not met there with a fearful marvel of Ares.
 For, whilst in middle heav'n the blazing sun was ascending,
 Jove and Pallas yfere we implor'd, and charg'd up against them.
- 735 And soon as Pylians in affray were blent with Epeans,
 I first my man attain'd (and seiz'd on his hard-footed horses),
 Mulius, a spearman well allied, being to that eldest
 Daughter of Augeas, yellow-hair'd Agamede, united.
 She was of all simples, that immense earth groweth, a mistress.
- 740 Him, tow'rd me rushing up, with brass-tipt lance I arrested,
 And in dust laid him grovelling. Full soon I ascended
 His chariot, which I urg'd i' the van; but th' armies of Elis
 Fled, many by many ways, when aware o' the fall o' the champion,
 Who led their cavaliers, and all their prowess had outgone.
- 745 Soon, like some whirlwind air-dark'ning, among them I enter'd,
 And captur'd chariots to the fiftieth, and below each one
 Laid low two cavaliers, whose teeth with dust I immingled.
 Nor would th' Actoridæ such a fate have miss'd, the Molions,
 Had not wide-regnant Enosichthon lifted his offspring,
- 750 With mickle air curtain'd, from amidst that fray to remove them.
 Thus Jove our Pylians with a signal victory favor'd,
 And aye we follow'd up their flight, on paths o' the bucklers,
 Both striking men adown, and seizing beautiful armour,
 Until Buprasium's rich fields our horses had enter'd,
- 755 By the rock Olenian, by Alisium, up to Colone
 So-nam'd: then backward to retire did Athena command us.
 There my last man I hit; then tow'rd Pylos home did Achaians

Rein from Buprasium their steeds ; and Jove 'mid immortals,
Nestor of all mortals, they strove to glorify each one.

- 760 Such was I, ah ! was it I ? 'mid fighting-men : but Achilles
Wasteth his own puissance ; yet a cause may he have to repent it
Hereafter, when on all his country the ruin arriveth.
Ah, comrade ! recollect thy father's word, how he urg'd thee,
Sending thee, yet a boy, from Pthia to join Agamemnon.
- 765 We were in his palace-hall, myself and noble Ulysses,
And heard plainly the words o' Menœtius and the commandment,
What time in Peleus's abode well-array'd we had enter'd,
In levying warriors through Achaia, the feeder of armies.
We found there thy father at hand, and thee with Achilles,
- 770 While Peleus, veteran cavalier, i' the court o' the mansion
Was busy'd in sacrifice to Jove, to the shaker o' lightnings,
Burning fat beeves'-joints ; yea, a golden cup was he holding,
Pouring dark ruddy wine i' the midst o' th' blaze o' the vitals.
Then to the meat you two gave heed ; and we stood awaiting
- 775 In the palace portals, till startled rose up Achilles,
And led us in by th' hand, and seated us, and, to receive us
As guests are privileg'd, had a table right well appointed.
But, with meat and drink when anon we'd fairly suffic'd us,
Then began I speaking, to require you in arms to support us ;
- 780 And willing I found you ; then charg'd you thus the two elders—
That veteran cavalier, Peleus, bade his own son Achilles
Aye to be in prowess foremost, and mark'd above all men.
Thee, too, charg'd like warmly Menœtius, offspring of Actor :
' My child, in lineage thou standest after Achilles,
- 785 But thou'rt less good-at-arms, yet in age art nathless his elder.
Take heed, then, prudently to guide and timelily warn him,
And to give him counsel, for he unto his good will obey thee.'
Thus th' old man charg'd thee ; but thou'st let slip the remembrance.
Yet now try once more, though late, if he haply will heed thee.
- 790 Who knows, with Providence, if still thou mayst not arouse him ?
'Tis so good, when a wight his friend's persuasion obeyeth !
And if his heart harbors any doubt of a weird hanging o'er him,
Or the goddess-parent from Jove hath a warning afforded,
Yet thee might he allow to go out, and send to support thee
- 795 All his Myrmidones, that a light might shine on Achaians,
And might let thee assume i' the field his beautiful armour ;
Whereupon our enemies, mistaking thee for him haply,

From their eager attacks might cease, and leave to the martial
Forewearied Danaans some time for breathing, if only.

800 Easily your fresh men, th' o'erlabour'd Trojan assailing,
Might drive him to the gates, our tents and navy releasing."

So said he, and waken'd the resolve i' th' breast of his hearer,
Who tow'rd Pelides ran in haste, i' the ships to reseek him ;
But when he had well-nigh now arriv'd by those of Ulysses,

805 Where the common folkmote and seats of doom were appointed,
And altars to the gods were erected, thence pushing onward,
He cross'd Eurypylus, that Jove-sprung Evemonid hero,
Who, by a sharp arrow-head transfix'd in 's thigh, was emerging
Out o' the fight limping, while sweat ran down in abundance
810 O'er his head and shoulders, and dark-ruddy blood from his hurt
well'd,

Yet did his intelligence unshaken abide in him algates.
His plight with pity mov'd Patroclus's heart to behold it,
Whereupon, after a moan, with wing-borne words he address'd
him :

" Ah, Danaan sovereigns and chiefs to disaster abandon'd !

815 You that must leave here, from friends and country divided,
Your delicate vitals to the dogs of Troy for a booty !
But tell me, Eurypylus, Jove-nurtur'd leader heroic,
If still against Hector's o'erwhelming strength a resistance
Can be by Danaans maintain'd ; or if under him haply

820 They must now perish all, his lance irresistibly raging ? "

Thereupon Eurypylus wise-hearted made him an answer :

" Jove-lov'd Patroclus, no rescue remains for Achaïans ;
'Mid their black galleys all must die, since all who amongst us
Were sometime foremost in affray, by th' hands o' the Trojans

825 Or smitten in close fight, or reach'd by a point from a distance,
Are withdrawn to the ships, while foes ever hotlier urge us.
But save me now, I ask, and unto thy own galley take me,
And delve this weapon out, and wash my gore from upon me
With tepid aspersions, and soothe my wound with a gentle

830 Balm, such as it's rumour'd thou'st learnt to prepare from Achilles,
As Chiron, morallest of Centaurs, taught him aforetime,
Since one of our surgeons, 'tis told me, namely, Machaon,
Lies i' th' fleet arrow-gall'd, and needeth a consummate healer
Himself, while, as for Podalirius, he still abideth

- 835 In the battle's forefront, to resist the storm o' the Trojans."
 Answer'd him Patroclus anon, the Menœtiad hero :
 " How can I, Eurypylos, do best ? what course have I open ?
 I was just carrying from Nestor, guard of Achaïans,
 This charge he gave me for Achilles ; yet will I algate
 840 In these thy sufferings not let thee languish unholpen."
 He spoke, and in his arms uprais'd that pastor of armies,
 And bore him to the tent, and speedily made his attendants
 Strew down hides ; whereon when anon they'd carefully laid him,
 With knife he delv'd out o' the wound that flesh'd arrow baneful,
 845 And clear'd the blood away with lukewarm water ; he also
 Dropp'd upon it tincture, which an acrid root had afforded,
 Bruis'd in his hands, qualified to relieve brow-darkening anguish.
 So the smart was allay'd, blood stanch'd, and wound set a-healing.

BOOK XII.

THE STORMING OF THE ENTRENCHMENTS.

- WHILE inside o' the camp the Menœtiad hero the wounded
 Eurypylos thus attended, abroad were striving Achaïans
 Pellmell among Trojans ; nor was their trench any longer
 Safe, nor that massy wall, which above their trench was erected.
 5 They rear'd that massy wall, and dug that trench to surround it,
 When with grand hecatombs they ne'er had appeas'd the supernals
 For that in its roundure their swift galleys and the collected
 Spoil should abide scathless ; but an unblest work they accomplish'd :
 Hence to remain standing many seasons was not allow'd it.
 10 While Hector was alive, while anger'd yet was Achilles,
 While yet against Danaans Troytown maintain'd a resistance,
 So long abode standing those Argive mighty defences.
 But when Troy's foremost men had all been slain, when of Argives
 Full many were fallen, some few surviv'd to the latest,

- 15 And i' the tenth siege-year when Achæi had Ilion enter'd,
 And after pillaging, turn'd home their ships to the dear land—
 Then did Phœbus Apollo devise with mighty Posidon
 That rampart's levelling ; for which they against it assembled
 All the rivers flowing down Ida's flanks to the sea-waves—
 20 Rhesus with Rhodius, Grenicus join'd to Caresus,
 Heptaporus sev'n-arm'd, Æsepus, mighty Scamander,
 And Simois, wherein with mire many crests were immingled,
 And heavy shields hide-bound, and growths of a race demi-godlike.
 All the currents thereof, by Phœbus Apollo directed,
 25 Flow'd nine days in a flood to the wall, while rains unabated
 Jove pour'd down, hast'ning to reduce 'neath waves galley-bearing
 Those piles ; and heading all, Enosichthon strode with a trident,
 Down-battering, thrusting the stones and stocks o' the basement,
 Those labours o' the banded Achaïans, out to the surges.
 30 He laid them level all to the paths o' th' proud flood of Helle,
 And, having in sea-sands that mighty peninsula mantled,
 When these works were effac'd, he again restor'd to the waters
 Their borders, wherethrough the superb streams glided aforetime.

- Thus was it impending, that Apollo and Ennosigaius
 35 Might order the results ; now strife and clangorous onslaught
 Seeth'd round those massy walls ; now creak'd many beams i' the
 towers
 Where javelins lighted, while near their ships the collected
 Argives at bay stood, by scourge of Jupiter humbled,
 While Hector still appall'd their hearts, fear's mighty provider—
 40 Hector, for storm-like he against them raged as aforetime.
 Like as against huntsmen with dogs when a boar or a lion
 Turns, with his own puissance exalted, when to resist him
 They their company form, confronting him, and in a shower
 Cast their pois'd javelins ; but his heart, with prowess elated,
 45 Unscar'd, unterrified, endures till bravery kills him ;
 And, turning many times, he assays those lines that oppose him—
 Wherever he charges, those lines that oppose him are open'd ;
 Hector went rallying thus his hosts ; and oft did he urge them
 To storm th' entrenchments ; yet his own good steeds would
 athwart it
 50 Not venture, but attain'd to the verge, and lustily neighing
 There halted, terrified to behold its vast hollow gaping,

- No narrow way to be overleapt, nor smooth to be enter'd
 By riding ; for on either side full grimly the margins
 Beetled, and likewise i' the midst the stakes were erected
 55 Close and strong, wherewith to defend it sons of Achaians
 Had labor'd, trusting to detain their foes at a distance.
 Ill could a wheel'd chariot be drawn thereinto by horses ;
 Only the foot-soldiers would have enter'd fain, or assay'd it ;
 Wherefore Pulydamas thus address'd his bold brother Hector :
 60 " Hector, and fellow-chiefs o' the Trojans and o' the league-mates,
 'Tis folly, thus driving to the moat our swift-footed horses,
 Since 'tis right difficult to get into ; for here to defend it
 Are stakes, and then again those Argive walls nigh above them.
 There's no means to descend or fight, be assur'd, for a rider ;
 65 The space is narrow there, and storms of wounds will arrest us.
 For my part, were but the supernal shaker of lightnings
 Now meaning bloody work, victorious aid to the Trojans,
 Pulydamas seeks not to delay the result for a moment ;
 So might all Argives perish here, and none recollect them.
 70 But say that rallying they turn'd, and, tow'rd us emerging
 From their fleet, i' the midst o' the deep hollow moat should assail us—
 There would no one of us, should they but make head against us,
 In Troytown be again descried, to report the disaster.
 Nay, but come, let us all be guided, as I will aread you,
 75 And cause our chariots to be held here nigh to the margin,
 And let us in squadrons, hands arm'd, and breasts clad in armour,
 'Neath Hector's guidance go assail our foes, who against us
 No longer will abide, sith Destiny's hour is upon them."

- So said he, and Hector to the word well-spoken assented ;
 80 Lightly from his chariot to the ground he sprang with his armour ;
 And anon his Trojans no more stay'd mounted around him,
 But darted to the ground, their chief's example obeying.
 Then began each Trojan cavalier to direct that his horses,
 Unto the moat's margin driven up, be array'd well in order ;
 85 They stepp'd out to the van themselves, and round the commanders
 In good array muster'd, and in five companies halted.
 Their best and bravest were among the squadron of Hector
 And good Pulydamas : these also crav'd i' the foremost
 To storm th' entrenchment, and up to the ships carry carnage ;
 90 Cebriones likewise, as a third, was join'd to the leaders,

- While Hector's chariot was in hands less sturdy relinquish'd.
 In the second squadron Paris held the command with Agenor,
 And eke Alcathous : to the third Helenus was appointed,
 And tall Deiphobus (two sons of Priam), as also
 95 Asius Hyrtacides, who came to the field from Arisbe
 On the river Sellus, with puissant roan-colour horses.
 Over a fourth squadron was brave Æneas a captain,
 That son of Anchises : Acamas was join'd with him also,
 And eke Archilochus ; well vers'd in combat of all kinds
 100 Were both these warriors of th' Antenorians household.
 Sarpedon to the fight led league-mates nobly-renowned,
 And with him had Glaucus conjoin'd, and Asteropæus,
 For these he counted good-at-arms above all the remainder
 Next himself, for he even above these held the precedence.
 105 Each man his own comrade aided to set hand in a buckler
 Hide-bound, and then yfere they charg'd their foes, as unable
 To 'scape them, destin'd i' th' fleet to speedy disaster.

- Now sage Pulydamas by 's counsel rul'd the remaining
 Trojans and league-mates good-at-arms, save only one hero,
 110 Asius Hyrtacides ; who would not assent to relinquish
 His steeds and chariot to the care of a driver-assistant,
 But with him he took them, meaning to the ships to push onwards.
 Ha, shallow man ! for deadly mishap now awaited him only—
 Not from those swift ships to return, with prowess elated,
 115 With steeds and chariots for Troy's wind-woo'd habitations !
 All too soon mantled were his eyes by a fate of abhorr'd name,
 When struck him Idomeneus, that Deucalionian hero.
 Now drove he to the left o' the camp, where mounted Achæians
 Were pressing in numbers, to return from afield to the navy.
 120 He there, with chariot, with steeds, follow'd hotly behind them ;
 No bolts or massy bars strengthen'd their gate to resist him,
 But both ways open was it held, in th' hope of enabling
 Their 'minishing forces to return to the ships for a shelter.
 Here strove he to direct his steeds ; here after him hasten'd
 125 His followers shouting, deeming their foes were unable
 To 'scape them, destin'd i' the ships to speedy disaster.
 Unwise ! they found here i' the pass two chiefs o' the bravest,
 That both of spear-fam'd Lapithæ were children high-hearted,
 That son o' Pirithous, the stalwart-limb'd Polypætus,

- 130 And a man in conflict like Ares, hardy Leonteus.
 These two now stood afore that gate, as stand on a mountain
 Two tall oaks, that abide each wind and shower at all times—
 Their huge roots, fasten'd i' the soil, so firmly support them.
 Thus were they standing to resist tall Asius, each one
- 135 Trusting in his right-hand and puissance, no whit amated.
 Now to the firm bulwarks their foemen press'd on against them,
 Lifting up hard bucklers hide-bound, and lustily shouting.
 This troop Asius urg'd with Iamenus, Ormenus also
 With Thoon and Acamas, son of Asius, and with Orestes.
- 140 But those two brethren *now* abode inside o' the gateway,
 Exhorting Danaans, their camp and navy to rescue—
 And *now*, when Trojans to the wall they saw pushing onward,
 And saw their Danaans, with an outcry, fleeing afore them,
 Then they both sallied out, leaving their gate to the rearward,
- 145 Like boars of the forest, that await in a dale o' the mountains
 Hunters and dapper hounds, in a dust-cloud tow'rd them
 approaching,
 When, rushing out slantwise, they tear the stocks o' the wild-wood
 Up from their very roots—then are heard teeth fearfully champing—
 Until some foeman with a lance can mortally reach them ;
- 150 So these men's glittering brass breastplates sounded about them,
 Dinted with many darts point-blank, they sturdily fighting,
 Trusting their right-hands, trusting to the friends who above them
 From the massive bastions cast stones, like wights now essaying
 Tents, galleys, and dear lives to defend, if it aught could avail
 them.
- 155 As when snows, drifted by a wind that aloft i' the welkin
 Has labor'd, whereby many shade-rich clouds are united,
 Come fast and thick adown upon earth's many-nurturing acres,
 So fast fell javelins i' the field, quitting hands of Achaians
 As well as of Trojans, while crests and broad bossy bucklers,
- 160 Reach'd by great millstones, rang on all sides dreadfully round them.
 Hereupon he murmur'd, and smote his flanks, the big-hearted
 Asius Hyrtacides, and spoke, and made an averment :
 " Father Jove, art thou shapen, thou too, to deceive men ?
 I thought it no way possible these daring Achaians
- 165 Could withstand prowess such as ours, and hands never humbled !
 Like a supple-waisted set o' wasps or bees they appear now,
 That by a rough wayside have made them a nest to reside in,

And will their hollow roofs not quit, but sturdily keep them,
 Even against numbers, to defend their young generation.
 170 Yon two fight thus against our host, and will not abandon
 That gate, until anon we've killed, or have hands set upon them."

Loudly thus he pleaded, but mov'd not Jove to regard him,
 Jove, whose mind labor'd to devise more glory for Hector ;
 But now were many bands engag'd, and in many gateways—
 175 Ah me ! what speaker but a god could apprise you of all things ?
 For flames portentous to the wall of stone were on all sides
 Moving up, and th' Argives perforce, but unhopefully, guarded
 Their galleys ; and each one, that among the supernal immortals
 Sided with Danaans, was stung to the soul with affliction.
 180 Now 'gan those Lapithæ with sturdy strife to commingle ;
 That son o' Pirithous foremost, the strong Polypætes,
 Hit Damasus with a lance on his helm, whose brass could abide not
 That brass-point's hurtling ; but it, into the bone having enter'd,
 Sent his brain spattering : so stemm'd it his eager approaches.
 185 Then Pylo and Ormen subdued he ; then fell a victim
 Hippomachus, son of Antimachus, to that hero Leonteus,
 Who pierc'd his cincture with a lance expertly directed,
 And anon his trenchant broadsword unsheath'd in a moment,
 And smote Antiphates, after rushing into the medley,
 190 Close-handed, so well that on earth supine he alighted.
 Then Meno and Iamen fell next, and next them Orestes—
 This first, and that anon, fell on earth's many-nurturing acres.

Now these were stripping off the refulgent arms o' the conquer'd ;
 But 'neath Pulydamas and Hector a troop was assembled
 195 O' th' best and bravest, men who also crav'd i' the foremost
 To storm th' entrenchment, and bring fell flames to the navy.
 These to the moat's margin were arriv'd, but doubtfully pausing,
 For, while they panted to rush on, there met them an eagle
 High above earth soaring, shutting off their hosts to the leftwards,
 200 Who, with gory talons was upholding a reptile enormous,
 Still living and curling, not abandoning hardy resistance ;
 For, when his head backwards he'd drawn, he smote i' the bosom,
 Nigh the neck, his captor, which made him his hold to relinquish.
 Stung with pain, wherefore i' the midst o' the people he hurl'd him,
 205 And parted, carry'd on the blasts o' the wind, with an outcry.

- Then fell on all Trojans chill alarm to behold such a sign from
 Jove Gorgon-buckler'd i' the dazzling coils o' the serpent ;
 Thereat Pulydamas bespoke his bold brother Hector :
 " Hector, I am well aware thou'rt always bent to resist me,
 210 Rightly tho' I counsel ; for it is but fit that a burgher
 Of the common standing should no whit arraign thy enactments
 Or civic or martial, but uphold thy dignity merely.
 Ne'er the less, I'll tell thee what I hold most like to behove us.
 Let not us our enemies pursue, to win up to the navy ;
 215 Or what must come of it, perpend ; for, while to go onward
 Our troops were coveting, they've here confronted an eagle,
 High above earth soaring, cutting off their host to the leftwards,
 Who with gory talons was upholding a reptile enormous
 Still living, and dropp'd him to the ground, unariv'd in his home yet,
 220 Foil'd in his intention, that prey to divide with his eaglets.
 So stand we ; for if even across yon mighty defences
 We can burst a passage, dispersing th' armies of Argos,
 Yet from their galleys home we shall not come back, in order,
 Over a like pathway : but yonder must we abandon
 225 Countrymen in numbers, who by the spears of Achaïans
 Will perish, if rallying to defend their ships they assail us.
 So may'st thou be assur'd, if thou consult a diviner
 Understanding his art, and fit to be heard by a nation."
- Glancing on him sideways answer'd pied-plume-tossing Hector :
 230 " Thy words, Pulydamas, are now not at all to my humor ;
 Thou'st another counsel to propound, that's more to the purpose ;
 And if thou speakest, not as he that sports, but in earnest,
 Then the divine rulers have sent thy wits on a journey.
 Ha ! must I set aside the commands of thunder-obey'd Jove,
 235 Forgetting his promises, confirm'd by a nod, to believe thy
 Broad-pinion'd prey-birds, whose tribes I set not a tare by,
 Let them swarm to the right-hand side, whence Morning emerges,
 Or leftwards to the sunset's place and light-lacking umbrage ?
 Hold we by the decrees of Jupiter, of the supremest
 240 Ruler of all perishing natures and all that are endless ;
 We bear arms our country to rescue ; there's the good omen !
 And yet of all Trojans why needest thou to dissuade us
 From battle and conflict ? for if all we around yon Achaïan
 Ships were now perishing ; yet thee would danger attain not,
 245 For neither good-at-arms art thou, nor combat-abiding.

However, if backwards thou shrink from fight, or if haply
By thy persuasions any wight be drawn to desert us,
By this lance gushes out thy life-blood that very moment.”

- He spoke, and led away, while they with an outcry enormous
250 Came after, follow'd up themselves by a blast of a whirlwind
From many-ridg'd Ida, stirr'd by Jove, shaker o' lightnings,
Which roll'd up dust-clouds to the ships—he sending a craven
Mood upon all Danaans, but shaping glory for Hector
And Hector's citizens—who, with their prowess elated
255 And to novel portents trusting, those mighty defences
Of their foes 'gan assail, intent on cleaving an entrance—
Both battering parapets, and hewing buttresses under,
And with bars loos'ning the projecting shafts o' the bastions,
Which foremost i' the soil were plac'd, as a frame to support them.
260 These they tugg'd backwards, eager for a breach to be open'd
I' th' Danaan bulwarks; yet ne'er gave way the defenders,
But fenc'd their parapets with bulls'-hides, and from above them
Struck down with javelins their foes, to the wall's foot approaching;
And the two Ajaces circled the defences on all sides,
265 Both giving out orders and charging troops to be hardy.
These with mild language they arous'd, and those on occasion
With bitter upbraidings, when a man was shamefully backward:
“Countrymen and comrades! we speak to the best, to the middling,
And to the least good-at-arms, for needs must some be unequal,
270 As men are in warfare: there's work now wanted of each one,
As no doubt yourselves are aware: let none to the rearward
Be turning, terrified by threats of a boastful assailant,
Nay, but make head again, friend urging friend to be hardy;
So may Jove grant us—the supernal shaker o' lightnings,
275 Our enemies to repulse, and tow'rd their own city force them.”
Thus they two shouting, rally'd all the strength of Achaia;
And like thick snow-flakes on a winter's day, when his engines
Jove, the supreme guardian, meaneth to divulge to the nations,
And, having all breezes pacified, lets fall, to bewhiten
280 All outlines of aërial hills, all sea-jutting headlands,
And marshes mallow-grown, and man's tilth-guerdoning acres—
Yea, to the sea's ever-hoar surges, round capes as on inlets,
He snows, though breakers check it here—but a mantle is elsewhere
Dropp'd upon all confines, while Jove's outpouring aboundeth—

- 285 Thus were stones flying, thus thickly, between the two armies,
 Lighting among Trojans, or from them lighting on Argives,
 While the din of battery spread along the defences on all sides.
 Yet never on that day could glorious Hector have enter'd
 With Trojans i' the gate, its long bar broken asunder,
- 290 Unless Jove's providence had sent Sarpedon, his offspring,
 'Mid th' Argives, as amongst horn-crumpled oxen a lion.
 Thereat he held forwards a superb shield equally rounded,
 All with brass plated, by a craftsman's hands well-attemper'd,
 While inside o' th' brass many tough bulls'-hides were united,
- 295 Bound to the gold strainers that went in a circle around it.
 Then with two javelins in his hand, this buckler upholding,
 Advanc'd he to the wall, as a mountain lion emerges,
 Pain'd with long fastings till his high spirit urges a venture
 Even on enclosure strong-wall'd, where flocks have a shelter.
- 300 Then will he, albeit the shepherds are warily guarding,
 Arm'd and with many dogs, their flocks, not leave unattempted
 Those precincts, but a wall he leaps, and seizes a victim,
 Or perishes by a well-thrown dart, where first he has enter'd.
 Thus did his high spirit urge Sarpedon now to the ramparts
- 305 To storm those parapets ; and by this man demi-godlike,
 That son of Hippolochus, Glaucus, was forthwith accosted :
 " Why do folk honor us, my Glaucus, above common usage,
 With place pre-eminent, full cups, and portion abundant
 In Lycia's confines ? why are eyes uprais'd to behold us
- 310 As when a god passeth ? why is our fair portion assign'd us
 By the river Xanthus, corn-fields and fruit-giving acres ?
 Must we not, therefore, to requite this, stand i' the foremost
 Of Lycia's warriors, confronting fiery conflict ?
 So that some Lycian stout-hawberk'd hero shall answer—
- 315 'Tis not kings meriting no goodly renown that have empire
 O'er these fair regions, to devour sleek flocks in abundance
 And drain our delicate vintage ; but prowess is in them
 And honor ; and foremost they fight i' the ranks o' the nation.
 My comrade ! if upon this affray there hung such a sequel
- 320 That, by 'scaping alive, we might thenceforth be immortal
 And age-proof through unending days, I would not in onslaught
 Put mine own body forth, nor assign thee a place i' the direst
 Of the battle's dangers, which a man wins goodly renown by.
 But now, since agents of eternal fate are around us,

- 325 Infinite in numbers, since none can evade nor avoid them,
Come, let us earn honor here, or make our conqueror earn it."

So said he, and Glaucus to the charge was not disobedient ;
And, leading Lycia's great host, they went on united ;
But with alarm saw them that Athenian hero Menestheus,

- 330 Whose bastion they approach'd, carrying destruction among them.
His country's forces then he ey'd in search of a champion,
Whom he might call for, to defend his band so assaulted.
He saw th' Ajaces for fight insatiably yearning,
And with them Teucer, that lately his tent had abandon'd.

- 335 All these were nigh at hand ; but shouting could not avail him
Through the battle's turmoil ; such a din was rais'd to the welkin
By stout strokes which on helmets' crests and shields were alighting,
And on gates ; each gate was assail'd, and troops set against it,
That by main violence were bent on forcing an entry.

- 340 Therefore tow'rd Ajax did he order promptly Thootes :
" Go thou quickly, thou hero Thootes, call to my aidance,
Call both Ajaces, I'd say, since we've good occasion
For both, since imminent destruction standeth afore us.
Those Lycian generals, whose prowess of old is apparent

- 345 In strenuous conflict, are bearing down on us hotly.
However, if yonder they've work and strife that are urgent,
Then bring hither singly stalwart Telamonian Ajax,
And with him have Teucer following, that bowman accomplish'd."

He spoke, and that herald, having heard the behest, disobey'd not,

- 350 But ran down i' the rear o' th' brazen-plated Achaians ;
Near the two Ajaces he attain'd, and forthwith address'd them :
" Ajaces, leaders o' th' brass-lock'd forces of Argos,
From the son of royal Peteos I come to beseech you,
Take from his hands yonder some part o' the burden upon them.
355 Come both Ajaces, he'd say, since we've good occasion
For both, since imminent destruction standeth afore us.
Those Lycian generals, whose prowess of old is apparent
In strenuous conflict, are bearing down on us hotly.

But should ye here likewise have work and strife that are urgent,

- 360 Then wouldst thou come alone, stalwart Telamonian Ajax,
And eke let Teucer follow thee, that bowman accomplish'd ? "
So said he, and Ajax Telamon was no whit unheedful,

- But with wing'd utterance thereat bespoke he Oileus :
 "Continue here, Ajax, thyself and bold Lycomedes,
 365 Our Danaans rallying, maintaining sturdy resistance.
 I must go yonder to relieve our friends from assailants,
 But soon will come again, when affairs I've there set in order."
 Thus when he had spoken, started Telamonian Ajax,
 And Teucer with him hied, his father's offspring, attended
 370 By Pandion, who held his bow : thus along the defences
 They strode united, to the part that sturdy Machaon
 Held with troops hard-press'd and sore in need of assistance ;
 For the gallant Lycian chieftains and kingly commanders
 Already those parapets had forc'd i' the guise of a whirlwind
 375 Air-dark'ning, when a rescue arriv'd, and went up an outcry,
 And Ajax Telamon foremost came down on a foeman,
 Sarpedon's comrade and friend, the big-hearted Epicles.
 He smote him with a rough, bossy rock, that aloft on a rampart
 Had lain, contiguous to the wall, so vast, that it hardly
 380 Could, though with both hands, be upheav'd by a wight in his age's
 Best prime, as men go nowadays ; but he easily pois'd it
 Overhead ; and th' helmet four-crested against it avail'd not,
 But the skull was on all sides cleft ; and, like as a diver,
 Dropp'd the man, his dear life ebbing out, the steep turret under.
 385 After this Teucer struck anon with keen arrow Glaucus,
 That son of Hippolochus, pressing up to the lofty defences,
 Right on his expos'd arm : his prowess there was arrested.
 Then began he to retire by stealth, for fear some Achaian,
 His wound perceiving, might raise vain-glorious outcries.
 390 Much was Sarpedon then annoy'd, for he had the departure
 Soon notic'd : yet his hand from strife he stay'd not a moment,
 But reach'd Alcmaeon, Thestor's son, anon with a lance-thrust,
 And tugg'd his weapon out, drawing to the ground that Achaian,
 Face downwards, till his arms of rich-wrought brass rang around
 him.
 395 On the turret Sarpedon anon set his hand's heavy seizure ;
 Down it came, following the strain, and widely denuded
 Those precincts from above, setting open a path for a number.
 But thither hied Teucer to the rescue promptly with Ajax ;
 And to the foe's buckler's bright cincture, which to the shoulder
 400 Fasten'd it, Teucer's arrow flew ; but Jove from his offspring
 Held back fate's agents, else there his course would have ended,

Under those galley-poops; yet plung'd with a lance at him
 Ajax,
 Pinn'd his buckler athwart, and palsy'd his eager approaches.
 Some footsteps to the rear he made; but no whit abandon'd
 405 That breach: for now his hopes were rais'd of seizing a triumph.
 Turning on his god-like Lycians his voice he uplifted:
 "O Lycians, wherefore have ye all forgot to be hardy?
 Ye know 'tis difficult for me to set open a pathway,
 Even though good-at-arms, if I enter a breach thus unaided.
 410 Nay! follow me forwards: th' emprise is best for a number."

He spoke; and, feeling the reproach, press'd hotlier onward
 His Lycian warriors, their prince and leader attending;
 And th' Argives opposite strengthen'd their lines to resist them
 Inside their ramparts: then assay'd they a marvellous ordeal.
 415 Here the gallant Lycians were unable thro' the defences
 To storm their pathway to the ships o' the banded Achaïans;
 And not a whit yonder the spears of Achaïa were able
 Those Lycians to repel, where once their forces had enter'd:
 But, like two neighbours in a field that both have a claim to,
 420 In narrow room striving for boundaries, each having hold of
 His measure, and therewith for justice fiercely debating,
 Thus fought they with a wall betwixt, and, over it hurling,
 Seeking their enemies' bosoms, they dinted on all sides
 Light shields of shaggy front, and bucklers equally rounded;
 425 And oft-times to the flesh their brazen points won an entrance,
 Both when a man, turning, laid bare his flank i' the combat,
 And when a lance even re-emerg'd i' the rear of a buckler.
 And stain'd were parapets and bastions 'twixt the two armies
 With men's blood, this way from Trojans, that from Achaïans;
 430 Yet by no stress of arms were th' Argives yet to be ousted.
 As the balance wavers, which a faithful workwoman handles,
 Who weighs her wool in it, trimming each way nicely the surplus,
 Thus moiling, for her household's sake, for a poor sorry guerdon,
 So 'twixt these enemies the scales of victory waver'd,
 435 Till with predominance Jove favor'd Priamid Hector,
 When foremost from amongst his band he sprang to the ramparts,
 And his voice lifted, with a piercing shout, to the Trojans:
 "Forwards now, Trojan cavaliers, and storm the defences,
 And bear flames to the ships of a conflagration unearthly!"

- 440 So said he, exhorting, nor fail'd any Trojan of hearing ;
And a serry'd squadron march'd up ; then anon they ascended
Buttresses and pinnacles, their pointed lances upholding.
Then seiz'd Hector in hand a stone, which nigh to the portal
Lay, broad i' th' nether end, but sharp at top, such a burthen,
445 That two men, chosen for strength i' the midst of a nation,
As men go nowadays, would cart it scarce with a lever,
If not with much ado ; but alone did he easily poise it,
By the son of politic Saturn made light for his handling.
As the shepherd carrieth some fleece which he holdeth in either
450 Arm, little impeded by 'ts burthen, so carry'd Hector
The stone he'd lifted to the tall gate-folds well-united
And fasten'd i' the rear by a bolt through two massy cross-bars.
Full near these he approach'd, and his feet planted asunder,
So to give his power to the cast : then right to the centre
455 Flew the stone, rending the revertible hinges on each side,
And forc'd its entrance with a crash, nor avail'd to resist it
Those cross-bars, but in half they broke, and opening inwards
Flew gate-folds, forward sprang among them towering Hector,
Dark, like the swift night in his aspect, dreadfully gleaming
460 With brass armour on all his form, and bearing alertly
Two javelins in his hand. No might but a god's could have held
him,
Into the gates bursting, lightnings flashing out of his eyeballs.
Thence upon his Trojans he call'd, to the main body turning,
To storm their enemies' bulwarks ; nor lack'd he obedience ;
465 But some scal'd parapets, and some bore down in a cluster
Into the proud portals ; and right to the ships hollow-built
They drove, with clamor and turmoil, the receding Achaians.

BOOK XIII.

NEPTUNE TO THE RESCUE.

- THUS when Jove to the ships had brought victorious Hector
 And with him his Trojans, he abandon'd there the two armies,
 In trouble and anguish the relentless strife to determine,
 While to remote confines his glorious eyes he averted,
 5 Where Thracians, good-at-horse, and Mysi close-battle-handling,
 And fam'd Hippemolgi abide, with wealth unacquainted,
 Milk-nurtur'd, but among mankind for justice unequal'd.
 But not again Troyward his glorious eyes he averted ;
 For well his heart trusted, that now no more would immortals,
 10 Favoring or Danaans or Trojans, come to the combat.

 Nor left unnotic'd this occasion mighty Posidon,
 Where he sat to behold the strife on a Thracian island,
 On Samos's topmost wooded heights, where ships of Achæians
 And Ida and Priam's city-walls in a view were united.
 15 He'd quitted his surges to sit here, and on the defeated
 Argives with pity look'd, and much with Jove was he anger'd.
 From the summit downwards he strode ; the long heights o' the
 mountain,
 And all its craggy peaks, and all their greenery trembled
 At the divine foot-fall and progress of Ennosigaius.
 20 Three steps he planted, with a fourth he alighted at Ægæ ;
 There his fam'd structures he attain'd, deep-bas'd i' the waters,
 Splendid, gold-glittering, which time and eld never injure.
 He came, and harness'd to the car his brass-footed horses ;
 Swift were their pinions, their golden manes were abundant ;
 25 And himself he array'd in gold, and, bearing a golden
 Scourge of fine workmanship in hand, his car he ascended,
 And rode o'er billow-tops. The leviathan out o' the sea caves
 Troop'd, of their sovereign well aware, and sported around him :
 Wide open'd the delighted waves, and, aye as he hasten'd,
 30 No water-drop against his car's bright axle alighted.

Thus carry'd him bounding coursers to the ships of Achaia.
 There's a cavern, sunken far into the depths o' the surges,
 Equally from Tenedos distant and from rugged Imbros.
 There stopp'd his chariot, there loos'd Enosichthon his horses,
 35 And fodder heav'nly supplied, and golden links that allow not
 Opening or bursting, set above their hooves to detain them
 Till their lord reappear'd ; then he hied to the camp of Achaia.

But the gather'd Trojans, like fire or like as a tempest,
 Rush'd, with wild eagerness, up after Priamid Hector,
 40 In clamor and tumult, well-assur'd of now setting hands on
 That fleet, and massacring therein the defeated Achaians.
 But now strond-battering, world-compassing Ennosigaius
 Had quitted his surges, to give heart to the forces of Argos.
 Now borrow'd of Calchas was his iron voice with his aspect,
 45 When the two Ajaces he address'd, themselves willing-hearted :
 " 'Tis to you, Ajaces, to preserve the colleguèd Achaians,
 If, chill fear driven off, you two recollect to be hardy.
 Our enemies' prowess doth in all points else not alarm me ;
 Wherever our bulwarks they've scal'd and burst in amongst us,
 50 They'll be check'd well enough by brass-lock'd sons of Achaia.
 I doubt in this quarter alone the result o' the combat,
 Where leads, wild-fire-like, yon frantic furious Hector,
 Who Jove now claimeth, the supreme in strength, for his author.
 O for a god's promptings to put into the minds of you also
 55 Here to stand, rallying round you the remaining Achaians !
 Then might you baffle him, tho' in heart he is already seizing
 Our ships foam-travelling—though Jupiter urgeth him even."

Thus when he had spokèn, world-compassing Ennosigaius
 Touch'd both men with a wand, and in them prowess awaken'd,
 60 And their limbs lighten'd, and made supple over as under.
 And, as a fleet falcon vanishes, that starts from a lofty
 And beetling precipice, pursuing a bird to the lowlands,
 So vanishing left them strond-shaking mighty Posidon.
 Then 'twixt th' Ajaces foremost recognis'd him Oïleus
 65 The swift, and thus address'd foremost Telamonian Ajax :
 " Ajax, our visitant was a god, that dwells on Olympus,
 Even he, who stirr'd us to the fight i' th' form of an augur.
 Say not he is Calchas, the divining reader of omens ;

- For to the mov'd insteps and feet I gave my attention
 70 Whilst he was quitting us : there's no disguising immortals !
 And mine own spirit eke inside my breast is awaken'd,
 And longs more eagerly to fight, and strive to my utmost,
 And these feet under, these hands are tingling upon me."
 And Ajax Telamon thus forthwith in answer address'd him :
 75 " Mine too, my killing hands are about my lance in a tingle.
 My spirit is waken'd, and both my feet hurry forwards,
 And mine heart the desire inflames to encounter, if even
 Singly, the Priamidán, the strife-uncloyable Hector."

- Thus they two parley'd, with an inward virtue elated
 80 Which the god enkindled their hearts with, while to the rearward
 Withdrew the Strond-shaker among the remaining Achaians,
 Who round their galleys hung to repose their forces amated
 And their faint bodies out of gear with labor enormous,
 Their souls being oppress'd with bale at seeing how over
 85 Their bulwarks Trojan warriors by troops had ascended ;
 Tears, while they view'd it, below all their lids were arising,
 For salvation appear'd past hope ; yet amongst them appearing
 With small pains rearray'd their squadrons mighty Posidon.
 Teucer first he approach'd, and Leitus, each one arousing,
 90 And famed Peneleos, Thoas, and Deïpyr also,
 Merion, Antilochus, champions well-inur'd to the combat ;
 These with words wing-borne he address'd, their virtue arousing :
 " Shame to you, O Danaans, raw lads ! come, I hold with assurance
 E'en now your rallying would avail our navy to rescue,
 95 Whereas, if ye now avoid likewise war's labor of anguish,
 Then the day is come on us, that we're to give up to the Trojans.
 Now, perdy, 'tis a wondrous thing that I have to set eyes on,
 And dreadful, such as I'd have said could ne'er be accomplish'd,
 That Trojans should approach our ships, this people aforetime
 100 Like deer faint-hearted, that are easily caught in a woodland
 By the leopards, the jackals, and wolves, they wandering helpless
 And at random, unapt to resist : thus lately the Trojans
 Would not their battle-order uphold, no, not for an instant
 Of trial, fronting zealous hearts and hands of Achaians.
 105 Now they've their city left, and crowded in arms to the navy,
 Since the king hath trespass'd, and made disaffected his army—
 Who, complaining of him, forsooth, no longer are aiding

Their swift ships to defend, but around them wilfully dying.
 And yet, if in judgment the default be chargeable only
 110 On the king of nations, the Atreïan heir Agamemnon,
 Yet not a whit therefore should we faint-heartedly labour,
 But be appeas'd rather ; for a placable heart is a hero's.
 Ah ! ye do much amiss by abandoning hardy resistance,
 You foremost men of all our host ; for an if the defaulter
 115 Were but a mere dastard, I would not care to rebuke him
 At this time ; but about your lapse I'm deeplier anger'd.
 My comrades ! worse things very like may yet be arising
 Out of this negligence ; but apply your hearts to the promptings
 Of shame and conscience ; for a deadly debate is arising,
 120 Since battle is carry'd up to the ships, and conquering Hector
 Storms inside o' the gate, its long bar broken asunder."

Thus went Ennosigaius arousing th' hosts of Achaia,
 And their hearts kindled, till a firm-built squadron assembled
 Round the two Ajaces, such as Ares' self would arraign not,
 125 Nor folk-rousing Athena ; for here the storm o' the Trojans
 And of great Hector by a chosen troop was awaited,
 All fenc'd with spear-points and targe o'er targe that ascended.
 Buckler against buckler was press'd, and helmet on helmet,
 And man swept man along : their gleaming crests, the supporters
 130 Of their plumes, if a man but forwards lean'd, were united ;
 And lances flank'd lances in hands with fear unacquainted,
 Pois'd above all shoulders ; so close in their battle-order
 They stream'd up, longing all in mortal affray to commingle ;
 But their foes, rallying, first charg'd 'neath Hector against them.
 135 As when a mass separates from a rock, torn out o' the border
 By violence of a winter stream, when it all the defences
 Of the sturdy rock oversweeps with a down-gush enormous ;
 Then, skipping and soaring, the stone flies on with an uproar
 Through the ravag'd woodlands, and holds with speed unabated
 140 Its course straight forwards, until to the plain it arriveth—
 Then rolls no farther, but in all its haste is arrested ;
 So for a while Hector, with threats that he unto the sea-beach
 Would make way, pushing on through tents and ships of Achaians,
 Went killing, and then anon, that close-rank'd company meeting,
 145 Paus'd in their very front, when against him files of Achaians
 Came ready with broadswords, and lances pointed at each end,

And pushing him backward : then vex'd and goaded he yielded ;
And thus amain shouted to the forces of Ilion Hector :

“ Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardans close-battle-handling,
150 Stand fast ! I will not by th' Argives long be arrested,
Even if in squadrons well-built they against me are order'd ;
They'll give way, be assur'd, to the lance of him whom the
supremest
Of gods inspiriteth, consort sky-rending of Hera.”

So said he, and spirited their hearts and minds to be hardy.
155 Here a son of Priam's was arriv'd with his hope much elated—
Deïphobus, guarded by a shield all equally rounded,
And below its shelter still striding warily forward.
And now Meriones his bright spear pointed against him,
And flung it, and sent not far short ; but his equally-rounded
160 Hide-bound shield he attain'd, yet fail'd of piercing athwart it,
His javelin breaking therein : then speedily lifted
His shield Deïphobus, viewing that lance of heroic
Meriones with mortal alarm. Now amidst his associates
Stepp'd back Meriones, but his heart was seething in anger,
165 Both for a lost conquest and spear-beam broken asunder.
Down he went i' the midst o' the ships and tents of Achaia,
Seeking his own precincts for a lance to return to the field with.
All th' other hosts labor'd and strove in an infinite uproar.

First the son of Telamon, Teucer, brought down an opponent
170 Imbrius, whose father was Mentor, a lord rich in horses.
At Pēdæum of old, ere came the colleaguèd Achaians,
He dwelt, and with him held King Priam's base-begot offspring
Medesicasta, his wife ; but upon that navy's arrival
He came back to the town, and shone among his fellow Trojans,
175 And with Priam abode, who priz'd him like as his offspring.
Him the son of Telamon reach'd under his ear with a lance-head,
And with sword follow'd up ; but like to the fall of an ash-tree
Grown on a tall headland, that appears all round from a distance,
When to the soil, brass-hewn, its tender sprays it abases,
180 Fell the man, his brass-prank'd fine armour clanking around him.
Now forward sprang Teucer, in hopes of his arms to denude him,
While Hector's sparkling javelin came after him eager.
But Teucer was aware in time, and sidling avoided

That brass point's heavy fall, which adown upon Amphimach hurtled,
 185 That son of Actorian Cteateus, whose bosom it enter'd :
 Down he dropp'd i' the midst of a charge, and clank'd in his
 armour ;

Then sprang forth Hector, to spoil of his helm that high-hearted
 Amphimachus' temples ; but, while he rush'd at him, Ajax
 Darted a bright javelin, which nigh to the foe's body reach'd not,
 190 But within his buckler was immers'd ; then thrust at him Ajax
 Right upon his buckler's midmost, and mightily push'd him,
 And compell'd backwards to retire, and quite to relinquish
 Those corpses, which anon were seiz'd by th' hands of Achaïans ;
 For first two captains of Athenians, stately Menestheus
 195 And Stichius, carry'd Amphimachus 'mid his own to the rearward ;
 Then the two Ajaces were on Imbrius hardily seizing.
 As when two lions drag a goat to the depths o' the woodland,
 Snatch'd from a fierce pack of hounds, whose saw-like teeth are
 against them

Open'd, they flesh in him their fangs, and bear him upholden ;
 200 So these twain heavy-arm'd Ajaces held the man upward,
 Peeling his arms off him : then his head the good heir of Oïleus,
 Angry for Antimachus, from his youthful neck cut asunder,
 And swung it, and pitch'd it, ball-like, to the midst o' the turmoil,
 So that against Hector's very feet i' th' dust it alighted.

205 But now mighty Posidon's heart was seething in anger
 When that grandson of his was yfall'n in furious onset.
 Down he went i' the midst o' the tents and fleet of Achaïa,
 All Danaans rousing, shaping for Troy mickle evil.
 Lance-fam'd Idomeneus met him here, coming up from a comrade
 210 Who, wounded with a brazen point i' th' knee's hollow lately,
 Had quitted his squadron : this man to the rear his associates
 Bore ; and Idomeneus, to the care of a leech having help'd him,
 From tent was sallying, coveting to return to the combat.

Him now mighty Posidon address'd, like Thoas appearing,
 215 That son of Andræmon, that amongst Ætolia's offspring
 Rul'd o'er steep Calydon's and Pleuron's boundaries ample,
 And honor and reverence had among them like an immortal :
 " Where went, Idomeneus, those threats, thou chief o' the Cretans,
 With which against Troytown flaunted the collegued Achaïans ? "
 220 Outspoke Idomeneus, Crete's lord, and made him an answer :

- " I cannot, O Thoas, see a man to refer the default to,
 At least on this day: we are all with fight well acquainted,
 And none of us shelters in his heart vile fear, nor alloweth
 Sloth from war's hardships to remove him ; but to the humor
 225 Despotie of Kronides it agrees no doubt, that Achaia's
 Armies must perish here, to be heard no more of in Argos.
 But since, O Thoas, thou of old art combat-abiding
 And quick at exhorting, whereso thou find'st any slackness,
 Now follow thy usage, and rouse the men, each one accosting."
- 230 Answer'd him then again strond-shaking mighty Posidon :
 " May the man, Idomeneus, who this day manfully fights not,
 Ne'er from Troy come away, but lie down here to be hounds'-meat.
 But put on arms, and meet me again ; we must be united
 In conduct, if at all we two can effect any rescue."
- 235 Lo ! numbers embolden a man, were he even a craven ;
 But to the best champions we two could oppose a resistance."
 So said he, and hasten'd to return to the labor of heroes ;
 And anon Idomeneus, his well-pight tent having enter'd,
 With lances was equipp'd, and cloth'd in glorious armour,
- 240 Wherewithal he started to go out, like lightning appearing,
 Lifted up and brandish'd on Olympus's heights resplendent
 In th' hands of Kronides, when a sign he upholds to the nations ;
 His bosom thus glinted, array'd in brass, as he hasten'd ;
 And now Meriones he cross'd, his martial assistant,
- 245 Near his tent, whither he was gone for a lance to rearm with.
 Here anon Idomeneus, that mighty commander, address'd him :
 " Meriones, dearest comrade, Mōlus's rapid offspring,
 What brings thee thus away from strife and sturdy resistance ?
 Art perchance wounded with a dart that cruelly galls thee ?
- 250 Or some errand hadst thou for me ? but my resolution
 Is for fight, not at all inside my tent to sit idle."
 Then shrewd Meriones bespoke, and made him an answer :
 " Idomeneus, paramount o' th' brass-lock'd sons o' the Cretans,
 I'm seeking for a lance to rearm myself with, if haply
- 255 Thou'st any left inside thy tent ; for mine in assailing
 Deiphobus, swaggerer that he is, was broken asunder."
 Hereupon Idomeneus, Crete's lord, thus address'd him in answer :
 " Spears, if thou needest them, are in my tent ready-waiting,
 In their stands glittering, one score and one that is over,
- 260 All won from Trojans o'erthrown, for I am not accomplish'd

At fighting far-off enemies, but meet them at arm's length,
 And of their morions and spears I make thus a booty,
 And of their bossy shields and hawberks daintily graven."
 And shrewd Meriones thereat bespoke him in answer :

- 265 " Of such have I likewise in tent and dark galley resting,
 Spoils of slain Trojans, if I had but time to come at them ;
 Neither am I one o' those that of hardy strife am unheedful ;
 But to the first fighters I am always join'd when an onset
 Is made in warfare, which a man grows nobly renown'd by ;
- 270 And yet of all brass-lock'd Danaans thou shouldst be aware of
 My deeds, albeit many more had fail'd to discern them."'
 Hereupon Idomeneus, Crete's lord, thus address'd him in answer :
 " Thy valor I recognise : why needest thou to defend it ?
 Even if all foremost warriors i' th' fleet were assembled
- 275 And sorted for an ambuscade—for therein appeareth
 All that a man's good for, whether he be brave or a dastard—
 He that's faint-hearted can his hue not keep for an instant,
 Nor controls he at all his nerves, nor abides in a posture
 Of readiness, but on each of his heels alternately sinketh,
- 280 And within his bosom still his heart is forcibly beating,
 And his teeth chattering, for at hand desolation appeareth—
 So fareth not a man good-at-arms, when in ambush he enters—
 His color is constant ; much emotion doth not affect him,
 And in horrid conflict he prays to speedily mingle—
- 285 Even in encounters like these, no mortal arraigneth
 Thy valor and prowess ; for if e'er any wound hath attain'd thee,
 By missile or spear-thrust, none arriv'd at least i' the rearward
 On the neck or shoulders ; but against thy bosom or under
 Thou caught'st it, pressing on forwards to commune among
 heroes.
- 290 But come, what good is it thus talking, like silly children,
 Idling, where any man that notes might richly rebuke us ?
 Go to the tent forwards, and join me, a good weapon handling."'
 These words Meriones having heard, like swift-footed Ares
 Down to the tent hasten'd, for a brazen lance to rearm with,
- 295 Then join'd Idomeneus, intent on martial achievement.
 As sallies out Ares, that pest of man's generations,
 When Terror, his dear son, strong in arms and ruthless, attends
 him,
 He that turns backward many times e'en men that are hardy—

- They sally from Thrace's confines, by Ephyrian armies
 300 And by bold Phlegyans invoked ; but, partial in hearing
 Their pray'rs, one nation they assist and grace with a triumph ;
 So to the fight hasten'd, their armour blazing about them,
 Meriones and Idomeneus, those princely commanders ;
 Whereof Meriones foremost thus address'd his associate :
 305 " Heir of Deucalion, whither art thou bent to the rescue ?
 Unto the right, left side, or centre of our battle order ?
 In none o' these quarters, methinks, is a dearth of assailants
 Likely to be grievous to the plume-tossing hosts of Achaia."
 Thereupon Idomeneus, Crete's lord, thus in answer address'd him :
 310 " Our galleys i' th' midmost other hands are passably guarding ;
 There the two Ajaces, and Teucer, best of Achaians
 In bow-craft, as amongst our best in close-battle also,
 Will keep him working well enough, this Priamid Hector,
 So dire-doing as he may be, so fierce to defeat us.
 315 He'll find it difficult, if he hopes our navy to kindle,
 By their zeal when oppos'd, their hands that allow no approaches.
 They'll baffle his rash assault, unless great Jupiter aid him,
 Casting a lit firebrand himself i' th' fleet of Achaia.
 There's no feeder upon Demeter's grain, not a mortal
 320 Whose body brass penetrates, or stones have power of hurting,
 That from a post occupied will force Telamonian Ajax.
 'Faith, he'd cope even with squadron-breaking Achilles
 In close fight, for I own in speed that he is not his equal.
 Now let us on therefore to the left, and haste to determine
 325 If we'll earn honor here, or make our conqueror earn it."
 These words Meriones having heard, like swift-footed Ares
 Led forwards to the side enjoin'd, and up to the foemen ;
 They, whenas Idomeneus and Idomeneus's assistant
 In bright armour appear'd, coming up like fire to the rescue,
 330 Each man on his comrade calling, ran pellmell against them.
 So they join'd battle here, in front o' the poops o' the navy.
 Like as when shrilly gusts of wind encounter, if haply
 Dust on roads that day shall abound, they raise up among them
 Large eddying dust-clouds, so th' hostile companies hurtled,
 335 Each man with keen brass coveting to smite his opponent
 Mortally ; while bristling was a grim battle-order on each side
 With goring long lances, a brazen splendor arising
 Both off bright morions and hawberks freshly refurbish'd,

And glittering bucklers, such as overpowereth eyesight.

- 340 Such was that clash of arms ; well might you deem any mortal
Intrepid, who look'd on such a sight with cheer unabated.

Thus those two puissant brethren, Saturnus's offspring,
Each siding with his own, amid heroes spread desolation—
Jove, seeking the renown of Achilles, gave to the Trojans

- 345 And their chief Hector th' upper hand, yet meant not he algates
Clean from Troy's precincts to sweep the beleaguering army,
But Thëtis and Thëtis's stern son to glorify only.
But the Argives opposite was mighty Posidon assisting,
Out of his hoar surges risen up ; for sorely the Trojan
350 Success weigh'd on his heart, and much with Jove was he anger'd.
In faith, by lineage and birth these two were united,
But Jove was th' eldest, was of highest wisdom a master ;
Hence openly to come to the rescue Posidon avoided,
But went on rallying squadrons i' th' shape of a mortal.
355 So these two powers spread upon both armies a network
Of strenuous conflict and strife impartially baneful,
Unloos'd, unbroken, which caus'd many knees to be humbled.
Now charg'd Idomeneus, and gave an alarm to the Trojans,
Urging on his comrades, tho' a man grown white-headed almost,
360 And kill'd Othryoneus, the Cabesian ; who to the conflict
Had come newly to seek therein for fair reputation,
And crav'd undower'd to receive Cassandra, the fairest
Of Priam's daughters, promising for her hand an achievement
Right splendid, to repel from Troy the besieging Achaïans.
365 Then with him old Priam was pleas'd, and gave to the compact
His sanction ; so upon these terms he fought to deserve her.
And at him Idomeneus his gleaming lance now aventred,
And smote him, stoutly stepping on ; nor avail'd him his hawberk
Of brass, which many times he'd worn, but, close to the navel
370 Pierc'd, he dropp'd with a clank, his opponent glorying o'er him :
“ Othryoneus, above all mankind I'll deem thee a worthy,
If for Dardanidan Priam to the full thou accomplish
Thine emprise, which he has to requite with th' hand of a daughter.
But come, we'll covenant on terms like-fair to reward thee ;
375 And one of Atrides' daughters, in beauty the foremost,
We'll pledge thee for a bride, and seek her in Argos, if aided
By thee we conquer Troytown's well-mann'd habitations.

Now let us hie therefore to the ships, and make an agreement
(Thou'lt find us liberal kinsfolk) for a nuptial alliance."

- 380 So spake Idomeneus, and dragg'd his dead body forward
Through the battle's fiercest, whither Asius hied to the rescue,
On foot, with coursers following ; for a driver-attendant
Rein'd them in impatient, their breaths his shoulder attaining.
To strike Idomeneus now he aim'd ; but first his opponent's
- 385 Lance below his chin arrived, and cross'd his throat for an outlet.
Like as when falleth some poplar, or oak on a mountain,
Or pine tall-soaring, which a woodman's well-whetted axes
Have cloven, to be us'd perchance as a beam by a shipwright,
So fell he extended to the soil, i' th' front of his horses
- 390 And chariot, grasping the red earth, and murmuring inly.
Thereupon his charioteer, by former shrewdness abandon'd,
Too fearful to direct his steeds or avoid his assailants,
Stood spell-struck, till reach'd him a lance, by combat-abiding
Antilochus to the man's middle hurl'd ; nor avail'd then his haw-
berk
- 395 Of brass, which many times he'd worn ; but, near to the navel
Pierc'd, he from rich-wrought chariot sank, mortally gasping ;
Whereupon Antilochus, brave Nestor's son, took his horses
And drove them to the side o' the brazen-plated Achaïans.
Then came Deïphobus, for conquer'd Asius anger'd,
- 400 Right near Idomeneus, his bright weapon aiming against him.
Idomeneus was aware in time, and sidling avoided
That brass point, shelter'd by an orb'd shield that about it
Had bulls'-hides many folds and blazing brass to support them ;
Two cross-rods held it : now screen'd he his whole body therewith.
- 405 So the spear pass'd him ; the resounding buckler it hurtled ;
Not for nought quitted it the stalwart arm o' the Trojan,
But fell on Hypsenor, son of Hippasus, entering into
His liver, and brought down in a trice that pastor of armies.
His voice Deïphobus with a lengthen'd shout then uplifted :
- 410 " Asius is no more unaveng'd : not alone any longer
His spirit is travelling to the keep-fast mansion of Hades,
But well-pleas'd to behold I've sent him company yonder."
Loudly thus he boasted, to the grief o' the sons of Achaïa ;
And brave Antilochus deepest among all was offended.
- 415 Yet though gall'd in his heart, his friend he would not abandon,
But ran up and shelter'd him, a shield all over him holding ;

Meantime came Echian Mecisteus, came good Alastor,
 His followers well-approv'd and dear, and carefully lifted
 And to the ribb'd war-ships convey'd him, painfully moaning.
 420 Nor paus'd Idomeneus in his heart, intent upon either
 Blinding more enemies with unending night's desolation,
 Or clanking with his own body there, his country defending.

Here fought Alcatous, that dear son of Æsuetes,
 Of Jove-lov'd lineage, to Anchises bound by alliance.
 425 He wedded his first-born daughter, named Hippodamia,
 Who amid all maidens of her age could find not an equal
 In person, cunning hand or mind ; this dearly delighted
 Both her honor'd parents in her home ; and eke o' the bravest
 Of wide Troy's cavaliers they therefore found her a bridegroom.
 430 Him quell'd Idomeneus, by mighty Posidon assisted,
 Who dull'd those flashing eyes, those ivory limbs of his hamper'd ;
 For neither backwards to retire nor flinch his opponent
 Seem'd there power in him, but erect and firm he awaited,
 Like pillar or branching tall tree, the stroke o' the Cretan
 435 Spear, which on his bosom's midmost fell, cleaving his hawberk
 Brass-wrought, that many times his approaching bane had
 averted.
 Now through links that around it jarr'd, that point won an
 entrance,
 And he fell clanking, transfix'd through his heart, which in heaving
 Set that spear quivering to its handle ; and so was abated
 440 Its fury : Idomeneus then shouted, glorying o'er him :
 " How now, Deïphobus ? three Trojans 'gainst one Achaian,
 As by thy vauntings it appears, are cheerfully barter'd.
 But come, worthy gallant, thyself, and stand up against me,
 And with Jove's offspring be acquainted, who here doth await thee ;
 445 For from Jove Minos drew birth, of Creta the guardian ;
 Deucalion, perfect cavalier, was Minos's offspring ;
 And I'm Deucalion's, and born to command many subjects
 In Crete's broad island, from whence I came with a navy
 For thine, thy father's and all Troytown's desolation."
 450 Deïphobus, when he heard these words, began inly debating
 On two plans, either to retire and call to support him
 Some one o' Troy's foremost warriors, or venture unaided.
 Thus when he had ponder'd, what appear'd most like to behove him

- Was tow'rd Æneas to repair ; whom 'mid the remotest
 455 Ranks he found standing, full sore with Priam offended,
 Who would ne'er honor him 'mid his host, though nobly deserving.
 Near him Deïphobus now approach'd, and eager address'd him :
 " Æneas, Trojan general, now it only behoves thee
 Thy sister's husband to defend, if thou'st any kindness.
- 460 Come, succour Alcathous with me : thou know'st him a gentle
 Kinsman, that many times hath fed thee at home when an infant.
 Lance-fam'd Idomeneus hath attain'd, and mortally pierc'd him."
 So said he, and right sore was his hearer's heart in him anger'd,
 And tow'rd Idomeneus he strode, for stern battle eager ;
- 465 Nor play'd Idomeneus the stripling daintily nurtur'd,
 Nor fled away, but abode unscar'd, as a boar o' the mountains
 Waits in lonely covert, when approaches th' hunt with a dust-cloud,
 Trusting in his puissance ; his back then bristleth erected,
 And fire-like flash his eyes, and, bent on fiercely resisting
- 470 Hounds and huntsmen alike, his baleful tusks he attempts.
 Lance-fam'd Idomeneus thus abode, nor drew back a footstep
 From rapid Æneas's assault ; but, glancing around him,
 Hail'd his friends Aphareus and Deïpyr, Ascalaph also,
 Meriones, and Antilochus, fighting-men accomplish'd ;
- 475 Whose succour invoking, with wing-borne words he address'd them :
 " Help me striving alone, my friends ! I dread very sorely
 Yon rapid Æneas's assault, who against me approaches,
 Being so strong in arms and so man-slaying a foeman,
 And blooming still in age's prime, which assists above all things ;
- 480 For, were we thus oppos'd, and our years equally parted,
 I'd soon earn honor here, or soon should he earn it upon me."
 He spoke ; and, as if all had a single mind to direct them,
 Shouldering all bucklers, they assum'd their places around him.
 Æneas likewise, on his own side, call'd his associates,
- 485 And tow'rd Deïphobus look'd round, and noble Agenor
 And Paris, all leaders of Trojans, whom to the rearward
 They saw troops following ; so a ram by flocks is attended,
 That crowd from pasture to the troughs ; and, as the delighted
 Swain views their clusters, Æneas's heart was elated,
- 490 While he saw gathering tow'rd him such a number of heroes.
 From both sides, levelling long spears, they came to the combat
 Round slain Alcathous : then breastplates dreadfully sounded,
 Foes at foes darting pellmell ; but two men among them,

- Æneas and Idomeneus, each hotly desiring
 495 With blood of his foeman to stain his lack-pity lance-head,
 Stood forth pre-eminent, and Ares-like in appearance.
 His spear Æneas first darted against his opponent :
 Idomeneus was aware in time, and sidling avoided
 That brass-point's heavy fall : so trembling on earth it alighted ;
 500 All in vain quitted it the stalwart hand o' the Trojan.
 Idomeneus at him aim'd in turn, but, cleaving an hawberk's
 Ridge, reach'd Ænomaus, for his entrails making an outlet
 Through the belly's midmost ; so, fall'n, he writh'd on his elbow.
 Idomeneus pull'd out o' the corpse his spear shadow-launching,
 505 But durst not venture—such a rain of darts was around him—
 From those dead shoulders to remove the glorious armour.
 Nor could that veteran's enfeebled limbs now avail him
 For speeding to regain his dart or promptly departing ;
 And ever in close fight he kept his bane at a distance,
 510 But from th' engagement to retire at a rush was unable.
 Slowly thus he yielded : but a bright spear after him hasted,
 Thrown by Deïphobus, for against him he held yet his anger.
 He miss'd him then again ; but attain'd, and right thro' a shoulder
 Transfix'd Ascalaphus, son of Ares ; and on his elbow
 515 Brought him down writhing ; yet fierce and clangorous Ares
 Was thereof not aware in time for saving his offspring
 Low-laid in vehement conflict : for aloft on Olympus,
 On gold cloud seated, the commands of Jupiter held him,
 From warfare separate, amid all the divine kin around him.
 520 Now round Ascalaphus they press'd to the fight close-handed ;
 Deïphobus foremost had seiz'd his glistening helmet :
 Then sprang Meriones, like-swift and forceful as Ares,
 And wounded with a lance his fore-arm, so that abandon'd
 Dropp'd that long morion, with a clank upon earth's lap alighting.
 525 Meriones then again sprang forward, keen as a vulture,
 Tugg'd the stout weapon out that had enter'd hard by his elbow,
 And drew back 'mid his host ; then strode to the rescue Polites,
 Born o' the same parents, and clasp'd him in arms to remove him
 From clamorous conflict. So reach'd he his own rapid horses,
 530 Where for him his charioteer and splendid car were a-waiting,
 From the battle's tumult separate, and far to the rearward.
 Their hurt lord, uttering deep groans, they tugg'd away home-
 ward,

While from his arm, wounded so freshly, the blood ran abundant ;
All th' other hosts labor'd and strove in an infinite uproar.

- 535 And Æneas assail'd Aphareus, the Caletorid hero,
And reach'd his windpipe with a mortal thrust ; then his helmet
Sank from his head's faintness ; sank also the buckler he handled,
And nerve-destroying death in haste on his whole body fasten'd.
Meantime Antilochus Thoon's first turning awaited,
- 540 Then ran at and smote him, cleaving that vein which arriveth
Hard by a man's back-bone to the nape ; this he wholly set open.
Down fell his antagonist i' the dust, his face to the daylight,
Imploring with his outstretch'd arms his dear fellow-champions.
Antilochus, rushing up, set about despoiling of armour
- 545 His shoulders : yet abode he alert ; for foemen around him
Crowded, at his rich-wrought broad buckler darting on all sides.
Yet could no pitiless javelin to the rear of it enter,
Nor to the soft flesh attain : so well did mighty Posidon
Guard Nestor's offspring, tho' amid many points on him hailing.
- 550 But from his antagonists he got not clear, not a moment,
And his spear rested not a trice ; for, striding among them,
He shook it and brandish'd, still in heart intent upon either
Making a thrust forwards, or taking an aim at a distance.
Nor yet fail'd Adamas, son of Asius, here to behold him
- 555 Aiming ; whereat he hied full near, and smote i' the midmost
His shield with keen point, whose force jetty-lock'd Enosichthon
Frustrated, for he held his life too dear to desert him.
So the spear thus abode ; one part i' the midst o' the buckler,
Like stake fire-harden'd, stood on end, one part dropping under.
- 560 Then back stepp'd Adamas 'mid his host, his ruin avoiding ;
And him Meriones pursued, whose lance in him enter'd
O'er the groin midway to the navel, where above all parts
Our suffering nature feeleth th' infliction of Ares.
There lodg'd Meriones the spear, and dragg'd the man onwards
- 565 Writhing as he follow'd him ; so an ox i' th' tracts o' the mountains
Is with ropes hurry'd on perforce by swains in a cluster.
Thus follow'd he writhing for a time, but soon was it ended,
When bold Meriones sprang near, and back to the daylight
Tugg'd the stern weapon out : so his eyes obscurity mantled.
- 570 With Thracian broadsword Helenus now smote i' the temples
Deïpyrus : then his helm he snatch'd, which obliquely descended

- And fell aground, but anon was seiz'd by a fighting Achaian,
 As 'gainst his very feet it roll'd; and found a new owner.
 Low lay Deïpyrus, drear darkness sealing his eyes up ;
- 575 Whereupon Atridan martial Menelaus offended,
 With menaces drew near Helenus, that chieftain heroic,
 Shaking a sharp javelin, while braving a bow ready-bended.
 Thus the two encounter'd; one a pointed lance was upholding,
 All ready for darting; one a shaft had set to the bow-string.
- 580 First that Priamidán's arrow-point Menelaus's hawberk
 Smote upon its very ridge, but glanc'd then away from it idly.
 As when a wide winnowing-fan on ample floor is a-working,
 Whence vetches, or maybe dark beans, are lifted on all sides
 By blasts of whizzing air and laboring arms that arouse them ;
- 585 So that arrow, glancing from brave Menelaus's hawberk,
 Leapt away and like-far wander'd, till on earth it alighted.
 Not so did martial Menelaus reach his opponent,
 But struck his hand, wherein that furbish'd bow was erected,
 And to the bow nail'd it, the refulgent point re-emerging.
- 590 Then back stepp'd Helenus 'mid his host, his ruin avoiding,
 Trailing his hand's dead weight, with an ash-lance holding on
 under,
 Till the weapon from his hand was drawn by noble Agenor,
 And his wound bounden with a fine-wool band from a sling-
 stone,
- Which by his own car-mate was brought to the pastor of armies.
- 595 Then came Pisander tow'rd nobly-renown'd Menelaus
 Forthright, for deathwards did his evil destiny goad him,
 That such a foe's conquest might thee, Menelaus, ennoble.
 When but a short distance these rivals parted asunder,
 Atrides foremost took an aim, but miss'd his opponent.
- 600 Then forthwith Pisander attain'd by a thrust to the buckler
 (But pierc'd it not athwart) of nobly-renown'd Menelaus.
 The broad shield stood against his point; and 'neath it his ash-
 lance
 Hung broken; but his heart was elate, foreboding a conquest.
 Thereupon Atrides unsheath'd his silvery-boss'd glaive,
- 605 And tow'rd Pisander bounded; but he under a buckler
 Stoop'd down, and took in hand his well-brass-edg'd, olive-hafted
 Long battle-axe: thus equipp'd each foeman came to the conflict.
 His weapon, on morion thick-plum'd and crested alighting,

- Just graz'd its rim aloft; but on him, when arriv'd within arm's reach,
- 610 Right above his nostrils fell a blow that smash'd the brow inward,
So that at his very feet, blood-stain'd, upon earth fell his eye-balls.
There he dropp'd writhing: Menelaus, on his body mounting,
His rival's armour pluck'd off, thus glorying o'er him:
"Thus will ye, if thus alone, ye Trojans hugely presuming
- 615 And with stern warfare uncloyable, have to relinquish
These galleys of swift-hors'd Danaans. You've left not an outrage
Uncommitted 'gainst me, nor spared me an obloquy whilom.
Your hearts, you caitiff hounds, fear'd not th' implacable anger
Of the god of strangers' fellowships, yon thunder-obey'd king,
- 620 Jove, that on your high-rear'd city-walls will bring desolation.
My wife you carry'd off, who loyally gave you a shelter—
(And this for no offence of mine), and gear in abundance,
And you're now coveting to invade our ships billow-riding
With fires of mickle heat, massacring brave sons of Achaia.
- 625 However, ye'll at last have enough, though greedily warring.
Sire Jove, all perishing natures and all that are endless
Thy wisdom transcends, I have heard; and art thou approving
And succouring workers of contumelious outrage,
Like the men of Troytown? whose heart's with rashness elated,
- 630 Greedy, beyond sating, for strife impartially baneful.
All joy sates appetite at last—love's dainty communion,
Sleep, delicate minstrelsy, the dancer's motion unerring;
But none amidst these things should lead to satiety sooner
Than strife; yet this it is which ne'er contenteth a Trojan."
- 635 With such words martial Menelaus from the denuded
Corpse gave his followers the blood-dripping arms to remove them;
Then with first fighters he quickly return'd to commingle.
Then rush'd Harpalion to resist him, kingly Pylemen's
Offspring, who had Troywards to the wars his father attended,
- 640 But was thence destin'd to return no more to the dear land.
He struck th' Atridan's buckler with a thrust i' the midmost,
But could not penetrate throughout—his point reappear'd not.
Then backward 'mid his host he stepp'd, his ruin avoiding;
Nathless Meriones with a bright arrow caught him a-turning,
- 645 And pierc'd his right ham to the bone, and shamefully rent him.
His followers' loving arms sustain'd him, mortally gasping;
While worm-like flat on earth he sank, and dew'd the surrounding

- Dust with a rich crimson, that well'd from his hurt in abundance.
 There anon his valiant Paphlagonians came up around him,
 650 And upon his chariot they plac'd, and brought within holy
 Ilion his body back, by a weeping father attended ;
 Yet for that son of his low-laid no blood-money reach'd him.
 Much was Alexander then aggriev'd, when aware o' the dead man
 (Being an old messmate of his own, like more o' the nation).
 655 He, set upon vengeance, let fly with a keen arrow deadly,
 And hit a man good-at-arms and rich, that dwelt at Ephyre,
 Euchenor, son of old Poluïdus, a reader of omens,
 Who, knowing what a fate he brav'd, had come to the navy.
 Often had his reverend father, Poluïdus, assur'd him
 660 He must by dolorous sickness die at home, or avoid it
 Through falling, 'mid Achaian ships, by th' hands o' the Trojans.
 So the severe forfeits he shunn'd that Achaia demanded,
 And that sore sickness which his heart might else have afflicted.
 Pierc'd below his jaw-bone and ear, from his whole body quickly
 665 He pour'd his spirit out ; on his eyes fell darkness abhorred.
 All these thus labor'd in a burning fiery conflict :
 But Jove-lov'd Hector knew not, nor had heard any tidings,
 How much his own people were oppress'd to the left o' the navy
 By Danaan prowess, nor aware how mastery well-nigh
 670 By th' Argive forces was achiev'd, since great Enosichthon
 Had been exhorting them alike, and aiding among them.
 But yonder still abode Hector, where charging he enter'd
 Inside their ramparts and gates, what time of Achaia's
 Thick squadrons heavy-arm'd he had overborne the resistance.
 675 Here the two Ajaces, and whilom Protesilaus
 Had their ships grounded, to the sea's hoar surges adjoining,
 And here ran lowest the defences, so that of all parts
 Here in hottest conflict squadrons and steeds were assembled.
 [Here Bœotian hosts were array'd, long-skirted Ionians,
 680 Phthians and Lœcrians and nobly-renownèd Epeans,
 Their ships with much ado guarding, for scarce at a distance
 Could they keep Hector like wild-fire leaping upon them.]
 Here were chosen Athenian troops whom princely Menestheus
 Led, born of Peteos ; then again those chiefs of Athenians,
 685 Brave Stichius, Phidas, Bias ; then chiefs of Epeans,
 Amphion, Dracius, Phylides ; but to Podarces
 And Medo, his fellow-chief, the Phthian troops were obedient.

- Truly Medo was a bastard child of heroic Oïleus,
 Ajax's father ; but he had their country deserted
 690 And dwelt in Phylace withdrawn ; for his hand had a kinsman
 Slain of his own step-dame Eriopis, wife of Oïleus ;
 His fellow-chief's father was Phylacidean Iphiclus.
 All these on one side to defend their ships stood in order,
 Back'd by bold Phthians, Bœotia's offspring assisting.
- 695 And meantime Ajax, the swift-footed heir of Oïleus,
 Had not left, even for a while, Telamonian Ajax.
 As two brown oxen drag a well-join'd plough with an equal
 Strain athwart fallow-land, while sweat transpires in abundance
 Round their horns' nether end ; their smooth yoke only divides them,
 700 Their furrow gets lengthen'd, the rich earth gives way to the
 ploughshare ;
 Thus the two Ajaces full close were standing united.
 But while his followers sustain'd Telamonian Ajax,
 Numerous and good-at-arms, in turn his buckler upholding
 Oft as on his weary'd clammy knees they found him a drooping—
- 705 Not so by Lœcrians was daring Oïlian Ajax
 Back'd, since for fighting close-handed no spirit had they ;
 For neither brazen morions plum'd densely with horsehair,
 Nor shields full rounded they bore, nor lances of ash-tree ;
 But these men follow'd him Troywards with th' arms of an archer
 710 Or slings of choicest and buxom wool to rely on,
 Wherewith discharging they broke the squares o' the Trojans.
 And now those heavy troops, with rich-wrought armour about them,
 Engag'd their enemies, them about brass-helmeted Hector ;
 And these light Lœcrians were shooting safely behind them
- 715 'Mid Trojans confounded, abandoning hardy resistance.
 And now Troy's forces would have all ignobly relinquish'd
 Tents and ships, to return to the wind-woo'd Ilion homeward,
 Had not Pulydamas thus anon bold Hector accosted :
 " Hector, men's counsel to thy heart finds seldom an access.
- 720 As sure as Providence hath warlike mastery lent thee,
 Thou would'st be foremost of us all as a counsellor also.
 However, all eminence will upon thee scarce be united ;
 For Providence qualifies one man for mastery warlike,
 And one for song-craft, one again for a dancer or harper.
- 725 There's another likewise whom Jove, the beholder of all things,
 Gifts with a good judgment, whose fruits are reap'd by a number,

- And cities he saveth, but of all he most is a gainer.
 Not the less I'll tell thee what I hold most like to behove us :
 I see thee compass'd all round with fiery conflict ;
- 730 And the gallant Trojans, since first we storm'd the defences,
 Part have in arms withdrawn, and part the strife are upholding,
 Few match'd with many men, dispers'd i' the midst o' the navy.
 Thou should'st draw backward, summon all our best men about
 thee,
- And judge we then afresh, were we to descend thus united
- 735 On yon ships many-tier'd, might heav'n with victory grace us,
 And whether unworsted we might have a chance of emerging.
 I fear me very much, that now will Achaia repay us
 Yesterday's bloody debt ; for a wight her navy defendeth,
 Who never is sated with fight, whose yielding is hopeless."
- 740 So said he, and Hector to the faultless counsel assented
 [Lightly from his chariot to the ground he sprang with his armour] ;
 And thus Pulydamas with wing-borne speech he accosted :
 " Pulydamas, tarry there, and keep our best men around thee ;
 And I'll go yonder to the fight and put them in order,
- 745 And soon come back anew, when I all have fitly directed."
 So said he, and started, like some snowy mountain appearing,
 And with a shout hasted thoro' Trojans and thoro' league-mates ;
 Whereat with one accord, having heard his voice, they assembled,
 And join'd Pulydamas, Panthous's offspring heroic.
- 750 But to the first fighters went Hector, seeking among them
 Asius, and Adamas son of Asius Hyrtacidean,
 And where Deïphobus might shine, or where any prowess
 Of king-like Helenus : nor found he these men uninjur'd,
 Nor living all ; some amid the sterns o' the ships of Achaia
- 755 Had their ghosts given up, low-laid by prowess of Argives ;
 Some were gash'd, nearer to the wall, by a dart or at arm's-length.
 Yet found he quick enough, to the left o' the make-sorrow combat,
 Splendid Alexander, that bright Helen had for a consort ;
 And near him when arriv'd, with scornful speech he address'd him :
- 760 " Heh Paris, inveigler, wife-craz'd, most goodly to no good !
 Where is Deïphobus ? where's Asius Hyrtacidean ?
 And Adamas and Othryoneus ? and hast any tidings
 Of prince-like Helenus ? now is Ilion wholly to ruin
 Hastening, and vengeance right swift and sure will attain thee."
- 765 Thereat Alexander, the divine in beauty, thus answer'd :

- “ ’Tis thy mood, Hector, to rebuke th’ unblamable even.
 My mother has borne me (seest thou ?) not quite for a craven,
 And thou shouldst any day but this find tardiness in me ;
 For, since thy followers thou ledd’st at first to the navy,
 770 We’ve been with Danaans still uninterruptedly fighting,
 And lost these comrades, touching whom I am ask’d to give answer.
 Deïphobus, king-like Helenus, they alone are alive yet,
 Withdrawn from conflict, wounded with spears shadow-launching,
 Each in his hand : Kronides from effects more deadly redeem’d
 them.
 775 But lead us now away, whereso thy mind shall have urg’d thee,
 And we shall follow thee right heartily ; neither amongst us
 Shall prowess be at all wanting, while power upholds it :
 Past his forces a man can’t fight, if he even is eager.”
 His brother at these words was appeas’d, and turn’d from his anger :
 780 Then together strode they to the core of fiery conflict,
 Where good Pulydamas and Cebrion had the direction—
 And where Orthæus, Phalces, god-like Polyphætēs,
 And Morys, Hippotion’s offspring, with his own brother Ascan,
 And Palmys were in arms—the reliefs who that day abandon’d
 785 Deep-gleb’d Ascania—stirr’d now by Jove to the combat.
 They came, like as of hurtful winds when ariseth a tempest,
 Sent forth, with lightnings, from Jupiter omnipaternal—
 Down to the sea plunging, they awake its surge hollow-booming,
 Wave on wave following, foam-crested, rolling in order ;
 790 So throng’d these Trojans, their chieftains firmly supporting,
 Rank on rank following, flashing in their varying armour.
 Hector Priamides, who appear’d like host-quelling Ares,
 Led foremost, guarded by a shield all equally rounded,
 Shaking on his temples the refulgent brass of his helmet ;
 795 And with feints many times he prob’d the squares of Achaians,
 If they’d flinch anywhere, his shielded approaches avoiding.
 But within each bosom was a soul unscar’d to behold him ;
 And Ajax foremost, striding to the van, thus address’d him :
 “ Draw near, worthy gallant ! why would’st thou frighten us
 Argives ?
 800 We’re not for warfare so unapt, though Jupiter algates
 Is set upon scourging Danaans with abhorrèd affliction.
 Thou begannest long ago to exult in th’ hope of effecting
 Our ships’ destruction, but we too have hands to defend them ;

- Sooner, as I take it, thine own city goodlily peopled
 805 Our hands shall desolate and ransack ; sooner is even
 Thine own hour, Hector, coming on, when, fleeing afore us,
 Thou'lt implore Kronides and all the celestial immortals,
 That rapid as falcons may rush thy steeds, the superb-man'd,
 Speeding thee citywards, skimming o'er Troy's plain with a dust-
 cloud."
- 810 Thus when he had spoken, lo, an eagle appear'd to the right-hand,
 Overhead high soaring : full loudly the sons of Achaia
 Hail'd the benign omen ; yet spoke fam'd Hector in answer :
 " What dost thou tell me, random-tongued, boor-headed Ajax ?
 So might I be immortal, a child of thunder-obey'd Jove,
- 815 And for my mother have th' imperial Hera—so always
 Might I be reverenc'd as Apollo and Pallas Athena,
 As this day shall a woe convey to the sons of Achaia,
 Unto them all and each ! thou likewise, if thou abidest
 My ravenous lance-head, till it on thy fair body fasten,
- 820 Shalt perish, and Trojan prey-birds and hounds gather off thee
 Lean and fat morsels, i' the midst o' the ships of Achaia."'
 So said he, and led away ; while those that closely behind him
 Strode, and those following shouted with an infinite outcry,
 And th' Argives opposite shouted ; nor of hardy resistance
- 825 Were they not mindful, but abode the storm o' the Trojan
 Best champions ; so a peal betwixt the two armies ascended
 Up to the welkin's heights, and Jove's habitation effulgent.

BOOK XIV.

THE SLUMBER OF JOVE.

NOR was not Nestor, though drinking, aware o' the turmoil,
 And Asclepiades with wing-borne words he accosted :
 " Ah whither are these things tending ? tell us, hero Machaon !
 Louder waxes amidst our ships the strife o' the champions !

- 5 But tarry thou seated, thy dusk wine quietly drinking,
 Till with warm lavements Hecamede the comelily-braided
 Be ready for cleansing thy curdled blood from upon thee,
 And I'll go look abroad, and quickly with all be acquainted."

- He spoke, and took a shield that bright with brass upon all sides
 10 Lay upon his tent-floor, where left it bold Thrasymedes,
 That steed-fam'd son of his, the paternal buckler assuming.
 He took a keen-brass-tipp'd heavy lance in his hand; then, emerging
 Out o' the tent, witness'd full soon unsightly disaster:
 Here his friends routed, there Trojans fiercely behind them
 15 Charging, there prostrate he saw the defences Achaian.
 And, as where the marine expanse by a mute heavy ground-swell
 Is toss'd, expecting shrilly winds to descend on it headlong—
 Idly then it welters, but no way rolls any surges,
 Until Jove sendeth some effective wind to direct it—
 20 So paus'd that veteran, two counsels inly revolving,
 Either among swift-hors'd Danaans to rush into the concourse,
 Or seek Atrides, that pastor of hosts, Agamemnon.
 Thus when he had ponder'd, what appear'd most like to behove him
 Was tow'rd Atrides to repair: meanwhile the two armies
 25 Fought, and made conquests, the tough armour clanking about
 them
 Aye where swords hurtled, or spears brass-pointed at each end.

- Here those Jove-nurtur'd sovereigns met Nestor, as upward
 From their ships they arriv'd, with brass all wounded, Ulysses,
 And the son of Tydeus, and Atreus-born Agamemnon.
 30 For, withdrawn from assault, to the sea's hoar surges adjacent
 Their galleys all rested, while those that sooner had enter'd
 Were brought higher ashore, and back'd with a wall to defend them,
 Since, although wide-spread, that sea-beach had not afforded
 Room for so many ships display'd, but coop'd the besiegers.
 35 So the galleys stairwise were arrang'd, and fill'd the retreating
 Verge o' the coast, onwards to the bournes o' the sea-jutting head-
 lands.
 And now these sovereigns, seeking for a sight o' the conflict
 And the battle's fortunes, came forward, gall'd with affliction,
 With lances steadying their steps; while over against them
 40 Old Nestor reappear'd, and brought new alarm on Achaians.

But the king of champions, Agamemnon, thereat address'd him :

“ Neleus-born Nestor, thou praise and boast of Achaians,

What brings thee to be here, homicidal combat avoided ?

I fear, lest arrogant Hector too soon may accomplish

45 Those menaces, which against us he hurl'd i' th' midst o' the
Trojans,

From these ships to depart no more, nor in Ilion enter,

Until he had burnt them, till he had destroy'd us among them.

Thus was it he vaunted, thus is all now well-nigh accomplish'd.

What ! do others likewise cherish indignation against me,

50 Forby Pelides, 'mid Achaians well to the greaves arm'd ?

And will they not about our poops maintain a resistance ? ”

Thereat made answer Nestor, the Gerenian horseman :

“ Ay ! there's so much of harm perform'd and done, nor hath even
Sky-rending Kronides, himself, any might to revoke it.

55 Our walls are broken, those walls whereby we accounted

Our galleys and squadrons to be always safely defended.

Now 'midst our very ships conflict unquenchably rages ;

And there's no knowing, tho' a man were warily gazing,

Which side routed Achaians flee ; so closely commingled

60 Contend both armies, their sound to the welkin ascending.

But let us hold counsel, what effects must hence be awaited,

And how far judgment can avail us, though to the combat

I call not, for a wounded man must not be a fighter.”

Thereat made answer the commander of hosts Agamemnon :

65 “ Nestor, since conflict has attain'd our poops, nor against it

Either wrought ramparts or a deep-dug trench could avail us,

Whereupon our Danaans have toil'd, whereby we accounted

Our galleys and forces were at all hours safely defended—

With Jove's proud humors it accords, no doubt, that Achaians

70 Should gather, and perish here, and cease to be heard of in Argos.

Nor did it escape me, when he aided us heartily whilom,

Nor that he our enemies now ennobles, like as immortals,

Whereas he hath pinion'd our hands, our virtue amated.

But go to : let us all be guided, as I would aread you,

75 And let us our galleys here, that closest lie to the waters,

Haul forthwith downwards, and launch them upon the superb sea,

And far off anchor'd, till sacred darkness arriveth,

Keep them, if our enemies will allow then a pause to the combat :

Then might we draw down, perchance, the remainder unhinder'd ;

- 80 For to shun our destruction, if e'en by night, is allow'd us.
 There's no worse runaway than a man that's caught by abiding."
 Gazing on him sideways answer'd wise-hearted Ulysses :
 "Atrides ! what a word hath pass'd thy teeth's narrow fences !
 Ha caitiff, who rather to command inglorious armies
 85 Shouldst be allow'd anywhere, than have over us here domination,
 Over us, whom Kronides from youth to gray hair has appointed
 All toils of warfare to exhaust, and die by it each one !
 Art thou thus purpos'd wide-streeted Troy to relinquish,
 For which so much ado we've borne, and are still a-bearing ?
 90 Peace, peace ! that no one may among the remaining Achaians
 Hear such words syllabled, which ne'er should ha' come from a
 mortal
 That carry'd intelligence in his heart, to speak with a purpose,
 Being an heir likewise of a sceptre, who held in allegiance
 Such manifold numbers, as thou rul'st over, of Argives.
 95 Now must I vilipend thy shrewdness—I hear such a counsel !
 Since, while in clamorous conflict we are already mingled,
 Thou bidd'st us the well-oar'd ships launch, that in over-abundance
 Our foe, triumphant as he is, may have all that he asketh,
 And quick destruction come on us ; for ne'er will Achaians
 100 Hold up against onslaught, while ships are drawn to the waters ;
 But that way gazing, they'll make but a puny resistance.
 Ruinous is therefore thy counsel, O heir of allegiance."
 Then made answer again the commander of hosts Agamemnon :
 "Ah ! thy keen censures my soul have wounded, Ulysses,
 105 Deeply, but I mean not perforce to command that Achaians
 Should the galleys draw down to the beach ; but if here be amongst us
 One that a more healthful counsel can afford, let us hear it ;
 Be't from young man or old, he'll find me fain to commend him."
 Hereupon armipotent Diomed spoke out thus among them :
 110 "Here stands your man at hand ; you need not long be a-waiting,
 If but you'll lend me willing ears, and none be offended
 For that I am number'd with a later-born generation :
 Yet claim I likewise to derive from a father heroic,
 Tydeus, whose earth-pil'd monument near Thebæ arises.
 115 For three bold brethren from Portheus came, who aforetime
 Dwelt in steep Calydon's and Pleuron's boundaries ample ;
 First Mēlas, and Agrius, next Ceneus, reiner of horses,
 My father's father, for bravery matchless among them.

- Yonder abode Ceneus, whereas my father in Argos
 120 Ended long roamings, as Jove and heav'n had appointed.
 Adrastus by a daughter's hand here made him a kinsman ;
 And splendid was his home, and corn he reap'd in abundance,
 And lands were given him for plants and fruit upon all sides ;
 And he fed many flocks, and foremost shone 'mid Achaians
 125 In spear-craft : this ye hear is truth, and men will avouch it.
 Scorn not my counsel therefore, nor account it a weakling's
 Or natural craven's, if I aught have said to the purpose.
 Let's go, though wounded, to the fight, since forc'd by occasion,
 But let us in shelter still abide, and out o' the danger
 130 Of the missiles flying, that wound on wound may arrive not.
 And let us all th' other hosts exhort, and those who aforetime,
 Their weary'd forces to relieve, dropp'd out o' the combat."'
 He spoke, and they amain gave ear and heed to the counsel,
 And started to go out, led along by great Agamemnon.
 135 Nor left unnotic'd that occasion mighty Posidon,
 But came with them abroad, i' the form of an elder appearing,
 And took in his right-hand that of Atreus-born Agamemnon,
 And, his voice lifting, with wing-borne words thus address'd him :
 " Atrides, now i' faith the malignant heart of Achilles
 140 Joys within his bosom, boding to the sons of Achaia
 Flight and destruction : for a grain of wisdom he hath not.
 But leave him with a curse, leave heav'n with shame to reward him,
 For the blessed powers no more cherish anger against thee,
 And this plain yet again captains and lords o' the Trojans
 145 Shall fill with dust-clouds : thou again shalt quickly behold them
 Tow'rd the city scattering, thy tents and navy relinquish'd."'
 So said he, and scouring that plain, uplifted an outcry,
 As loud as rises from voices of armies arriving,
 Each side by myriads, to the fierce encounter of Ares.
 150 So from mighty Posidon's lungs an enormous alarum
 Was pour'd, and vigor and daring to the sons of Achaia
 Convey'd for warfare, to be unforweary'dly fighting,

- Nor did not with her eyes gold-throne-sitting Hera behold him,
 From the divine mountain gazing : she thence was aware of
 155 Her brother and kinsman foremost, who toil'd in ennobling
 Conflict ; and thereat was her heart full dearly delighted ;
 And then on extremest eminence of fountainous Ida

- She saw Jove seated ; but her eye was loth to behold him.
 Doubtfully then ponder'd heifer-ey'd imperial Hera
 160 On Gorgon-buckler'd Jove's wariness, how to beguile it,
 Until, of all counsels, this appear'd most like to behove her,
 If well her own person she array'd, and sought him on Ida,
 And if on her bosom to repose in love she allur'd him,
 And solacing slumbers could bring down, void of annoyance,
 165 Over his heart's thoughtful precincts and over his eyelids.
 Her chamber straightway she approach'd, that work of her offspring
 Hephæstus ; then applied she a secret key to set open
 Its heavy doors ; none among the remaining gods could have us'd it.
 She pass'd, and shut again the refulgent doors o' the bower.
 170 Firstly with ambrosial lavements her lovely, delightful
 Person of all soilure she clear'd, and dew'd on it heavenly
 Oil of rich fragrance, distill'd and wrought for her only,
 By which, in her visitings of Jove's brass-floor'd habitation,
 She casteth to the bounds o' the world and welkin a savor.
 175 Her delicate person thus anointed, her hair having o'er her
 Comb'd out, she braided with her hands her glistening hair-braids,
 Glorious, ambrosial, which clothe her ador'd head eternal :
 Her soft ambrosial vesture she assum'd, which Athena
 Wrought, gloss'd, and diversely bedeck'd with works o' the needle,
 180 And upon her bosom with a golden clasp she attach'd it,
 She bound her cincture of a hundred fringes about her,
 And anon her well-pierc'd ear-lobes she attir'd with her ear-rings,
 Three-corn'd, magnificent, with grace and glory refulgent ;
 And above her temples that queen august of immortals
 185 Rang'd her veil, delicate, new-wove, sunny-white in appearance :
 Then with gay sandals her fair, glossy feet she accoutred.
 But when her whole raiment she about her person had order'd,
 From bower she arose to depart : then call'd Aphrodita,
 And bespoke her, aloof from among the remaining immortals :
 190 " Wilt thou be debonair, dear child, and grant what I ask thee,
 Or wert thou likest to refuse me, being offended,
 Now that with Trojans thou sidest, I with Achæians ? "

And thus did Jove-born Aphrodita return her an answer :

" Hera, goddess paramount, august Saturnia, tell me

- 195 What dost thou meditate, for I have no thought to refuse thee
 If such a thing may be perform'd, if power is in me."

- And imperial Hera thus answer'd, guilefully purpos'd :
 " Lend me thy winning airs and charms, that build thee an empire
 O'er the divine kindreds and fleeting man's generations ;
 200 For tow'rd Ocean I have to repair, grandsire of immortals,
 And to mother Tethys, where life-throng'd earth's level endeth,
 Them that fed me of old, and rear'd me in their habitations,
 Where Cybèle placed me, till Jove, the beholder of all things,
 Threw Saturn below earth, below all the marine sterile acres.
 205 These I mean to visit, their rooted strife to determine,
 Which now, since many days, hath made them both the communion
 . And couch of love avoid ; so sore their minds are offended.
 If then I had power through 'suasive words to unite them
 In sleep and love again, to revive their faded affection,
 210 How dear and reverend they would me account ever after !"
 Answer'd her then again that queen of smiles, Aphrodita :
 " I cannot, I must not, disobey the commands o' the consort,
 Whom in his embraces Jove's sov'reign worthiness holdeth."
 Then from her own bosom she loos'd, these words having ended,
 215 Her broider'd kerchief, which in all winning arts is her engine,
 Wherein abide graces, debonairté, sweet litigations,
 And coaxings, potent to beguile hearts deep-witted even.
 This she plac'd in her hand, and spoke, and made an averment :
 " Take to thy own bosom this broider'd kerchief : it holdeth
 220 All requisites, wherewith thou shalt not leave unaccomplish'd
 Whatso thou covetest : that may'st thou rest well assur'd of."
 She ceas'd, and smiling, the full-ey'd, imperial Hera
 Took from her, and in her own bosom gave room to the kerchief.
 Then to repair homewards Jove-born Aphrodita departed,
 225 While Hera sprang away, leaving the steeps of Olympus,
 And cross'd Pieria's confines and Emathy lovely,
 And hurry'd o'er snow-capp'd, extremest heights o' the mountains
 Of Thracians good-on-horse ; yet on earth her footstep arriv'd not.
 She sprang down from Athos to the midst o' the sea's livid heav-
 ings,
 230 And Lēmnos she attain'd, where Thoias rul'd, a divine man,
 And Sleep, Death's brother, here she found, and forthwith accosted,
 Seizing his hand in her own, and spoke, and made an averment :
 " Sleep, king of all mortals and gods with eternity dower'd,
 If thou didst ever heed my voice, be rul'd by it also
 235 This once, my gratitude to secure hereafter at all times,

- Seal 'neath Jove's eyelids, I charge thee, his eyes of effulgence,
 Soon, when I have laid me by 's side for love to unite us.
 I'll give thee then a rich gold throne, unscathable always;
 Feet-lam'd Hephæstus, my child, I'll bid to prepare it,
 240 And fashion it for thee, with a rich stool under it also,
 Whereon thy glossy feet may rest in th' hour o' the banquet."
 Hereat Sleep, comforter of all, thus address'd her in answer:
 "Hera, goddess paramount, august Saturnian offspring,
 On any, save him alone, of gods, would I easily fasten,
 245 Even upon the currents of the world river—I would on Ocean
 Fasten, who is parent and source primeval of all things—
 But for Jove, but for Kronides, I dare not approach him
 Nor lull him, unless his own mandate go forth to demand me.
 Already thou knowest, where thy suggestion urg'd me,
 250 That day, when Jove's child o'er-hardy from Ilion homeward
 Sail'd, after making desolate the streets o' the Trojans.
 I lull'd th' intelligence, with my soft seizure about him
 Fastening, of Gorgon-buckler'd Jove, while for his offspring
 Thou framedst sufferings by sending blasts, to the waters,
 255 Of perilous tempests, which drove him, whilst at a distance
 He left all comrades, to the well-mann'd isle o' the Coans.
 His father then awoke, and storm'd, and beat the supernal
 Gods along his palace-hall: but chief he sought me among them,
 And to my undoing would adown to the surges have hurl'd me,
 260 But Night, whom suppliant I approach'd, who swayeth immortals
 And mortals, help'd me, for Jove was check'd by her only;
 He would not give offence to swift-wing'd Night in his anger.
 But wilt thou now again to steps unbearable urge me?"
 Answer'd him then anon the full-eyed, imperial Hera:
 265 "Sleep, with such doubtings let ne'er thine heart be offended.
 Dost think Jove, the beholder of all things, bears to the Trojans
 Such love as incens'd him for his own Alcmænian offspring?
 But what if I gave thee now a Grace for a wife, to delight thee,
 And as thine to be held, of those most youthful among them,
 270 Pasithea's very self, whom thou'st been daily desiring?"
 She spake, and thereat Sleep answer'd, dearly delighted:
 "Swear by those Stygian waters, which perjury brook not,
 And put thy right hand upon Earth's many-nurturing acres,
 Put to the white sea-foam thy left, and each god abiding
 275 Round Kronos, in deep-sunk habitations, call to record this—

- Thou'lt give me in very deed this Grace for a bride to delight me,
 Pasithea's very self, whom I've been daily desiring ? ”
- So said he ; and not a whit did white-arm'd Hera refuse it,
 But took the oath tender'd, and nam'd those deities each one,
- 280 Who Titans are yclept, whom 'neathmost Tartarus harbours.
 But when that mickle oath she'd sworn, and duly rehears'd it,
 They rose, and Imbros with Lēmnos left to the rearward,
 Invisible, 'minishing the spaces swiftly before them.
 So came they to the wild-game's nurse, to the fountainous Ida,
- 285 From the sea at Lectum ; then aloft the steps o' the powers
 Stirr'd th' highest tree-tops o' the wood, spreading o'er it a murmur.
 But Somnus tarry'd here—he approach'd not Jove any nearer—
 And on a tall fir-tree mounted, which then was on Ida
 Conspicuous, piercing middle-air to the bounds o' the welkin.
- 290 Here shut up in fir-boughs he abode, and wore an appearance
 Like that shrill-piping song-bird which is heard i' the mountains,
 And by gods Chalcis, but on earth 'tis call'd the Cymindis.
 Hera then hied onwards tow'rd Gargarus, high upon Ida ;
 'Twas there cloud-summoning Kronides set his eyes on her aspect,
- 295 And set his heart likewise, that deep-witted heart of his even,
 Like fond, as when yfere they first had sought the communion
 Of their young bride-bed, the parental notice evading.
 He tow'rds her then approach'd, and spoke, and keenly demanded :
 “ Hera, whither speeding cam'st thou this way from Olympus,
- 300 That thus with neither chariot nor steeds thou appearest ? ”
 And imperial Hera thus answer'd, guilefully purpos'd :
 “ 'Tis tow'rd Ocean I have to repair, grandsire of immortals,
 And to mother Tethys, where life-throng'd Earth's level endeth :
 Them that fed me of old, and rear'd me in their habitations.
- 305 These I mean to visit, their rooted strife to determine,
 Which now, since many days, has made them both the communion
 And couch of love avoid : so sore their minds are offended.
 Yonder, on extremest headlands of fountainous Ida,
 My steeds, which draw me well on earth and water, are halting ;
- 310 And it is on thy account that I am come down from Olympus,
 Lest I might be anon by thee reprimanded, if, holding
 My peace, I visited yon abodes of deep-running Ocean.”
 Thereat cloud-summoning Kronides thus in answer address'd her :
 “ Hera, to go yonder thou may'st have a later occasion :
- 315 Now to solace rather turn we, to the dear bed of union ;

- For never have cravings of love so fiercely possess'd me,
 On my soul fast'ning, for a mortal mate or immortal,
 Not, when on Ixion's consort I set my affection,
 Who bare Pirithous, god-like in mastery warlike,
 320 Nor when upon Danaë, the well-ankled Acrisionid,
 Who bare me Perseus, so admir'd and mark'd above all men,
 Nor when upon far-fam'd Phœnix's child yet a virgin,
 Who bare me Rhadamanth and Minos, peers of immortals,
 Nor when upon Semele from Thebes, Alcmena the Theban,
 325 This latter, whose offspring such labors matchless ennobled,
 Or that other, Semele, that gave to the world jolly Bacchus—
 Nor Queen Demeter, the superb-tress'd, nor the majestic
 Leto have I coveted, nor thee thyself yet, O Hera,
 As now I am burning, captive to delightful affection.”
- 330 And imperial Hera then answer'd, guilefully purpos'd :
 “ Sublimest Kronides, what a word is this to give ear to !
 If now thou meanest to repose, that love may unite us,
 High upon Idæan summit here, which is open on all sides—
 How then, were one among the supernal gods to behold us
 335 Slumbering, and go away to spread the report in Olympus,
 Dost think I could arise upright, and start to re-enter
 Thy dwelling as whilom ? such a thing would cry for a vengeance.
 However, if this alone gratifies and fits to thy humor,
 Hephæstus, that dear son o' thine, has built thee a bower,
 340 Wherein he hath fasten'd massy doors, with which to secure it ;
 We'd better hie yonder, since bed now appears to delight thee.”
 Hereat cloud-summoning Kronides thus in answer address'd her :
 “ Hera, god or mortal shall approach not near to behold us.
 Fear nothing ; I'll call up such a golden cloud for a shelter,
 345 Which none shall penetrate with his eyesight, not the sun even,
 Not the sun, whose glory's dazzling to behold above all things.”
 So speaking, Kronides took in arms his dearly lov'd one,
 While boon Earth squander'd for a couch her flowery foison,
 And all swards fresh of hue, lotus-cups dewily gilded,
 350 Crocuses, and hyacinths, which soft and thick should uphold them.
 There they laid them yfere, when a cloud had clos'd in around
 them,
 Beautiful and golden, whence dews of glory descended.
 Thus the divine Father was aloft on Gargarus holding
 His consort in his arms, by sleep and luxury master'd.

- 355 Meantime Sleep, comforter of all, to the ships of Achaia,
 Ran to give intelligence to earth-compassing Ennosigaius,
 And tow'rd him coming up, with wing-borne words thus address'd
 him :
- “ Now speed thy Danaans, and give them glory, Posidon,
 Even if it be but for a while, since Jove is a-resting.
- 360 I've bound oblivion so deep and soft on his eyelids,
 Since imperial Hēra to rest and luxury lur'd him.”
- He spoke ; then visited the glorious earth's habitations ;
 But the divine list'ner with a more zealous heart his Achaians
 'Gan succor, and bounded to the front, and loudly protested :
- 365 “ Argives, must we again make way for slaughtering Hector
 Priamides to come up to the ships, and seize on a triumph ?
 So to do he trusteth, no doubt, from seeing Achilles
 Bide 'mid his own good ships, as his heart yet against us is anger'd ;
 Though little, I take it, we'd sigh for him, if the remainder
- 370 Each his mate would assist, and man charge man to be hardy.
 But come now, let us all be guided as I will aread you—
 We'll put on our shoulders our bucklers, them that amongst us
 Are best and largest, and bear our heads within helmets
 Well brass'd, and having arm'd our hands with spears o' the longest,
- 375 Charge, and I'll lead you myself : then Priamid Hector,
 Trust me, shall not abide our shock, tho' immense be his ardor.
 But such as are good-at-arms, and smaller shields have amongst us,
 Take each some worse man's, and leave him his own to replace it.”
- So said he, and they yfere gave heed, and clove to the precept :
- 380 Their kings, though wounded, 'gan array them, namely Ulysses
 And the son of Tydeus, and Atreus-born Agamemnon.
 They the weapons shifted, visiting their whole battle-order ;
 Good men with better arms, and worse with worse they accoutred.
 But when aright each one was equipp'd with far-flashing armour,
- 385 They started, led along to the fight by mighty Posidon,
 His terrible long-sword in his hand of power upholding,
 Which blaz'd like lightning ; thereunto there is no approaching
 In perilous conflict, but dread keeps all at a distance.
 The Trojans opposite was egregious Hector arraying—
- 390 Oh, then of all martial conflicts was a fell one approaching,
 When the gallant Hector should oppose dark-lock'd Enosichthon.
 One fought for Troytown, one came to the rescue of Argos.
 Then the sea its surges to the tents and ships of Achaia

- Dash'd, while those armies mingled with an outcry enormous.
 395 Nay, never have breakers on a coast so loudly resounded,
 Swept to the land's confines by a north-wind scathfully ranging,
 And never hath blazing wildfire such a rumor awaken'd,
 On the forest preying, sweeping the ravines o' the mountains ;
 And never in branching tall oaks hath a wind yet awaken'd
 400 Such vehement uproar, with his utmost fury tho' howling,
 But that these enemies with an outcry no less enormous,
 Trojans and Danaans, rush'd up to the mutual onslaught.
 Then the gallant Hector foremost let a lance fly at Ajax,
 Whose body full tow'rds him was turn'd ; nor miss'd he his object,
 405 But reach'd where cross-bands ran athwart his breast, the supporters,
 This for his huge buckler, that again for a silvery-boss'd glaive—
 His flesh these guarded ; but sorely was Hector offended
 When that keen javelin from his hand had fallen effectless.
 Back 'mid his own comrades he stepp'd, his ruin avoiding ;
 410 Yet forward follow'd him stalwart Telamonian Ajax—
 Of the stones which about the fleet were strewn in abundance,
 And for props to the ships had serv'd, one o' these he uplifted,
 And spinning he sent it, till it Hector's clavicle hurtled
 Next his throat, when it o'er his shield had barely descended.
 415 As when the storm-wind of father Jove hath an oak up
 Wrench'd, and its deep roots laid bare, when a sulphurous odor
 Is round it shed afar ; no man that's near to behold it
 Boasteth an intrepid heart, such as high Jove's lightning appals
 not—
 With such a quick downfall the strength upon earth fell of Hector ,
 420 His spear out of his hand escap'd, his shield on his helmet
 Clank'd, and arms rich-wrought with brass dropp'd jarring around
 him.
 Then ran at him, shouting clamorously, the sons of Achaia,
 Deeming him already theirs, and fast and thick fell about him
 Their points, yet no man could attain that pastor of armies
 425 By missile or spear-thrust, such champions came up around him.
 Up came Pulydamas, Æneas, splendid Agenor,
 Sarpedon, leading Lycians, and Glaucus heroic.
 Nor came not many more to the rescue, before him upholding
 Their orb'd bucklers for a fence, till his own good attendants
 430 In their arms took him out o' th' fray : so reach'd he his horses,
 Where for him his charioteer and shining car were a-waiting :

- Him thereon, deep groans uttering, they bore away homeward.
 But to the fair-flowing waters and ford on arriving
 Of Xanthus, gender'd by immortal Jove, they arrested
 435 The steeds, and set on earth their chief, and over his aspect
 Sprinkled cool waters; then breath'd he, and out with his eyes
 look'd,
 Then sate he up kneeling, then arose dusk blood from his entrails,
 And backwards in a trice he sank, and over his eyelids
 Came covering darkness; so deadly that hurt still oppress'd him.
 440 But the Argives opposite, seeing the removal of Hector,
 Their virtue recollecting, oppos'd more stoutly the Trojans;
 And Ajax foremost, the rapid-footed heir of Oïleus,
 Came down with sharp lance on Satnius, offspring of CEnops,
 Born on Satnioës his banks, of Nēis a wood-nymph
 445 Comely beyond censure, while CEnops there was a neatherd.
 Near him Oiliades now approach'd, the spearman accomplish'd,
 And just over his hip transfix'd, and thrust the man over.
 Round him then Danaans and Trojans mortally mingled,
 And first Pulydamas Panthœdes came to the rescue,
 450 Whose good lance in his hand was pois'd, and smote Prothœnor
 Born of Arcilycus, full on his right shoulder arriving,
 So that on earth transfix'd he sank, and writh'd on his elbow.
 O'er him Pulydamas then vaunted, loudly protesting:
 "Once agen, I take it, the spear has flown not effectless,
 455 Which bold Pulydamas from his hand of power aventer'd.
 'Tis lodg'd in some Achaian's flesh, to support the receiver
 In footing it downward to the lacklight mansion of Hades."
 Such were his high boastings, galling to the sons of Achaia;
 And Ajax Telamon foremost was mov'd to resent them,
 460 Being now nearest to the corpse, and sent in a moment
 His spear, like lightning, following the steps o' the Trojan:
 Pulydamas was aware in time, and sidling avoided
 His black destruction; but an Antenoridan hero,
 Archilochus, caught it: for in heav'n his fall was appointed.
 465 On the neck it reach'd him, both tendons cleanly dividing,
 Hard below his brain-pan, th' extremest vertebra grazing,
 So that his head, nostrils, and mouth more quickly descended
 Than limbs or knee-pans, as adown upon earth he alighted.
 Loudly to Pulydamas shouted Telamonian Ajax:
 470 "Pulydamas, answer me a word, and truthfully teach me.

Was that a good man enough to slay to revenge Prothoenor ?
 I think him no craven at all, nor ignobly descended :
 Is not he Antenor's near kinsman, or even an offspring
 Of the gallant cavalier ? so like him appears he in aspect."

475 So cried he, well aware o' the case, sore words to the Trojans :
 Then took Bæotic Promachus by his heels Prothoenor ;
 And Acamas thrust him, to defend his dear brother hasting,
 And brought him to the ground ; then shouted, glorying o'er him :
 " Ye glutless threateners, ye Achaians frantic at hurling !

480 We'll keep not long alone such loss and labor on our side,
 But whiles our enemies shall prove death-amenable also,
 Lo ! where your Promachus slumbers, who bow'd his head under
 My spear-thrust : thus have I not left the fraternal avengement
 Unpaid long—that a man may glory to find in his household

485 Armipotent kinsmen, to redeem his fall who are able."
 Such were his high boastings, galling to the sons of Achaia ;
 Whence brave Peneleos foremost was mov'd to resentment,
 And sprang tow'rd Acamas ; Acamas withdrew from his onset ;
 And upon Ilioneus the spear o' the leader alighted—

490 On the son of Phorbas rich in herds, whom most o' the Trojans
 Hermes had privileg'd, that luck should attend on him always.
 He rear'd Ilioneus, lone fruit of a womb, in his household,
 Whom now the spear-thrust in his eye's socket, under his eyebrow,
 Reach'd, drove its apple out, and sank away into the brain-pan.

495 Down stoop'd Ilioneus, but grop'd with his hands to sit upright,
 Whereat Peneleos with a sharp sword drawn reassail'd him,
 And his neck cut in halves : then adown fell his head with his
 helmet

In dust, and in his eye the bitter spear-point was adhering.
 Peneleos took his head, poppy-like, and cried to the Trojans :

500 " Go for me, Trojans, to the dear mother and to the father
 Of brave Ilioneus, and bid them at home to bewail him,
 As Promachus likewise is lost, son of our Alegenor,
 For the beloved consort, that ne'er shall joyfully meet him
 When good ships carry sons of Achaia from Ilion homeward."

505 He spoke, and yellow fear fell on all his foes, who about them
 Cast glances for a way to retire from swift desolation.
 Now visit and tell me, Muses, that have homes on Olympos,
 Which was it of Danaans who first, when great Enosichthon
 Led the rally'd squadrons, took blood-dyed trophies of heroes ?

- 510 First Ajax Telamon Gyrtedan Hyrtius o'erthrew,
 Whom the gallant Mysi to the field of fight were attending.
 Antilochus brought down Phalces and Mermerus also :
 By Teucer Prothoon was vanquish'd, and Periphetes ;
 And anon Atrides hit a leader of hosts, Hyperenor,
 515 Just below his cincture, so well, that quite thro' his entrails
 The spear went ravaging, forcing to rush out o' the death-wound
 His spirit, and covering darkness to come over his eyesight.
 But most foes Ajax, the rapid-footed heir of Oïleus,
 Conquer'd and captured, for he had no peer as a chaser,
 520 When men were scattering, when Jove had sent panic on them.

BOOK XV.

THE SEIZURE OF THE SHIPS.

- BUT when they came back to the moat and past the defences,
 Fleeing, while many sank perishing by spears of Achaians,
 Thence tow'rd their chariots they rush'd, and there began halting,
 Pale and sore terrified. But meantime Jove upon Ida's
 5 Lofty summit was awake, and gold-thron'd Hera beside him.
 Then sat he up startled, then anon descried the two armies,
 Here Trojans scattering, there Argives hotly behind them
 Pursuing ; then leading appear'd Enosichthon among them,
 And Hector too appear'd, with his anxious people around him,
 10 He low-laid, wounded by an arm that was not a craven's,
 Still for breath gasping, blood arising still from his entrails ;
 Him the common parent of mortals and of immortals
 With pity view'd, then address'd, and look'd askance upon Hera :
 " Have thus thy caitiff arts, intractable Hera, disabled
 15 Hector from conflict, and with dismay struck his army ?
 For which I am doubtful, whether I'll not make thee a loser
 By thy foul cozenage foremost, and lay lashes on thee.

- Dost thou not recollect, when aloft thou swang'st, with an anvil
 Tied above each instep, with a chain infrangible, all gold,
 20 Round thy wrists fasten'd, which in air and cloud then upheld thee ?
 Yet the divine kindreds, throughout the long heights of Olympus,
 Were gathering, making much ado, but could not assist thee ;
 For still as I caught them, setting hands upon each one, I hurl'd
 him
 Out of doors, till on earth he gasp'd ; nor could this appease yet
 25 My dolor and anger, which thou drew'st forth by arousing
 The storms of Boreas, and into the waste o' the waters
 Driving that son o' mine, whom thou wast bent upon harming,
 And at length sentest to the well-mann'd isle o' the Coans,
 From whence I rescued, and tow'rd steed-nurturing Argos
 30 Brought him safe back again, many pains and toils having ended.
 These things I'd have thee recollect, thy frauds to relinquish,
 And know with what effect thou'st left the remaining immortals,
 And drawn me to commune in rest and love—to deceive me."
 He spoke, then stood aghast heifer-ey'd imperial Hera,
 35 Yet with words wing-borne she address'd and made him an answer :
 " Be my witnesses Earth, and Heav'n that wide spreadeth o'er us,
 And the low-hid waters of Styx, that afford a tremendous
 Inviolatè sanction to the vows of blissful immortals—
 And thine head's reverence, and that, which falsely to swear by
 40 I never have ventur'd, our couch of virginal union,
 I never incited strond-compassing Ennosigaius
 Hector or his Trojans to depress, nor assist his opponents ;
 Nay, the will and judgment of his own heart singly direct him,
 Since he with pity view'd i' th' fleet the struggling Achaians ;
 45 Yet were I his monitor, trust me, thou shaker of lightnings,
 Whereso thou ledest, thither he would turn in obedience."
 Here her words ended : then again that sire of eternal
 And perishing natures thus in answer, smiling, address'd her :
 " And if for thy part, heifer-ey'd imperial Hera,
 50 Thou wilt sit by me, consenting, among the supernals,
 Truly Posidaon, tho' his heart be turn'd from us wholly,
 Must bend it very soon, with thine and my will agreeing.
 However, if these things in truth and faith thou averrest,
 Then go back to the gods, and Iris quickly before me
 55 Send, and send likewise Phæbus, that glorious archer.
 Iris shall go amongst yon brass-lock'd sons of Achaia,

- And to Posidaon, to the sea-god, bear a commandment
 From combat to desist, and whence he came to re-enter ;
 And to the fight Hector shall again be brought by Apollo,
 60 And with prowess again be fir'd, and lose the remembrance
 Of those wounds that oppress now his heart ; and Argos's armies
 Shall then be terrified, and yield ignobly before him,
 Till close up to the ships of Pelidean Achilles
 Their driven host perishes : then Achilles sends his associate,
 65 Patroclus, to succumb to the lance of egregious Hector
 In Troytown's forefront, though first he slay many champions,
 Slay Sarpedon among many more, mine offspring heroic.
 Then the son of Peleus takes Hector's life for atonement ;
 And ever henceforward the stream o' the fugitive army
 70 From the galleys to the town I'll drive, till sons of Achaia
 Take Troy's proud citadel, being by Athena directed.
 Till then mine anger 's unappeas'd ; and there's no immortal
 Shall be allow'd any more to give aid to the forces of Argos,
 Till for Pelides my grace shall in all be accomplish'd,
 75 And the promise fulfill'd, that by my nod was attested,
 When the goddess Thetis held my knees, and dearly besought me
 From dishonor to protect her son, city-rasing Achilles."

- He spoke, and found not disobedient Hera the white-arm'd,
 But down Ida she hied, and sought the long heights of Olympus :
 80 And as th' intelligence takes flight, of a man that hath over
 Broad lands been travelling, when his heart close-knit cogitations
 Infest, and Shall I here or yonder ? he inly debateth,
 So flew forth, so achiev'd her flight imperial Hera,
 And the steep of Olympus attain'd ; then among the united
 85 Gods in Jove's palace-hall she arriv'd, where all at her entry
 Rose, and their wine-cups extended on high to salute her.
 But, passing the remainder by, she took the cup only
 Which rose-hued Thēmis held, who first had come to present it.
 'Twas Thēmis who foremost with wing-borne words thus address'd
 her :
 90 " Hera, what has brought thee tow'rd us, so aghast in appearance ?
 Ah sure, 'tis Kronides, thy consort, makes thee affrighted."
 She ceas'd ; and thus anon began answering Hera the white-arm'd :
 " O Thēmis, of these things inquire no more ; for he always
 Is stern and arrogant ; and such thou know'st him aforetime ;

- 95 But cause now to begin the well-order'd feast of immortals,
 And thou, 'mid the remaining gods, shalt then be a hearer
 What fell work Kronides intends; which scarcely, believe me,
 Will gratify mortals very widely, nor e'en us immortals,
 Though now so many sit contentedly down to the banquet."
- 100 So much having spoken, sat down imperial Hera;
 And the divine fellowship through Jove's palace-hall was in uproar;
 She smil'd hardly beyond her lips, while over her eyebrows
 Her forehead unsmoothen'd still appear'd, and chiding address'd
 them:
- ... "Frantic of us! braving Jove's will with inane machinations,
 105 Dreaming we can assail forsooth his throne, to refrain him
 By word or violence, while, thereon seated, he heeds not
 Nor marks us, well aware that among the supernal immortals
 No strength nor prowess with his own can vie, nor approach it.
 You must brook therefore what of ill to you each he apportions;
 110 And such a blow, methinks, is on Ares already fallen.
 Low lies that son of his, that he held so dear above all men,
 Ascalaph, whom Ares dire-doing avouches his offspring."

- She ceas'd; and Ares on his own stout thighs in his anguish
 Smote with palms open'd, then address'd that assembly, lamenting:
- 115 "Grudge me none, that have homes on Olympus, if unto the ven-
 geance
 Of my slain son I haste, to the midst o' the ships of Achaia,
 E'en though, by lightnings from Jove, my destiny lays me
 Under slain men in heaps, i' the dust and gore o' the carnage."
 He spoke, and order'd Panic and Dismay to go harness
 120 His coursers; then array'd himself in glorious armour.
 And now a more wide-spread contest and deadly disunion
 'Twixt Jove and the remaining gods was well-nigh awaken'd;
 But, jealous of dangers universal, Pallas Athena
 Left her throne vacant, and after him hied to the portal.
- 125 She loos'd his morion from his head, from his hand's heavy seizure
 Took the spear, which on end she plac'd, and eas'd o' the buckler
 His shoulder; then anon she address'd, and chode rapid Ares:
 "Frantic, lean-witted heart, hasting to thy own desolation,
 Thou'st ears and hearing, but sense nor scruple is in thee.
 130 Didst mark what white-arm'd, imperial Hera reporteth,
 Who from Jove, paramount of Olympus, arriveth amongst us?

- Is't thy wish to return, when thou'st endur'd mickle evil,
 Perforce, and howso misliking it, home on Olympus,
 And must thou general ruin bring down on us also ?
 135 Straightway for Trojans no more nor sons of Achaians
 He'll care, but come on us storming, confounding Olympus,
 And pellmell will assail us, offenceless along with offenders.
 Therefore thy dear son to resent no more I aread thee ;
 For stout and good-at-arms, such as he was, are already fallen,
 140 And must fall manywhiles ; 'tis a work not light to be handled
 From dying to preserve man's race and whole generation."

- She ceas'd, and led away to resume his throne rapid Ares :
 But great Hera beyond those walls drew Phœbus Apollo,
 And Iris, the messenger among the supernal immortals,
 145 And, her voice lifting, with wing-borne words thus address'd them :
 " Jove bids you two appear, and lose no time, upon Ida,
 And when there you arrive, and have confronted his aspect,
 Be ready thenceforward to do aught he assigns or appoints you."
 Such words ended, in hall imperial Hera re-enter'd,
 150 And her throne reassum'd ; but abroad they sprang with alert-
 ness,
 And flew forth to the wild-game's nurse, to the fountainous Ida,
 And in Gargarus, high upon Ida, the viewer of all things,
 Jove, they found seated, with a cloud balm-freighted around him.
 Here they came therefore to the Thunderer, under his aspect,
 155 And stood, nor was not Kronides well-pleas'd to behold them,
 Finding so well-obey'd his queen, and with such alertness.
 Here Iris foremost with wing-borne words he accosted :
 " Rise and go, rapid Iris, announce to stately Posidon
 All mine injunctions, and be not in idle a legate.
 160 From battle and warfare summon him to depart to the kingdom
 Of the superb waters, or amidst our companies heav'nly ;
 And if he is minded to resist, and not be obedient,
 He'd better hold council with his heart and mind, to determine
 If, puissant as he is no doubt, he is able against me
 165 To stand for my assault, for I am far stronger, assure him,
 And by birth am his elder, if even his heart now elates him
 With me, of whom all else are afraid, to pretend to be equall'd."
 He spoke, and, not a whit gainsaying, wind-footed Iris
 Left mount Ida behind, and tow'rd hallow'd Ilion hasten'd.

- 170 Like the volleys bursting from a cloud, snow or hail, which a north-
wind,
Engender'd on ærial heights, by his onset hath harden'd,
Thus rush'd impetuous, thus anon was arriv'd rapid Iris,
And, right near standing, thus address'd she mighty Posidon :
“ There's a message destin'd for thee, dark-lock'd Enosichthon,
175 Which from Jove Gorgon-buckler'd I've come to repeat thee.
From battle and warfare he bids thee away to the kingdom
Of the superb waters, or amidst our companies heav'nly ;
And, if thou'rt minded to resist, and not be obedient,
Thereupon he menaces, that in arms he may come against thee
180 Himself, and warns thee to provide thee a place to retire to
Out of his hand's danger ; for he holds himself much above thee
By strength and birthright, although to pretend to be equal'd
With one, of whom all else are afraid, thy soul may elate thee.”
Deep in his heart anger'd, answer'd her stately Posidon :
185 “ Ah ! but it is too much Jove claimeth, great as I own him,
In threat'ning to coerce me, who am like-royal as he is ;
For we're three brethren—Jove first, I next him in order,
And infernpotent Hades : Saturnus's offspring
And births of Cybele we are all ; and all is amongst us
190 In three shares parted, which a diverse dignity yield us.
Me the lot has destin'd to the sea's hoar surge, which abideth
My realm and residence ; Hades to the light-lacking umbrage ;
Jove to the wide welkin, which in air and cloud is erected.
Yet must we in common have both earth and soaring Olympus ;
195 Therefore Jove's humors I will not obey, but aread him,
Though strong he is doubtless, to repose i' the tierce which he
owneth,
And seek not with his hands to scare and prove me a craven ;
'Tis with his own daughters and sons he'd do better using
Big words and reprimands, for these he rules as a father ;
200 There for his injunctions he might perforce win obedience.”
Hereat again wind-swift Iris thus in answer address'd him :
“ And must I carry back such a fierce, imperious answer
As thine is, to the face of Jove, dark-lock'd Enosichthon ?
Or wilt thou give up aught ? for a placable heart is heroic,
205 And elder brethren, thou know'st, have a guardian Erinyes.”
Answer'd her then again strond-shaking, mighty Posidon :
“ Iris, thy counsels are wise, and timely tender'd ;

How great's the advantage when a legate thinks to the purpose !
 But this it is woundeth my soul and heart above all things,
 210 With words thus galling when he holds it meet to rebuke me,
 Me, that am in birthright and dignity royal his equal.
 Yet this time will I algates yield, full deeply tho' anger'd ;
 But mark these menaces, which are in my soul to be harbour'd—
 If, little esteeming me or Hera, or Athena the reaver,
 215 Hermes, or sceptred Hephæstus, he wholly determine
 Troy's proud town to defend, and will to the sons of Achaia
 Ne'er yield it for a prey, nor therein allow them a triumph,
 Say, that in our bosoms will abide unappeasable anger."

So spake, and went back to the waters mighty Posidon,
 220 In sore need leaving the deserted sons of Achaia ;
 Whereat cloud-summoning Kronides thus accosted Apollo :
 " Now go, my Phœbus, seek out brass-helmeted Hector.
 Already (thou seest) world-compassing Ennosigaius
 Has to the great waters withdrawn, our anger avoiding—
 225 Else those gods even should have heard the report of a combat
 Betwixt us, that around Saturn have a deep habitation.
 But much is he gaining, much he also makes me a gainer,
 In that he is thus abash'd in time, and will not await me
 In battle ; or sweatless this affair I might not have ended.
 230 Now take thou mine ægis thyself, and mightily waving
 Its many-fring'd roundure, shed alarm upon Argos's heroes.
 And of brave Hector, thou far-off-working Apollo,
 Take charge, and quicken his prowess for a while, that Achaians
 May routed come again to the ships and wide frith of Helle.
 235 I'll cause thenceforward new events, and make a new order."
 So said he, and Phœbus the paternal charge disobey'd not,
 But down Ida descended in haste, as flies the dove-hunting
 Falcon, who is rapidest on wing 'mid fowls o' the welkin.
 There found he war-vers'd Priam's son, egregious Hector,
 240 Now sitting, and grovelling no more, but newly collecting
 His senses, beginning to discern friends' faces around him.
 Nor difficult breathing, nor whelming sweats any longer
 Daunted him, whom Gorgon-buckler'd Jove's purpose erected.
 Now call'd him, standing by his head, far-working Apollo :
 245 " Hector Priamides, why apart from among thy associates
 Art sitting and drooping ? doth a galling wound so oppress thee ?"

- Him with faint utterance answer'd pied-plume-tossing Hector :
 " From which of all kindest powers is this visitation ?
 Know'st thou not, that among the sterns o' the ships of Achaia,
 250 Where I of armipotent Ajax had slain many comrades,
 He smote my bosom with a stone, my prowess arresting,
 So that I expected to descend, by life-breath abandon'd,
 This very day to the world o' the dead, to the light-lacking Hades."
 Answer'd him then again regal, far-working Apollo :
 255 " Now be thou reassur'd, seeing what a rescue from Ida
 Jove sendeth, to support thee in arms, and mightily guard thee,
 In me, Phœbus Apollo the golden-glaiv'd, who aforetime
 Have been of thee alike and towery Troy the preserver.
 Now give thy cavaliers, thy numerous host, the commandment
 260 Up to the ships' hollow bulks to impel their swift-footed horses,
 Whilst I'll march i' the van myself, and smoothing an entrance
 For steeds and chariots, turn flightwards Argos's heroes."
 He spoke, with prowess spiriting that pastor of armies.
 As when a horse many days stabled, fed on oats at a manger,
 265 His tether has broken, when he over a mead rushes ambling
 Down to the fair-flowing waters he bath'd in aforetime,
 Or to the mare's pastures and lairs, full blithely careering
 With mane on shoulders fluttering, with head haughtily lifted,
 Trusting in his splendor, sped on hooves like-swift as a whirlwind ;
 270 So sally'd impetuous, when he heard from on high the commandment,
 Hector, with rapid heels and knees, exhorting his horsemen ;
 And like, where many hinds with dogs a stag mickle-antler'd
 Or wild goat have arous'd, if chance he findeth a shelter
 Over a rock steep-brow'd, or deep 'mid a wood rich in umbrage,
 275 Where his discovering their fate or fortune allows not,
 If then their hallaloos by a beard-grim lion are answer'd—
 He makes them, though greedy, the paths in a trice to relinquish ;
 So now these Danaans, who had all pursued in a cluster,
 Thrusting amain long swords, and lances pointed at each end,
 280 These all, when bold Hector appear'd, his ranks re-arousing,
 Flinch'd, and each at his heels let fall his martial alertness.

Here Thoas, son of Andræmon, bespoke his associates—
 He was of Ætoli far bravest, skilful in hurling
 And in close conflict, and few were found 'mid Achaians
 285 Like eloquent, when among their youths he strove in orations.

He with a friend's bearing now address'd, and spoke thus among them :

“ Now, perdy, 'tis a wondrous thing that I have to set eyes on, Hector's thus rising, from death's very seizure emerging !

Surely we all trusted that now Telamonian Ajax

290 Had with his hand's puissance o'erthrown and mortally reach'd him :

But there's some god again come adown to the rescue of Hector,
Of the man, who whilom hath unhing'd many knees of Achaïans,
And will unhinge many more, I trow, for it is not unaided
By the king of thunders that he heads this furious onslaught.

295 But come now, let us all be guided as I will aread you,
And the common forces to return to the ships let us order ;
Then let us, who foremost in prowess claim to be holden,
Stand and try, facing their charge, if we can arrest it,
Our lances levelling : then upon the squares of Achaïans

300 Scarcely will he venture, though ne'er so great be his ardor.”

He spoke, and they yfere gave heed and clove to the precept.

And now around Ajax Phylides rival of Ares,

Merion, Idomeneus, and Teucer—a band o' the foremost
Champions were muster'd, in firm battle-order assembled,

305 And stood against Hector with his hosts, while safely behind them

All the common forces withdrew to the ships of Achaia.

Up sped their enemies then united, on Hector attending,
Who led away striding, while Phœbus Apollo before him
Went, with cloud mantled, in his hand the dread ægis upholding,

310 Bright, sudden, and shaggy-fring'd : Hephæstus's art had aforetime
In terror of mortals made it, by Jove to be handled.

Thus led he his Trojans ; but an Argive company 'gainst them
Stood close compacted ; then awoke betwixt them an outcry
Loud and ear-shattering, whilst off their bull-sinew bow-strings

315 Leap'd arrows in numbers, and darts 'twixt daring opponents
Went whizzing, and many times in a champion's lusty flesh enter'd,
And many times o' the mark fell short, and midway alighted,
Into the ground quivering, to devour his fair body yearning.

While unstirr'd in his hand held Phœbus Apollo his ægis,

320 On both sides javelins took effect, and wights were a-falling ;

But when against th' Argive cavaliers, in their very faces,
He shook it, and his voice lifted, then he in them amated
Their spirit, and made them forgetful of hardy resistance.

- And as where, in a large flock or herd, two beasts o' the wild-wood
 325 Make havoc and turmoil, where quite unawares they have enter'd
 In the dead of midnight, when keeper or herdsman appears not,
 So shrank those Danaans dismay'd; for amongst them Apollo
 Shed panic, and Hector with his hosts exalted against them.
 Now the battle spread abroad, and foemen slew many foemen :
 330 Hector slew Stichius foremost, and Arcesilaus—
 (Of those two Stichius was a faithful mate to Menestheus;
 Arcesilaus among brass-lock'd Bæoti a leader).
 And anon Æneas both Iasus and Mëdo o'erthrew—
 [Truly Mëdo was a bastard child of heroic Oïleus,
 335 Ajax's father, but he had their country deserted,
 And dwelt in Phylacē withdrawn; for his hand had a kinsman
 Slain of his own step-dame Eriopis, wife of Oïleus];
 Iasus o'er squadrons of Athenians held the commandment,
 And of Bucolidan Sphélus was accounted an offspring.
 340 Then kill'd Pulydamas Mecisteus; splendid Agenor
 Kill'd Echius; Clonius to Polites' hand fell a victim,
 While in front fighting: Paris, after Deochus hunting,
 His shoulder's tip attain'd, and drove his spear-head athwart it.

- These while their enemies despoil'd, those flying Achaians
 345 Their camp had reattain'd, through fenc'd moat breaking an
 entrance
 In terror, and re-scal'd their walls, their ruin avoiding,
 While Hector calling, with a lifted voice, to the Trojans,
 Bade them press galleywards, and gore-stain'd booty relinquish :
 " And if a wight anywhere I find, not bent to the navy,
 350 I'll eftsoons put him out o' the world. There shall not attend him
 Kinswomen or kinsmen to the pyre, but raw shall his entrails
 Be given, in Troytown's very face, to the dogs for a booty."
 Thus when he had spoken, the withers he lash'd of his horses,
 And rally'd his Trojans by ranks: full loudly they answer'd,
 355 And follow'd him forwards, chariots and steeds, with unearthly
 And vehement uproar. Great Phæbus Apollo before them
 Easily was filling up that deep-sunk moat, as he inward
 Push'd down its margins with his heel: thus made he a pathway
 As wide as javelins can reach, when thrown in a trial
 360 Of skill amongst warriors, nor miss'd was length in it either.
 O'er this in a squadron they rush'd, led along by Apollo;

- His priz'd ægis he held in his hand, and easily trampled
 Great Danaan ramparts, as a child who plays i' the sea-sands,
 After he has builded many piles, then again in a moment
 365 Easily subverts them, with his hands or feet, in his idlesse.
 Thus, terrific Phœbus, thou spurnedst down what Achaïans
 Had moil'd and sweated on, while fear thou threw'st in upon them ;
 Till by their galleys' ends, perforce, their flight they arrested,
 And, rallying comrades, and calling on all the supernals,
 370 Each with his hands outspread, they lifted a cry to the welkin.
 And 'mid these Nestor foremost, safeguard of Achaïans,
 Pray'd thus, while both hands to star-prank'd heav'n he uplifted :
 " Father Jove, if at all thou'st heard in corn-lavish Argos
 Our orisons, when of herds and flocks we burn'd the fat haunches,
 375 And if of our coming home thou gavest gracious assurance,
 O recollect these things, and save us, lord of Olympus :
 Let not sons of Achaïa succumb like this to the Trojans."
 So said he, and loud-voic'd thunders were sent for an answer
 From Jove, guardian of all, to the pray'r o' the Nelead elder.
 380 Yet, from that signal gathering more virtue, the Trojans,
 Trusting Jove's favor, fell on Argos's army the fiercer ;
 And as a great sea-wave, i' the wide thoro'fare o' the waters,
 Over a ship's fencings bursteth, when a wind i' the rearward
 Impelleth, whose vehemence most deeply the surges arouseth,
 385 So with a loud outcry Troy's forces storm'd the defences,
 Pour'd in their chariots, and by the sterns o' the navy
 Clos'd with their enemies, wielding spears pointed at each end.
 These from their chariots were fighting, those had ascended
 Their galleys, and seiz'd up the weapons which there were a-lying,
 390 Spears with brass well capp'd, heavy-shafted, fit for a sea-fight.

- Meantime Patroclus, while Trojan troops with Achaïan
 As yet fought outside o' the ships, to possess the defences,
 With brave Eurypylus still abode, whose tent he had enter'd,
 And sat conversing to delight him, or over his hurt limb
 395 Laid salves of virtue, which appease brow-darkening anguish.
 But when he had witness'd Troy's forces bursting an entrance
 Into the camp, scattering terrified and shrieking Achaïans,
 Then moan'd he, these things to behold, and smote in affliction
 His thighs, and in a voice of wail his friend he accosted :
 400 " I cannot, Eurypylus, with thee now abide any longer,

E'en though thou need me : yon strife has attain'd such a crisis.
 Rest under thy attendants' care : I must hurry yonder,
 And rouse Pelides to the fight, if at all I am able.
 Who knoweth whether I can move him, if heav'n will assist me ?
 405 Oft of great benefits is a friend's persuasion a fountain."

So said he, and forthwith ran abroad : now a line of Achaians
 Their foes with firm front encounter'd : yet that unequal
 Force from their galleys' ends they could not keep at a distance,
 Nor could any Trojans, having overborne the resistance
 410 Of the serry'd Danaans, to the tents and ships win an access.
 As when a ship's timbers by a rule are nicely corrected,
 Which the skill'd carpenter applies, who mastery perfect
 Hath won in his business, by Athena's prompting assisted,
 So the battle's forefront ran straight and even among them.
 415 Now to galleys diverse ran diverse hosts of assailants,
 And up came Hector, confronting illustrious Ajax.
 Both near one galley toil'd, and Hector could not on his part
 Dislodge thence Ajax, nor at all bring fire to the navy ;
 Nor could *he* hunt *him* away, for strength from Olympus upheld
 him.
 420 And here, as fire he convey'd to the navy, Caletor,
 The Clytiad, took in his bosom the spear-head of Ajax,
 And went down with a clank ; his torch from his hand fell effectless.
 But when great Hector with his eyes was aware of a kinsman,
 Near that black galley's end, low-laid i' the dust o' the carnage,
 425 Loud he gave a behest to the Trojans and to the league-mates :
 " Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardans close-battle-handling,
 Go not a foot backwards from these narrow lists o' the combat ;
 Shield the son of Clytius ; let Achaians seize not on armour
 Of the man whose prowess thus among their ships has amaz'd
 them."
 430 So said he, and let fly with a lance bright-gleaming at Ajax :
 However he miss'd him, but attain'd his martial attendant,
 Mastor's son, Lycophron, the Cytherian, whom in his household
 Ajax held on account of blood shed in holy Cythera.
 He'd stood near Ajax ; and Hector's spear-head alighting
 435 Hard by his ear pierc'd him to the brain, and hurl'd the man over
 Out of a poop dustwards, and 'neath him unhing'd the superb knees.
 Him shuddering witness'd Ajax, and Teucer accosted :

- "Teucer, sweet comrade, we've lost our faithful associate,
 Our inmate, Mastor's offspring, the Cytherian exile,
 440 Priz'd like our parents; for him Hector's prowess has o'erthrown.
 Where's thy mastery now, that Apollo in archery gave thee?
 Where's the quiver freighted with swift destruction, I ask thee?"
 So said he; and Teucer felt keenly the words: up he hasten'd,
 His buxom bow in hand and slaughter-stor'd quiver holding,
 445 And shafts quick-following shot abroad i' the midst o' the Trojans,
 And hit anon Clitus, Pisenor's beautiful offspring
 Who serv'd Pulydamas i' the field, that Panthoid hero,
 Whose chariot was left in his hands—while he thither hasten'd
 Where the thickest conflict was a-foot—so dearly desir'd he
 450 Troy's praise and Hector's; but anon destruction attain'd him,
 Which none of his comrades could avert, though bent upon aiding,
 When the weapon, burthen'd with groans, in his hind-neck had
 enter'd.
 Down from his high mounture he clank'd, and sent the good horses
 Jolting their lordless chariot; which quickly the princely
 455 Pulydamas witness'd, and right in front o' them hasten'd.
 He call'd Astynous, Protiaon's son, to detain them,
 And mickle he charg'd him, that at hand he must be a-waiting
 Warily; then rush'd he back again to the core o' the combat.
 And once more Teucer took against brass-helmeted Hector
 460 Aim, and his fighting 'mid Achaian ships would have ended,
 In th' hour of conquest, if a death-fraught shaft had attain'd him;
 But Jove's deep providence was aware, and held above Hector
 Its shelter, nor allow'd Telamon-sprung Teucer a triumph.
 While his tough bow-string was strain'd, Jove broke it asunder
 465 In that true bow of his, whereby to the ground fell effectless
 Both his brass-heavy point, and out of his hand the relax'd wood.
 Then Teucer, shuddering, bespoke his bold brother Ajax:
 "Now the divine rulers, perdy, cut short upon all sides
 Our deeds armipotent, when a bow my grasp thus eludeth,
 470 And when my bow-string new-twin'd is broken asunder,
 Which to-day I fitted on, that shafts might fly from it eager."
 Answer'd him then again stalwart Telamonian Ajax:
 "Is 't so, my comrade, that a god thine archery foileth,
 Envyng our triumphs? then allow thy bow to be idle.
 475 Go thou, thy long lance levelling, thy buckler erecting,
 And face thine enemies, rousing thy friends to be hardy.

Let never our good ships, though Trojans vanquish us even,
Easily be master'd : let us hardily first have oppos'd them."

- So said he, and Teucer put aside (his tent having enter'd)
480 That bow, then put his huge and four-boss'd buckler about him.
His bold head with a helmet of hide well-wrought he accoutred
(Its crest was shaded by a horse-tail dreadfully waving),
And his lance in his hand he rear'd, with brass heavy-pointed,
And rose, and hasten'd to rejoin Telamonian Ajax.
485 There Hector, when aware o' the bow-string broken asunder,
Rais'd his voice, shouting to the Trojans and to the league-mates :
" Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardans close-battle-handling—
Comrades, be warriors, recollect to be hardily fighting
Up to the ships hollow-built ; for Jove hath broken asunder—
490 This mine eyes witness'd—the weapons of a champion Achaian.
Easily 'mid mortals Jove's intervention appeareth,
Both where he favors any side with mastery warlike,
And where he 'minishes their strength, and will not assist them :
He th' Argive prowess now abates, and lends us his aidance.
495 Now gather, and charge up to the ships ; and he that amongst you
By missile or spear-thrust is mortally reach'd, let him even
Welcome it : it misseems not a wight, his country defending,
So to die, and quit in hope his wife, his children around her,
And an honor'd household i' the land, and state unattainted,
500 When some day Danaans are aboard their ships pushing home-
wards."

- So said he, and spirited their hearts and minds to be hardy,
While Ajax opposite was his own men about him arousing :
" Your honor, O Danaans ! we have either now to be undone,
Or to win our rescue : so near is bale to the navy.
505 What, do you see a way perchance, if plume-tossing Hector
Take our ships, for us each to return then afoot to the dear land ?
Or do you not at all hear Hector arousing his army,
And raving, menacing the galleys with fiery ruin ?
Nay, 'tis not to the dance he calleth : it is to the combat,
510 And we've nought left us to devise, or attempt any longer,
Save to close conflict to give hearts and hands that are hardy.
Our living or perishing we'd best once put to the venture,
And brook not to remain, still slow destruction attains us,

- 'Mid the galleys toiling, from a foe that is all too unequal.'
- 515 So said he, and spirited their hearts and minds to be hardy :
 Hector slew then anon Schedius, the son of Perimedes,
 Leading Phocian hosts ; Ajax th' Antenorid hero
 Laodamas vanquish'd, of footmen a company leading.
 Then did Pulydamas vanquish Cyllenian Otus
- 520 Dear to Mēges, leading to the charge mickle-hearted Epeans.
 Him rush'd Phylīdes to revenge ; but sidling evaded
 Pulydamas that assault, for Phæbus Apollo allow'd not
 In the battle's forefront to succumb that Panthoid hero.
 Yet fell upon Cræsmus the spear i' the midst o' the bosom :
- 525 He clank'd ; and of his arms Phylīdes flew to denude him.
 Him full quickly Dōlops encounter'd, spearman accomplish'd,
 Lāomedon's grandson by Lampus, a champion unequall'd
 (Lampus, right well inur'd always to be hardy for aidance).
 He, when arriv'd near him, Phylīdes' shield i' the midmost
- 530 Laid open with a lance, and overbore the resistance
 Of the double-strengthen'd hawberk Phyleus had aforetime
 From Selles-water'd Ephyrae brought home as a token
 From the king of warriors, his friend and host, Eūphetes
 (He'd given it for a trusty defence in fight to the father,
- 535 And the son it shelter'd now again when ruin approach'd him).
 Then violently Mēges his opponent's brass-flashing helmet
 Smote atop, and sunder'd its horse-tail crest by a lance-thrust,
 And in dust sully'd all its plume, which shone with a purple
 New-dyed ; and thus amidst the strife, while victory waver'd
- 540 Uncertain, warlike Menelaus approach'd to the rescue
 Of the son of Phyleus, and came unseen to the Trojan
 Well-nigh abreast ; then he aim'd his lance, and so well attain'd him
 That from shoulder aback the spear-point out o' the bosom
 Pierc'd vengeful ; thus adown to the dust he sent the man headlong.
- 545 Then ran his antagonists, his back to denude of his armour ;
 And Hector 'gainst them rally'd all his kinsmen about him,
 Inciting foremost Hicetaon's son, Melanippus,
 A spearman well-approv'd, who had in Percotè aforetime,
 Up to the war's outbreak been keeping his hoof-dragging oxen.
- 550 Yet made he then again, when arriv'd the well-oar'd galleys Argive,
 Ilion his residence, and shone i' the midst o' the Trojans,
 And by Priam abode, who priz'd him alike with his offspring.
 This was he whom Hector now address'd, and prompted in earnest :

- "Are we thus backward, Melanippus? thus shall a kinsman
 555 Be massacred, nor arouse more deeply thy heart to revenge him?
 Dost mark them to Dölops coming up, to set hands on his armour?
 Look to this, I charge thee, since one close fight with Achaians
 Must be wag'd henceforth, until they're either about us
 Fall'n, or we slaughter'd, and taken towery Troytown."
- 560 So said he, and, god-like, one man led away, one attended.
 Then bespoke th' Argives opposite Telamonian Ajax:
 "O friends, be warriors: keep shame and duty before you
 In violent conflict, and no man shame his associates.
 By conscience many more are sav'd than die; but a coward
 565 Has neither fair fame to receive, nor a chance of a rescue."
 So said he, and ardent themselves they came to support him,
 Fulfilling his precepts: so a wall of brass to the navy
 They form'd, where, Jove-led, Troy's forces came on against them.
 And here Antilochus was address'd by bold Menelaus:
- 570 "Antilochus, none is here like young with thee 'mid Achaians,
 Nor like swift on his heels, and like good-at-arms for a rescue:
 Could'st thou not run abroad, and make us a prize of a Trojan?"
 So said he, and hasten'd back again; but he urg'd on his hearer;
 Who from his own front-line stepp'd out, and o'er his opponents
 575 Look'd forth, his bright lance levelling, they yielding about him,
 And each man shunning it; nor sent he a dart ineffective,
 But full abreast Hicetaon's son, that bold Melanippus,
 Near the pap he wounded, whilst up to the combat approaching.
 Down he went clanking, with jarring of arms upon armour:
- 580 Whereupon Antilochus, like unto the dog that a wounded
 Fawn seeks, who, startled from her haunt, was reach'd by a hunts-
 man,
 And with so good an aim that limbs no more can uphold her—
 So now tow'rd Melanippus approach'd, of his arms to denude him,
 That bold Antilochus; but he Hector's eye could avoid not,
- 585 Who made full tow'rds him, running up to the core o' the conflict.
 Antilochus stay'd not, tho' a man good-at-arms, to resist him,
 But ran, like some offending beast, that a hound or a neatherd
 In the cattle's pastures hath kill'd, then speedily turneth
 To flight, lest men in arms might soon at his heels be assembled.
- 590 Thus the son of Nestor sprang aloof, while after him Hector
 And clamoring Trojans their darts bane-laden aventred.

- Unto the ships meantime were troops of Trojan assailants,
 Like bloody-fed lions pressing on, Jove's purpose effecting—
 For their prowess he always rous'd, and snatch'd from Achaians
 595 All vigor and fortune, their foes exalting against them.
 Now was his heart fasten'd on making Priamid Hector
 Triumph, until among their ships prow-curl'd he awaken'd
 Fire unforweary'd, bale-working, which could accomplish
 All Thëtis's malisons ; thus had high Jove's wisdom appointed,
 600 For but upon one ship's blazing to set eyes he awaited,
 And meant thenceforward to decree the repulse o' the Trojans,
 And give again triumph from his hand to the sons of Achaia.
 Intent on this effect, was he urging Priamid Hector
 Up to the ships' hollow bulks—who came himself willing-hearted,
 605 And rag'd like Ares lance-brandishing, and as a wildfire
 In the forests roareth, ravaging the defiles o' the mountains.
 Foam his lips whiten'd ; his eye under th' arch of his eyebrow
 Glar'd terrible raptures, and over his head did his helmet
 Wave plumes heart-scaring to behold, as he into the combat
 610 Plung'd hither and yonder—whilst Jove high-thron'd was his helper,
 Who 'mid so many wights was bent on awarding him only
 Fame and goodly renown, sith he algates had to die early,
 Since fast was that day coming on, when Pallas Athena
 Was craving, by Achilles' hand, of life to denude him.
 615 Now the serry'd warriors he approach'd, with feints, to divide them,
 Where the thickest concourse he view'd and arms o' the choicest ;
 Yet fail'd he to divide their front, though assailing it hotly :
 In such close order they oppos'd him, like as a rampart,
 Or some tall precipice, to the surge ever-hoary protruding,
 620 Which vehement onsets withstands of winds shrilly-piping
 And of swoll'n breakers that wrathfully foam up against it,
 So th' Argives stood erect, and gave no way to the Trojans,
 Till, like one fire-cloth'd, he leap'd and broke in among them.
 Thereupon, as when a wave storm-rear'd, 'neath skies that are
 umber'd,
 625 O'er a rapid galley bursts, and leaves her foam-hung on all sides,
 Her mast by stress of air quivering, when affrighted around him
 Each mariner gazes, that hath hardly the ruin avoided,
 So the resolve waver'd i' the souls o' the sons of Achaia.
 And Hector, like as when a lion a herd shall have enter'd,
 630 Where, on wide fenny lands, many thousands graze in a pasture,

- Under a swain unskill'd and unready yet for a contest
 For the fat and flesh of herds, from beasts of blood to preserve them,
 Who thus attends always to the first and last o' the number—
 As when amid such a herd some lion springs to the midmost,
 635 And routs all, seizing one alone, so grimly did Hector,
 By sire Jove's aidance, break into the banded Achaïans.
 Yet the Mycenæan Periphetes fell by him only,
 Who sprang from Copeus, that same who bore the commandments
 Of the king Eurystheus to Alcmena's far-dreaded hero :
 640 Yet was a bad father follow'd here by a worthier offspring,
 Of manifold prowess, good-at-arms and swift-footed also ;
 And none of his neighbours was in understanding his equal.
 It was he, at this time, who furnish'd Hector a triumph ;
 For, while he turn'd him to the rear, his shield, which aforesaid
 645 'Gainst enemies' javelins had been as a wall for him always,
 Tripp'd the man, who fell down backwards, till grimly resounded
 Round his head his morion, when it hurtling on earth had alighted.
 Right well mark'd Hector the mishap ; for near him he hasten'd,
 And lodg'd a spear-point in his heart, and 'midst his associates
 650 Despatch'd him, nor at all their friend, though dear to them
 algates,
 Could they save, terrified themselves by egregious Hector.
 Now they rush'd in among their ships, and took for a shelter
 All those that foremost were array'd : their foes hurry'd after ;
 And soon those Danaans their foremost ships to relinquish
 655 Were forc'd : but then about their tents their foes they awaited
 Embod'd, and scattering no more ; for shame did arrest them,
 While friends unceasingly to friends cried out to be hardy ;
 And foremost the Gerenian Nestor, guardian of Argives,
 Each o' them entreating, their parents call'd to remembrance :
 660 " O friends, be warriors, and think what a place you are holding
 In fellow-men's judgments : yea, likewise, call to remembrance
 Your wives, your parents, households and children unhelpful ;
 Think what a man lives for, think who concerns him a-dying.
 I plead in the behalf and cause of those who are absent ;
 665 Stand like good men-at-arms, and turn no face to the rearward."

So said he, and spirited their hearts and minds to be hardy.
 Then was a great covering stripp'd off their eyes by Athena,
 And a divine umbrage ; and light she pour'd in upon them,

O'er the common-scathful carnage, to the bounds o' the navy,
 670 That the gallant Hector they might descry with his army,
 Both those who stood away to the rear, and out o' the combat,
 And who round the vessels in mortal affray were immingled.
 But now his heart prompted no more Telamonian Ajax
 There to stand fighting, where ceas'd the remaining Achaïans,
 675 But, when he had mounted to the decks o' the ships, he among
 them
 Went hither and yonder, striding, with his hand on a mighty
 Spear of eleven cubits, bolt-strengthen'd, meet for a sea-fight.
 And as a deft horseman, that four steeds, out of a number
 Thrown together, driveth from a field to a great city's entrance,
 680 Over a pav'd highway scurrying, where stand to behold him
 Both women and men in hordes, when leaping he easily shifteth
 His mounture amid all four backs, and all gallop onward ;
 Thus now pass'd Ajax many decks of swift galleys over,
 Far striding, flinging out his voice to the bournes o' the welkin,
 685 While ever his comrades with shouts astounding he urg'd on,
 Their tents and their navy to rescue. Nor Hector on his part
 Brook'd amid his Trojan stout-hawberk'd troops to be holden ;
 But, rapid and forthright, as a dun-plum'd eagle arriveth,
 On riverain pastures, on tribes o' the fowls o' the welkin,
 690 Be they cranes, or herons, or swans of towery bosom,
 So to the ships dark-hull'd rushed Hector, Jupiter aiding
 With puissant backing hand, and kindling his army behind him.
 Then waken'd up anew the sturdy strife i' the navy ;
 Unwork'd and fresh at arms you might have deem'd they assaulted
 695 Each other ; in such a haste they sprang to the mutual onset—
 Each side thus minded—no more salvation Achaïans
 Expected, but among their ships they abode to die only ;
 And all their enemies' bosoms with high hope were elated
 Of burning the vessels, and slaughtering Argos's heroes :
 700 Thus were these purpos'd, encountering each his opponent.

And Hector set his hand to the poop of a swift galley goodly,
 Which, the billows whilom cleaving, brought Protesilaus
 Troywards, but carry'd him not again to the coasts o' the dear land.
 Next this were Trojans with Achaïans scathfully meeting
 705 Each other in close-lock'd conflict : no more they awaited
 Their arrows' or javelins' fortunes ; but, standing on each hand

In serry'd order array'd, and one spirit holding among them,
 By mace, and trenchant battle-axe, and broad heavy sword-blade,
 And by spears both ways pointed, they kept up a contest.

710 And many whiles good swords fell on earth, jetty-coil'd, mickle-
 hilted,

Some flung down forthright from a hand, some up over a shoulder,
 'Twixt the men in conflict: with blood the dun earth swam around
 them.

Here Hector, when he held that poop, no more would abandon
 Its coping from his hands; but aloud he call'd to the Trojans:

715 "Bring fire, and yourselves push up all an united alarm;
 This day Jove giveth us to repair many past tribulations,
 On this fleet setting hands, which in heav'n's despite has ap-
 proach'd us,

And wrought us much annoy, thanks be to yon old men unhardy,
 Who, when these galleys' ends I of old was bent on assailing,

720 Obstructed my attempts, and kept our hosts at a distance.

But now yon very Jove, the beholder of all, who aforetime
 Our wit had unseated, pushes here and urges us onward."

He spoke; and they yfere fell fiercer on Argos's armies;
 And Ajax meantime, pester'd with darts, began yielding

725 Though but a short distance: his fates he now was awaiting.

From the galley's forecastle a hold of sev'n foot he enter'd—
 There stood he observant, and kept his foes at a distance,
 All that were coming up with glutless fire to the navy,
 And ever, exhorting Danaans, his voice he uplifted:

730 "O comrades, Argive warriors, good liegemen of Ares,
 Stand like good men-at-arms, recollect to be hardy to rescue:
 Surely no auxiliars to the rear have we to depend on,
 No, nor a wall war-proof, that bale can avert from an army;
 And there's no city near, girded with towery bulwarks,

735 Where we might a resort obtain and folk to support us,
 But Trojans heavy-arm'd, i' the land and field o' the Trojans,
 Compass us; and far off 's our country behind many waters:
 Our hands must succor us therefore, not velvety warfare."

So said he, and vengeful that trenchant lance began handling;

740 And ever as Trojans, Hector's injunction obeying,
 With fire that desolates to the ships' hollow bulks were approaching,
 Mark'd each wight Ajax, and his keen spear ran against him,
 And twelve with spear-thrusts he reach'd i' the front o' the navy.

BOOK XVI.

PATROCLUS.

- THUS round that galley well-mounted they kept up a contest ;
 Meanwhile Patroclus by Achilles, pastor of armies,
 Was standing, weeping warm tears, as a fount heavy-shaded
 O'er a rocky precipice by driblets dusky descendeth.
- 5 Him then with pity view'd the rapid-footed hero Achilles,
 And, his voice lifting, with wing-borne words thus address'd him :
 " How now, Patroclus ? what on earth has set thee a-weeping ?
 Like a little maiden, that along with her own mother hasting,
 Cries, craving to be held in her arms, takes hold o' the garment,
- 10 And stops her, tho' in haste, and ruefully looks in her aspect.
 Patroclus, thus it is thy tender tears are a-falling.
 Hast thou then something to declare to the Myrmidon army,
 Or me ? or have private tidings from Phthia depress'd thee ?
 Yet we've heard that surely Menœtius, offspring of Actor,
- 15 Liv'd, and Æacidan Peleus yet appear'd to have empire
 O'er his Myrmidonēs : 'tis their death most would afflict us.
 Or wast thou setting up thy wail at seeing Achaians
 'Mid their ships perishing, their own injustice atoning ?
 Speak out : why cover up thy mind ? let me know it also."
- 20 Answer'd him, deep groans uttering, the Menœtiad hero :
 " Ah, best of Danaan champions, Pelidan Achilles,
 Be not wroth with me, when a bane has fall'n on Achaians,
 Since each, that foremost was amongst them whilom accounted,
 By missile or spear-thrust i' the tents lies already wounded.
- 25 There lies armipotent Diomedes, struck from a distance,
 And Laertiades in close fight, and Agamemnon ;
 Eurypylus lies there, whose thigh was gash'd by an archer.
 All these men leeches, well equipp'd with drugs, are attending,
 Who their smarts can allay ; but thou'rt past handling, Achilles.
- 30 May never in me abide this wrath, whereunto thou holdest
 With thy fell virtue, whence who shall in all generations
 Be better, if Danaans to the foul mischance thou abandon ?

- Lack-pity! no cavalier Peleus hath been yet a father,
 Or Thetis of such a birth parent; but thou from a pale sea
 35 And cliffs unfootable wast born; thy soul thus is harden'd.
 Think, if thou cherishest any fear of a wierd hanging o'er thee,
 If thy honor'd parent from Jove hath brought thee a warning,
 Yet may'st thou me allow to go out, and send to support me
 All our Myrmidonēs, that a light may shine for Achaïans.
 40 And let me put upon myself thy glorious armour,
 Whence, for thee taking me amiss, very likely the Trojans
 From their eager attacks may cease, and leave to the martial
 Forweary'd Danaans some time for breathing, if only.
 Easily fresh squadrons, th' o'erlabor'd Trojan assailing,
 45 Might drive him to the gates, our tents and navy relinquish'd."

So said he, imploring, shallow mortal, his own desolation,
 Since his death to the pray'r was attach'd. But stung with annoy-
 ance

- Was the son of Peleus, and spoke, and made him an answer:
 "Ah me! Jove-nurtur'd Patroclus, why do I hear this?
 50 I fear not, nor know such a wierd: and Jupiter hath not
 Through my honor'd parent vouchsaf'd me thereof a warning.
 Nay, but a foul wrong it is, that wounds to the soul, to the vitals,
 When such a man chooses to encroach on rights of his equal,
 And of a meed, merited by prowess, attempts to bereave him.
 55 This galls me, for I have to the soul been stung by an outrage.
 Yon lass, whom Danaans for me set apart as a guerdon,
 Whom my spear conquer'd, when I had that strong city rifled,
 Her the king of nations, th' Atreïan heir Agamemnon,
 Has snatch'd from me again, like as from a wandering abject.
 60 Well! let us all bygones put aside; unslakably doubtless
 I must not be offended at heart; yet vow'd have I algates
 Mine indignation should abide unappeas'd, till I even
 Had to the ships witness'd conflict and outcry approaching.
 Yet my prais'd armour thou may'st thyself put about thee,
 65 And my Myrmidonēs war-hearted arouse to the rescue.
 What tho' a dun storm-cloud of Trojans compass on all sides
 Yon galleys, and this way to the ships and verge o' the waters
 Argives are driven up, scant room to them only remaining;
 And what if all Troytown be boldly with arms come against them,
 70 Boldly, because tow'rd them they see no longer approaching

My morion's brightness, which anon might set them a-fleeing
 And filling all passages with corpses, if high Agamemnon
 Were friends with me again? Though war their camp now have
 enter'd,

Though the spear no more of Tydeus-born Diomedes

- 75 Rageth in his seizure, to repulse their bane from Achaïans,
 Though to them Atrides makes heard no more the commandment
 From that abhorr'd head of his; but them stunneth host-quelling
 Hector,

Leading up his Trojans to the charge, who fill the capacious
 Plain with their hallaloos, o'er Argos's army prevailing—

- 80 Yet still, Patroclus, to prevent yon fleet's desolation,
 Fall on them; grant not to the blazing fire to devour it;
 Keep open the retreat to the dear land. Yet this I ask thee,
 Take a settled precept of mine to thy heart to direct thee,
 Whence honor and worship for me thou may'st in abundance

- 85 Win from among Danaans, and yon bright beauty they also
 May send me back again, with gifts most goodly behind her.
 Clear the galleys foremost of foes; then back—for if even
 Jove, Hera's consort sky-rending, allow thee a triumph,
 Yet must thou not, apart from me, be bent on assailing

- 90 Yon warlike Trojans; thou wilt my glory but injure.
 See! let not the delights of strife and combat allure thee,
 Through perishing foemen, to the gates of Troy to push onward.
 Else may, for Troy's sake, some eternal god from Olympus
 Intervene: doubtless doth Apollo warmly befriend them.

- 95 Nay, turn thee to retire, when a dawning of hope to the navy
 Thou'st brought; and then a-field both hosts to the war's tug
 abandon.

So may Jove hear me, so Athena and Phœbus Apollo,
 As 'twere most to my heart's content, if not one Achaïan
 Or Trojan were alive, save we two alone, to be able

- 100 From the divine city's head to unloose her towery garland."
 Thus they two parley'd: meanwhile Telamonian Ajax
 'Twixt the will of Kronides and Trojan bravery worsted,
 With javelins pester'd, could make no more a resistance,
 Since above his temples the refulgent helm was on all sides
 105 With spear-heads clattering, which attain'd his crest heavy-plated;
 And ever his left arm from above was weary with holding
 His buckler still erect and firm which yet no opponent

Bore down, though many times with a rain of darts they assail'd it ;
And his lungs labor'd, and over his whole body downward
110 Were sweat-drops hurrying : nor was there left him a moment
For breathing ; but a burthen oppress'd him of evil on evil.

Now teach and follow me, Muses, that have homes on Olympus,
How was fire foremost thrown into the ships of Achaia.
Hector against Ajax had arriv'd, and smote with a broadsword,
115 Just below its brass-head's juncture, the good ash that he handled,
And cut it in two parts, leaving Telamonian Ajax
The stump rais'd in his hand in vain ; whilst moaning alighted
And plung'd into the soil the divided point at a distance.
And Ajax, well aware and shrewd, was appall'd, when against
him

120 Heav'n was seen working, the supernal shaker of lightnings
Baffling him, and sending victorious aid to the Trojans.
From the missiles backward he stepp'd ; then was the resistless
Fire on that galley cast, and rose insatiably burning.
But no sooner a-flame was seen that poop by Achilles,
125 Than, smiting with his hands his flanks, he call'd his associate :
“ Rise now, Jove-nurtur'd Patroclus, reiner of horses !
Sure I see burning the galleys with fires of avengers ;
This must we not allow, nor quash the return of Achaians.
Take mine arms, tarry not : to my hosts I'll give the commandment.”

130 He spoke, and Patroclus in arms bright-beaming array'd him ;
And his limbs, foremost, with a pair of greaves he accoutred,
Goodly, which had fast'nings argent to fit over his ankles ;
Next that, he environ'd his bosom anon with a breastplate
Of swift Pelides, star-bright, and daintily graven.

135 He slung on his shoulders, then, a brazen, silvery-boss'd glaive,
And then a shield mickle-orb'd he assum'd, with brass heavy-laden,
And upon his bold head with a well-wrought helmet he arm'd him,
Hide-bound, and shaded with a horse-tail dreadfully waving.
And two stout javelins he seiz'd which his hand was inur'd to :

140 But not a whit lent him Pelides one weapon only,
That great and heavy lance, which among the remaining Achaians
Could not a man brandish, but his hand had made it obedient.
This lance his father from Chiron had had, from an ash-tree
Pelion had nurtur'd, to be us'd to the ruin of heroes.

- 145 The steeds Automedon (for next dire-doing Achilles
 Him Patroclus of all men priz'd, nor at all had a comrade
 Trustier in facing conflict) he quickly bade harness.
 Automedon, therefore, to the yoke led those rapid horses,
 Xanthus with Balius, rivals in speed to the wind's gust.
- 150 These twain had Zephyrus gender'd in th' Harpy Podarga,
 Grazing in her pastures, that slope to the deep-running Ocean.
 Pedasus he with these harness'd, whom whilom Achilles
 Won within Eëtion's captur'd city, being a courser
 Who, though by lineage mortal, kept pace with immortals.
- 155 But the son of Peleus his Myrmidon hosts was arraying,
 Who their tents quitted arm'd, like fierce, hot wolves bloody-feeding,
 Trooping along wooded heights, where they some stag mickle-
 antler'd
 Have worry'd and eaten, their mouths with blood running over.
 Then to the dusk waters they're bound, whose top shadow-sunken
- 160 They lap with narrow tongues; and each thither hastes with a
 laden
 Maw, gasping carnage, spirited with unaw'd resolution;
 Thus now Myrmidon heads of troops and kingly commanders
 Up to the bold comrade o' th' swift-footed Æacid hero
 Came striding; nor appear'd not amidst them noble Achilles,
- 165 Mustering his squadrons, cavaliers and troops heavy-buckler'd.
- Fifty rapid war-ships Troywards had attended Achilles,
 Him that Jove favor'd; and there came fifty with each one,
 Arm'd men that follow'd him, filling all their posts i' the benches.
 These in five squadrons he array'd, and each had a captain
- 170 He trusted; but of all himself he assum'd the commandment.
 He gave one squadron to Menesthius of the rich hawberk,
 Whom to Sperchēus brought forth Polydora the lovely,
 Peleus's daughter, to the Jove-sprung fountain abateless,
 For mortal womanhood to the power immortal had yielded;
- 175 Yet pass'd she Borus, Perieres' son, for his author,
 Being her own husband, who through rich gifts had attain'd her.
 O'er another squadron warlike Endorus, a bastard
 Of Phylas' daughter, Polymele, bore the commandment.
 Lovely was her dancing, whereat the slayer of Argus,
- 180 Great Hermes, kindled, when his eyes on a virgin assembly
 Chaunting chase-clamorous, gold-distaff'd Artemis, halted.

Erelong boon Hermes to the maiden's bower ascended,
 And by her in secret lay down ; and she to him yielded
 Beautiful Eudorus, good-at-arms and swift-footed also.
 185 But when of her burthen the fell Ilithuia reliev'd her,
 And brought him to the light, to behold day's glorious aspect,
 Then the superb puissance of Echeclus, offspring of Actor,
 His parent led away, for by great gifts he attain'd her.
 But reverend Phylas bestow'd his care on her offspring,
 190 And as an own son of his nurtur'd, and kindly caress'd him.
 Over a third squadron Pisander bore the commandment,
 Of Mæmal's lineage, a spearman who had not an equal
 'Midst all Myrmidonēs, save him that attended Achilles.
 Over a fourth Phœnix, veteran cavalier, was a ruler :
 195 Alcimedon to the fifth was assign'd, the good heir to Laercēs.

But when Pelides had assembled, and well in order
 Set troops and captains, a peremptory charge he address'd them :
 " Now my Myrmidonēs, henceforward call to remembrance
 Your threat'nings which amidst our ships you dealt to the Trojans,
 200 While my wrath lasted, when ye all upbraided Achilles,
 ' Hard man, claiming a birth august to be only revengeful !
 Lack-pity, that keepest to the ships thine unwilling army !
 Let ships foam-travelling speed us then again to the dear land
 Soon, since curst rancor to thy heart has found such an access.'
 205 Lo, thus have ye murmur'd many times ; and here now an ordeal
 Of strenuous conflict, such as all have crav'd, is approaching ;
 Well now might some of us display bold fronts to the Trojan."
 So said he, and spirited their hearts and minds to be hardy :
 Their ranks they serry'd all, their kingly commander on hearing ;
 210 And as a wall rises, which a man with stones well-united
 Builds for a tall mansion, from strength of winds to protect it ;
 So now their morions and their bossy shields were erected :
 Buckler against buckler was press'd, and helm upon helmet,
 And man swept man along ; their sparkling crests, the receivers
 215 Of their plumes, meeting, so throng'd was their battle-order.
 And eminent amid all Patroclus appear'd in his armour,
 And with him Automedon : both fill'd with a like resolution
 To strive i' th' foremost. Meanwhile to the tent ran Achilles,
 And therein set a case (rich-wrought and beautiful) open,
 220 Which for him, at going to the ships, Thêtis argent-sandall'd

- Had set apart, garnish'd by her hand with vests in abundance,
 And mantles to resist all winds, and soft woolly bed-gear.
 Here was a fair goblet bestow'd, whence lips of a mortal
 Drank not fiery wine, nor pour'd he thence a libation
 225 Unto god or goddess out, save only to Jove, the Preserver.
 He took it, and purg'd it with sulphur first, then effusions
 Of the clear element, and stepp'd to the midst o' the precincts,
 And pour'd out, when his hands were cleans'd, and eyes to the
 welkin
 Uplifted, ruddy wine, nor won from Jove no attention.
 230 "Jove Dodonæan, king of yon far country Pelasgic,
 Where, in bleak-winter'd Dodona, the Selli around thee,
 Earth-couchers, men of unwash'd feet, have their habitations,
 Thy prophetic servants—of a truth thou'st heard me aforetime,
 And honor hast sent me, but scath to the people Achaian.
 235 Now grant me yet again therefore this boon that I ask thee,
 Jove, who view'st all things. I mean i' the ships to remain yet,
 But speed my comrade, compass'd with a numerous army
 Of my Myrmidonēs, to the field; but victory send thou
 Forth with him, and fill his heart with prowess, thus to let Hector
 240 Learn whether our comrade hath warlike mastery singly,
 Or whether in conflict, when I have to the labor of Ares
 Gone myself, then alone his spear unapproachably rages.
 But when he has driven off the strife and martial alarums
 From the galleys Troywards, let him here come unhurt to rejoin me,
 245 No ranks impoverish'd, with his arms and armour about him."

- So pray'd he, not unheard by Jove, Disposer of all things,
 Whose providence one boon conferr'd, and one from him held back,
 From the galleys granting the repulse of martial alarums
 And of strife Troywards, but not the return o' the leader.
 250 But now Pelides, when he unto the Father had ended
 Pray'rs and drink-offerings, to replace that goblet he enter'd,
 Then re-emerg'd in front o' the tent, still craving a prospect
 Of the bitter conflicts of Trojans and of Achaians.

- They then having muster'd, with elated souls, to the conflict
 255 Round brave Patroclus, fell soon on Troy's battle-order.
 All in a trice at them they swarm'd, like wasps by a wayside,
 Whom children, with annoying assaults, from their habitations

- Draw forth on thoro'fares, in foolish play, which a torment
 On the village all round inflicts ; and as when a passing
 260 Wayfarer cometh on these swarms, and heedless awakens
 Their spleen, they sally forth, and throng, with unaw'd resolution,
 On the wing all round him, to defend their young generation ;
 Thus these Myrmidonēs, with a like spirit and vigor in them,
 Pour'd from their galleys out : and up sprang an outcry enormous.
 265 Loud and long shouted Patroclus, arousing his army :
 " Myrmidonēs, comrades of Pelidean Achilles,
 O friends, be warriors ! recollect to be hardy to rescue,
 That the son of Peleus we may not shame, sith his equal
 Or that of his squadrons, there is not in Argos's army.
 270 Teach the king of nations, th' Atreïan heir Agamemnon,
 His folly, for prizing so slightly the best of Achaians."

- So said he, and spirited the strength and ardor of each one ;
 And on Troy's forces they charg'd : then grimly resounded
 Far and wide the galleys to the shouts o' the sons of Achaia.
 275 Already their enemies, seeing the Menœtiad hero,
 And with him his comrade, that alike were blazing in armour,
 With fear were stricken all, and throughout their battle-order
 Perturb'd, not doubting the rapid-footed hero Achilles
 Had put aside anger, to revive his pristine alliance :
 280 Then many look'd round them, to retire from speedy disaster.

- Patroclus foremost his lance bright-beaming aventred
 Into the foes' squadrons, where they most thickly were herded,
 Near the ship and very poop of daring Protesilaus—
 And reach'd Pyrachmes, who a plum'd Pæonian army
 285 Led from where Amydon to the broad river Axius opens.
 Him, struck on his right arm's origin, to the dust with an " Ah me "
 He brought down headlong, scattering that company round him
 Of Pæons, shunning all and each Patroclus's onslaught,
 When their chief was yfall'n, for prowess among them unequall'd.
 290 Thus the galleys rescued, and blazing fire was abated ;
 And there one ship abode half-burnt : herewith fell unearthly
 Fear upon all Trojans, while Argos's hosts ran against them
 [Their hollow ships succoring : so went up an outcry enormous].
 As when a cloud's covering the supernal shaker of lightnings
 295 Clears from a great mountain's tall head, when afar upon all sides

- Hill-tops and outlines o' the woods, and sea-jutting headlands
 Stand clear, and from above the skies breaks infinite heav'n in ;
 So th' Argives from about their ships those fires of avengers
 Clear'd, and drew breath again : yet conflict was not abated ;
 300 For still no Trojans from daring sons of Achaia
 Pellmell were fleeing, from among their dark galleys ousted,
 But, by force giving-in, they still maintain'd a resistance.
 Now, the battle spreading out both ways, many kill'd many foemen,
 Leaders ; and foremost the Meneiad hardy to rescue,
 305 Just as Areilochus was turning, attain'd with a rending
 Lance his thigh, which he all through pierc'd, and, breaking
 asunder
 His thigh-bone, brought him to the ground. But brave Menelaus
 Thoias's ill-shielded bosom now attain'd with a lance-thrust,
 And dealt him such a wound, that limbs no more could uphold him.
 310 Meanwhile Phylides Amphiclus's onset awaited
 Warily : then reach'd he foremost i' the limbs' very confines,
 Where the sinew's largest, his opponent ; there in his open'd
 Flesh the spear enter'd : so his eyes obscurity mantled.
 Meantime Antilochus (from a pair of Nestorid heroes)
 315 His good lance at Atymnius hurl'd, whose midriff it enter'd
 And its point opposite brought out ; whereat to revenge him
 Rush'd Märis, his kinsman, lance-arm'd, and, close up arriving,
 He fac'd Antilochus : but his hand god-like Thrasymedes
 Outstripp'd, and foremost had thrust, and, thrusting, attain'd him
 320 Right upon his shoulder : the spear-point grimly denuded
 Of flesh his whole upper arm, and broke his bone then asunder.
 Down dropp'd he with a clank ; on his eyes obscurity fasten'd.
 Thus by two brethren were sent to the light-lacking Hades
 Two brethren good-at-arms, who had erst Sarpedon attended,
 325 Both fam'd spear-casters : Amisódarus, who the Chimera
 Had nurtur'd, many men's destruction, lost thus his offspring ;
 But Cleobulus alive was caught by Oiliad Ajax,
 Who reach'd him tangled in a crowd, yet made him abandon
 Soon his life, smitten under his ear with a sword mickle-hilted.
 330 All with blood lukewarm was his edge ; but th' eyes o' the Trojan
 Death's adamant seizure and scarfing darkness arrested.

Here was Peneleos rushing up to the mutual onslaught
 With Lyco—whose javelins had miss'd and spears run effectless.

Sword-arm'd they met again : the Lyconian edge which had enter'd
 335 Into the plum'd helmet's coping, was broke now asunder.
 Then smote Peneleos right under th' ear his opponent
 In the neck, and bury'd here his sword-blade, till but a morsel
 Of skin kept th' head attach'd : so limbs no more could uphold him.
 Meriones outstripp'd Acamas, his car when ascending,
 340 Pierc'd his right shoulder with a lance, and sent the man headlong
 Down from his high mounture, clanking, with death-swimming eye-
 balls.
 Idomeneus, he attain'd Erymos with lack-pity lance-head,
 I' th' mouth, and opposite carry'd out his brass to the daylight,
 Through teeth unsocketed, through white bone cloven asunder,
 345 Out o' the brain's 'neathmost : blood-bolter'd then were his eyeballs,
 And blood at his nostrils and open mouth was ejected
 With sobs, and on his eyes fasten'd obscurity mortal.
 Those Danaan leaders thus vanquish'd each his opponent.
 As when sheep are attack'd, or goats, by wolves in a mountain
 350 Bold and observant of a prey, that see them on all sides
 Dispers'd by negligence o' the keepers ; whereat, assailing
 Their spiritless numbers, they anon spread slaughter among them ;
 Thus Trojans were assail'd by Achaians—thus, the remembrance
 Of curst fear cherishing, forgot to be hardy to rescue.

355 And Ajax Telamon pursued brass-bass'neted Hector,
 Still ready for darting ; but, like one inur'd to the combat,
 His shoulder covering with a bull's-hide buckler enormous,
 Hector strode amid hurtling spears and shafts whizzing idly ;
 Yet mark'd he well enough th' o'ermastering hand that oppos'd him,
 360 But fail'd not to resist, and screen his good fellow-champions.

As when a cloud cometh o'er the skies, impell'd from Olympus,
 Down from Jove's æther, when a whirlwind's blast he awaketh ;
 Thus routed Trojans clamorously the navy relinquish'd,
 Forgetting all order ; then, if Hector's swift-footed horses
 365 Bore him away brass-lock'd, yet left he in hosts to the rearward
 His followers i' the moat, despite their struggling, arrested
 [And many king's chariots, from their poles cleanly divided,
 By the rapid coursers i' the midst o' the moat were abandon'd] :
 And Patroclus upon them press'd, and urg'd up his army,
 370 Evilly for Trojans purpos'd, while, balk'd of an outlet,

In panic and turmoil, they fill'd all paths with alarums.
 And up sprang dust-clouds to the welkin, as hoof-clanging horses
 Throng'd, straining citywards, from tents and navy relinquish'd.
 Patroclus thither hied, where troops most thickly were huddling,
 375 His rally'd host leading, the slain dropping under his axles
 From founder'd chariots, until from rim to rim over
 Th' entrenchment at a bound carry'd him the rapid-footed horses
 That Peleus had acquir'd, by immortal favor, immortal.
 Still were they rushing on, their hearts intent upon Hector,
 380 Whom their lord aim'd at ; but him eke sped his own rapid horses.

As when a great tempest hath made the dun earth swim on all sides,
 What time most vehemently descend, i' the season of autumn,
 Jove's rain-floods, when against mankind his wrath is awaken'd,
 Wherever in folk-marts unrighteous dooms are awarded,
 385 And justice thwarted, when unheeded are heav'ns retributions—
 O'er all their confines then ascend the streams o' the region,
 And the torrents, many banks environing, out o' the mountains
 Pour to the dun sea-surge waters unweary'dly moaning,
 Precipitous, ravaging mankind's tilth-guerdoning acres ;
 390 So, scudding and groaning, sped abroad the steeds o' the Trojans ;
 And now Patroclus, when he had their first battle-order
 Thinn'd, urg'd them backwards to the ships, and all from
 approaching
 Their coveted city barr'd, and slaughtering aye fell upon them,
 'Twixt river and ramparts and ships, and mulcted a number
 395 Mortally. 'Twas Pronōus that first he reach'd i' the bosom
 With glittering spear-point, where fail'd his shield to protect him ;
 He fell'd him with an unstrung knee, with clanking of armour.
 Next he assail'd Thestor, son of Enops, who for his onset,
 On burnish'd chariot, by his infatuation arrested,
 400 Waited, having let on earth fall down his reins that he handled ;
 Him Patroclus approach'd and spear'd, his right-jaw attaining ;
 And his lance tangled i' the teeth ; thus he haul'd the man over
 His chariot's cincture, as where on a sea-jutting headland
 Some fisher is seated, that draws a superb fishy monster
 405 By glittering metal hook, with flaxen line, to the sea-beach,
 So from his high chariot, that bright lance mouthing, he haul'd him,
 And flung chin-foremost i' the dust ; his life thus he ousted.
 Then met he (and eftsoons) Erylāus approaching him headlong—

Cast at his head's midmost a stone, and quite set it open
 410 Under his helm's heavy cope : prostrate upon earth he alighted ;
 And death, which shattereth man's thewes, on his whole body
 fasten'd.

Full soon Amphoterus follow'd him ; then anon fell Epaltes,
 Tlepolemus the Damastorid hero, Echius with Euippus,
 And Pyro, and Erymas, and Argeades the rich herdsman :
 415 Those nine men fell apace upon earth's many-nurturing acres.

But when Sarpedon perceiv'd the Menœtiad hero
 Slaughtering his followers (men in hawberks wanting a cincture),
 Calling on his god-like Lycians, his voice he uplifted :
 " Shame, Lycians ! whither are ye fleeing ? now for alertness !
 420 I will this man in arms confront, and learn of a surety
 Whose is such prowess ; for, i' faith, he's done mickle evil,
 And many so wounded, that limbs no more can uphold them."'
 He ceas'd, and, quitting his chariot, sprang on earth in his armour.
 Patroclus opposite, when aware of him, he too alighted.

425 Like vultures hook-beak'd, talon-arm'd, inimically meeting
 Over a tall precipice, when a war-scream each one uplifteth ;
 So with a loud outcry they approach'd the commutual onslaught.
 Them the common parent of mortals and of immortals
 With pity view'd, and Hera, his queen and sister, accosted :

430 " Ah me, Sarpedon, that I held so dear above all men,
 Must to Menœtiadan Patroclus afford now a triumph.
 But two thoughts agitate my soul, and inly divide me ;
 Either from dolorous warfare to provide him a shelter,
 And to the rich Lycian confines in safety to waft him,
 435 Or to let him perish here, the Menœtiad hero prevailing."'
 Him then in answer address'd heifer-ey'd, imperial Hera :
 " Sublimest Kronides, what a word do I hear thee announcing !
 This man, who is mortal, to the death-doom whilom appointed,
 Thou meanest to remove, and snatch from abhorr'd dissolution !

440 Do then ! but never hope we immortals all shall approve it !
 Hear thou this likewise, to revolve it deeply within thee :
 If thou Sarpedon to his house in safety returnest,
 Think that others likewise may among the remaining immortals
 Wish their dear children to protect 'mid war's grim alarums.
 445 Are there not many chiefs round Priam's great city fighting,
 Sons of gods, amid whom thou wilt bitter anger awaken ?

However, if so dear thou account and heartily mourn him,
 Thou mightest, after letting him, 'mid war's grim alarms,
 Unto Menœtiadan Patroclus a victory furnish,
 450 When from him his vital powers and life-breath are ousted,
 Then to Sleep, comforter of all, and Death give a mandate,
 Unto the wide Lycian confines in safety to waft him.
 There shall they coffin him, kinsfolk and friends, nor erect not
 His pillar and monument—the deceas'd man's portion appointed.'"
 455 Thus she spoke; nor at all gainsay'd that sire of immortals
 And mortals; but on earth he let fall drops bloody-tinted,
 For such a son, destin'd, i' the fertile plain o' the Trojans,
 Far from his own country striving, to succumb to Patroclus.

Now, when a short distance parted those foemen asunder,
 460 Then struck Patroclus, foremost, the renown'd Thrasymelus,
 That comrade good-in-arms, who King Sarpedon attended,
 And pierc'd his diaphragm: so limbs no more could uphold him.
 Next that Sarpedon, when his own bright lance he aventred—
 He miss'd him, but attain'd his courser, Pegasus, under
 465 His right shoulder; aloud he scream'd; then, mortally gasping,
 He went down headlong to the dust, and life-breath up-yielded.
 His two companions, their mate o'erthrown, fell a-plunging;
 And creakings o' the pole ensued, and tangling of harness.
 Hereupon Automedon, the spear-fam'd, came to the rescue,
 470 Long blade from massy thigh forth-drawn, and clean at his object
 He smote, and sunder'd th' outside-pulling horse with his harness.
 And now went on aright, with traces taut, the two horses,
 And those two men again to the mortal assault were approaching.
 His bright lance then again Sarpedon cast; yet attain'd not
 475 His mark; but sped above that foe's left shoulder effectless
 The spear-point: then again with brass Patroclus assail'd him:
 Not for a vain venture he launch'd the spear that he handled;
 But pierc'd his throbbing heart's precincts to the life's very mansion.
 And as down falleth some poplar or oak on a mountain,
 480 Or pine tall-soaring, which a woodman's well-whetted axes
 Have cloven, to be us'd perchance as a beam by a shipwright—
 So dropp'd Sarpedon, prostrate, in front of his horses
 And chariot, grasping the red earth, and murmuring inly.
 As, captur'd 'mid his herd by a lion, a bull, that aforetime,
 485 With dark coat eminent, was a lord amid hoof-dragging oxen,

- Dies, with grim bellowings, i' the rending jaws o' the lion ;
 So, 'neath Patroclus perishing, complain'd the commander
 Of the stout-hawberk'd Lycians, his friend thus accosting :
 " Now, my sweet comrade, now, Glaucus, fear'd amid heroes,
 490 Thou must be good-at-arms indeed and intrepid-hearted.
 Now let abhorr'd warfare grow sweet, if prowess is in thee.
 First gather our Lycian chieftains, and urge upon each one
 Sarpedon to defend, then anon thou too, to protect me,
 Come with brass forwards : I shall be a shame to thee henceforth
 495 And a reproach any day thou liv'st, if I am by Achaians
 O'erthrown, and then of arms despoil'd, i' the fight o' the navy.
 Nay ! but firmly resist, and rouse thy troops to the rescue."

- He ceas'd, and on his eyes and nostrils death's fell arrestment
 Was laid : Patroclus then upon the supine body mounted,
 500 Heel on breast, to pull out the spear with spoil from his entrails,
 One moment the release o' the ghost and lance-head effected.
 [Soon by Myrmidonēs the snorting steeds were arrested,
 While, from their chariot breaking, they strove to the rearward.]
 But woe worth Glaucus, when he heard the lamentable accents,
 505 And distraught was his heart, that he had no power of aiding !
 Thereat laid he his hand on his arm, which painfully gall'd him
 I' th' wound, which Teucer, to defend from bale his associates,
 By th' arrow-point dealt him, when he hied to the lofty defences.
 Now with these orisons he address'd far-working Apollo :
 510 " Hear me, king, that afar perchance i' the fruit-giving acres
 Of Lycia standest, perchance in Troy ; but in all parts
 Thou canst hear, in affliction, a man like Glaucus afflicted.
 Lo ! my wound 's deep-lodg'd : to my arm throng twinges of
 anguish ;
 My blood is all unstanch'd, and smarts i' th' shoulder it ebbs
 from ;
 515 I cannot hold steadfast my spear, nor against my opponents
 Stride to the fight any more : fall'n is that best man amongst us,
 Jove-born Sarpedon, nor would Jove rescue his offspring.
 But thou, send healing to my hurt, and rest to my anguish,
 And, O king, strengthen me anew, that I unto the combat
 520 May rally my Lycian comrades, and also among them
 Fight myself, to protect the slain, whose life-breath is ousted."
 These he utter'd praying, not unheard by Phœbus Apollo,

- Who still'd his torments in a trice, and stanch'd that effusion
 Of dusk blood from his hurt, and strength in his heart reawaken'd.
- 525 And right well Glaucus was aware, and inly delighted,
 When so quickly replied to the pray'r that deity matchless.
 Now Lycia's captains foremost he arous'd to the rescue
 Of slain Sarpedon, nor did not in order accost them.
 Then from these hurry'd he, taking long strides, to the Trojans,
- 530 And sought Pulydamas-Panthædes, splendid Agenor,
 And anon Æneas, and brazen-bass'neted Hector ;
 And near him when arriv'd, with wing-borne words thus address'd
 him :
 " Hector, thy league-mates now are out of thy recollection
 Clean gone, who on thy account have friends and country relin-
 quish'd,
- 535 Here to perish piecemeal ; for thou'st no care to support them !
 Of Lycia's buckler'd squadrons low lies the commander,
 Sarpedon, that alike by his arms and justice upheld her.
 Him brass-lock'd Ares hath made to succumb to Patroclus.
 But succor him, comrades, and grudge to the foe such a triumph
- 540 As stripping and shaming that slain body, whereto so hotly
 Press these Myrmidonës, to revenge many fallen Achaians
 Whom our lances amid their swift ships pierc'd with a death-wound."
- So said he ; and anguish went forth to the souls o' the Trojans,
 Huge and past bearing ; for a bulwark had the deceas'd man
- 545 Been of Troy's citizens, tho' an alien : so many champions
 Had follow'd him, foremost himself in mastery warlike.
 Now tow'rd their enemies they press'd, where led them up Hector,
 Wroth for Sarpedon : yet against him arous'd his Achaian
 Hosts the Menætiadan Patroclus's heart shaggy-vested.
- 550 First the two Ajaces he charg'd, themselves willing-hearted :
 " Now come, ye Ajaces, to the rescue ; come with alertness,
 As good-at-arms as of old you were, or still better even.
 Low lies Sarpedon, that first the defences Achaian
 Broke through ; but what a feat if we could attain to disarm him,
- 555 And his dead body shame, and round him slay many comrades
 With pitiless brass-points, whoso may approach to defend it !"

So said he, and willing all themselves they came to support him :
 Then, when troops each side were array'd in firm battle-order,
 Round the dead and low-laid cavalier they mortally mingled

- 560 After a grim war-shout ; then sternly rang arms upon armour ;
And horridest darkness, to augment war's labor of anguish
Round that dear son of his, Jove sent to the furious onslaughts.
First Trojans began here to repulse th' eye-nimble Achaians,
When the son of warlike Agacles fell, noble Epigeus,
- 565 Being a man no whit low priz'd i' the Myrmidon army.
In Budeum of old he rul'd, that fair city well-mann'd ;
But, when a brave kinsman by his hand had died, an asylum
In Peleus's abode, and with Thetis argent-sandall'd
He sought ; and they anon, with squadron-breaking Achilles,
- 570 Sent him against Trojans, to steed-proud Ilion over.
Now, whilst he Sarpedon assail'd, pied-plume-tossing Hector
Launch'd at his head's midmost a stone, and quite split it open
Under his helm's heavy cope, and into the dust flung him headlong ;
So Death, that shattereth man's thewes, on his whole body fasten'd.
- 575 For that slain comrade Patroclus's heart was afflicted ;
And thoro' first fighters he rush'd, i' the guise of a falcon
Swift on wing, when a crowd of daws or jays she affrighteth ;
So didst thou, cavalier Patroclus, assail the united
Trojans and Lycians, coveting to revenge thy associate.
- 580 A stone at Sthenelaus he hurl'd, the good heir of Ithæmen ;
In the neck he smote him, both tendons cleaving asunder,
And caus'd Troy's forces to recede, with egregious Hector,
That space and no more, which a long dart, thrown in a contest
Of skill or in warfare 'mid mortal foemen, attaineth.
- 585 Thus far went Trojans to the rear, pursued them Achaians ;
Then to the foe Glaucus foremost fac'd round, the commander
Of Lycia's buckler'd squadrons : and hardy Bathycles,
Chalco's son, reach'd he, that a noble abode had in Hellas,
And i' the Myrmidonēs for wealth and state was unequall'd.
- 590 Him now did Glaucus, with a lance-thrust, reach i' the midmost
O' th' bosom, when he all unawares had fac'd on his hunter.
He fell'd him with a clank ; and huge sorrow came on Achaians
At such a man's o'erthrow ; but joy to the share o' the Trojans.
And him they compass'd in a throng, nor did not Achaians
- 595 Their virtue recollect, and hardly charge up against them.
And soon Meriones hit a leader amongst his opponents,
Laogonus, son o' Jove's high-priest upon Ida, Onetor,
Who there was revered i' the nation like an immortal.
'Twixt ear and jaw-bone he smote, and quickly the vital

600 Sprite from his whole body forc'd : so abhorrèd night on his eyes
fell.

Then 'gainst Meriones took an aim Æneas, eluding
His buckler, which he held to protect his cautious approaches.
Meriones was aware in time, and th' aim he avoided,
Stooping down forwards, till in earth to the rear of him enter'd

605 That long spear plunging, setting all its shaft in a tremble
Over it, and so at last the sternness abated of Ares.

Thus stood in earth rooted the spear Æneas had handled ;
All in vain quitted it the stalwart arm o' the Trojan.

Then began he speaking, for wrath in his heart was awaken'd :

610 " Meriones, maybe yon spear, if it had but attain'd thee,
Though such a good dancer thou be, thy twists would have ended."
Lance-fam'd Meriones thus address'd him forthwith in answer :

" Hard is it, Æneas, for thee, though a consummate hero,
All thine antagonists' prowess to defeat, that against thee

615 May come in arms forward, thou likewise being a mortal.

I too might reach thee with a lance so fairly directed,
Though stout and trusting to thy arms, thou'dst yield me a triumph,
And yield thy spirit up to steed-egregious Hades."

He spoke ; but chiding the Menœtiad hero address'd him :

620 " Meriones, even from a brave man, why such announcements ?

My comrade ! no abusive words will keep any Trojan
From the body's rescue, till on earth he's laid to withhold him.
Men's hands in conflict are approv'd, and words in a council ;
Fighting is our business therefore, not adorning orations."

625 He spoke ; then god-like one man led away, one attended.

And here, as when a din from woodmen's axes ariseth
In mountain gorges, which is heard to the bounds o' the region,
So was wide-trodden earth resonant, between the two armies,
By brass and bulls'-hides i' the well-wrought shields, as upon them

630 Now sword-blades took effect, now lances pointed at each end.

But great Sarpedon, meanwhile, by a wary man even
Could scarce be recognis'd : from his head to 's feet he appear'd
not,

Save in dust, javelins, and gore, which made him a vesture ;
And ever all round him they swarm'd, as flies in a dairy

635 Throng to the pails brimming o'er with milk, where stor'd in
abundance

- In spring-time it appears : so, around that slain man assembling
Trojans and Danaans crowded ; nor in all the tremendous
And resolute conflict Jove's glorious eyes were averted,
But tow'rd them still adown he look'd, as he inly debated
- 640 On Patroclus's end, two counsels doubtfully weighing,
If there, in resolute encounter, egregious Hector,
At great Sarpedon's very side, should mortally reach him,
And should his arms capture, or first by his hand for a season
Should carnage be enhanc'd : thus musing a course he elected,
- 645 That this approv'd comrade of Pelidean Achilles
Should first drive citywards both brazen-bass'neted Hector
And with him his Trojans, with among them slaughter enormous.
A spirit unwarlike he therefore sent upon Hector,
Who clomb his chariot then in haste, and turn'd to the rearward
- 650 His steeds, and bade his hosts give way, when aware o' the sacred
Scales of Jove ; nor abode any more those companies hardy
Of Lycians ; but away they fled, when appear'd to them each
one
Their heart-pierc'd sovereign with corpses girt, when around him
So many were fallen, Jove yielding scope to the combat.
- 655 Sarpedon's shoulders then anon were stripp'd of his armour
Brazen, bright-glittering, which by the Menœtiad hero
Was given his followers, to remove to the ships of Achaia.
And now cloud-gathering Kronides thus accosted Apollo :
“ Go carry, my Phœbus, from amidst the storm o' the lances,
- 660 Sarpedon's body dusk with gore, and cleanse it, afar off,
In the river's gliding waters, and over it ointment
Pour, and clothe raiment of Olympus eternally balmy.
There shalt thou leave him with a fleet-wing'd pair of attendants,
Sleep and Death, brethren twin-born, to speedily waft him
- 665 And set him on Lycia's widespread, many-nurturing acres.
There shall they coffin him, kinsfolk and friends, nor erect not
His pillar and monument, a deceas'd man's portion appointed.”
He spoke, and Phœbus the paternal charge disobey'd not,
But to the fierce conflict he quickly from Ida descended ;
- 670 And great Sarpedon from amid the storm o' the lances
He rescued in a trice, and bath'd and cleans'd him afar off
In the river's gliding waters ; then he over him ointment
Pour'd, and cloth'd raiment of Olympus eternally balmy :
There anon he left him with a fleet-wing'd pair of attendants,

675 Sleep and Death, brethren twin-born, with speed to remove him,
And set him on Lycia's wide-spread, many-nurturing acres.

Patroclus meantime, his steeds and driver arousing,
Was chasing Lycians and Trojans rashly before him :

So blinded was his heart ; for, if he to the word of Achilles
680 Had given heed, black-wing'd destruction uneath had attain'd him.
But thus Jove's purpose doth eternally vanquish a mortal's :
He can a man good-at-arms dismay, can victory lightly
Snatch from him, and sometimes himself to the combat arouse him ;
And at this very time Patroclus thus was he aiding.

685 Who then was foremost ? who latest, yielding a triumph,
Patroclus, to thy arms, when on high thy fall was enacted ?
Autonous foremost, Adrastus, Echeclus, Epistor,
And Elaseus he mortally reach'd, and next Melanippus,
Mylius, and Perimus Megades, and ninthly Pylartes.

690 All these fell ; but alert in flight had been the remainder.
Already might th' Argives, the spear thus madly careering
In Patroclus's hands, have gate-proud Ilion enter'd,
But that upon strong-built tower stood Phœbus Apollo,
Compassing his downfall, and Trojans 'gainst him arousing.

695 Three times came forward, at a coign o' the lofty defences,
Patroclus—three times was foil'd by Apollo, repulsing
His glittering buckler with his hand of power eternal.
But when a fourth onslaught with god-like strength he attempted,
Then, dreadful to be heard, far-working Phœbus address'd him :

700 " Fall back, Jove-nurtur'd Patroclus ! it is not appointed
That thou should'st desolate Troy's homes of men mickle-hearted,
No, nor Pelides, tho' in arms thou'rt far from his equal."

He spoke ; and far back to the rear Patroclus avoided,
Declining to provoke the tremendous deity's anger.

705 And Hector, meantime, had his hoof-clanging horses arrested
I' th' precincts o' the Scæan gate, and doubtfully ponder'd
On turning them again to the field, to renew the resistance,
Or backwards to the town withdrawing his hosts for a shelter.
Thus whilst he ponder'd, stood near him Phœbus Apollo

710 In the borrow'd semblance of his uncle, a goodly man hardy,
Asius, of Dymus's lineage, who claim'd for a sister
Priam's queen, Hecabē : Dymus held his abode at a distance

In Phrygia's confines, and near the stream o' the Sangar.
Wearing now such a form, far-working Phœbus address'd him :

- 715 " Why from fight thus afar withdrawn ? 'tis a shame to thee, Hector.
O that I exceeded thee in arms, as thou'rt now above me,
Then would'st thou yon affray to thy own dear cost have abandon'd.
But 'gainst Patroclus now arouse thy clangorous horses,
And have at him : Phœbus perchance will allow thee a triumph."

- 720 So spake, and back anon the god hied to the labor of heroes :
Tall Hector then again bade Cebrion unto the combat
Urge the rapid coursers ; but Apollo retir'd to re-enter
The squadrons : then a craven alarm i' the forces of Argos
He caus'd, and Hector with his hosts exalted against them.

- 725 Hector pass'd the remainder by, nor made any prizes ;
'Gainst Patroclus alone did he urge his clangorous horses.
From mounture opposite Patroclus lightly descended,
His left hand on a lance ; i' the right a stone he uplifted,
All jagged and marbly-glittering, which his hand's hollow compass'd.

- 730 He swung it, and hurl'd it, nor miss'd he a man, nor effectless
Long the weapon linger'd ; but Cebrion, him that of Hector
The steeds was guiding, King Priam's base-begot offspring,
Him, to the reins giving heed, that sharp stone nigh to the temples
Reach'd, and both eyebrows it crush'd : no strength could arrest it

- 735 Of bone ; but driven out from his head, to the dust fell his eyeballs
Down below his very feet : he stoop'd, and, like as a diver,
Plung'd from his high mounture : his limbs by life were abandon'd.
Then didst thou jestingly, gallant Patroclus, accost him :
" Here is a light mortal, perdy, one who easily plunges !

- 740 Were there but such a wight employ'd i' the sea's fishy confines,
He might find nurture for a number, plunging at oysters
Down from a ship's fencings, were't all in rough weather even,
If down from chariots he with such alacrity tumbles :
Truly there are tumblers likewise i' the land o' the Trojans."

- 745 Tow'rd brave Cebriones he ran, these words having ended ;
And fierce as lion that attains, breast-wounded, a shelter
Of cattle, and makes it desolate, where bravery kills him,
With such-like eagerness arriv'd on him hardy Patroclus.
Hector from chariot sprang adown, like-swiftly, to meet him ;

- 750 And o'er Cebriones they strove, as strive i' the mountains
 Two lions for a low-laid stag, proud each one as hungry ;
 So strove those paragons of combat, egregious Hector
 And the Menœtiadan Patroclus, above the dead hero.
 Each at other's body drove, with lack-pity brass, to deface it,
 755 Hector seiz'd of his head, Patroclus seiz'd of his ankles—
 Neither would give him up ; nor ceas'd meantime the remainder,
 Trojans and Danaans, in mortal affray to commingle.

- As th' east and south winds, that meet i' the dales of a mountain,
 Shake the forest, urging long branches of oak or of ash-tree,
 760 Or smooth-peel'd cornel, which yfere are toss'd with a widespread
 Rustling, whilst many times their splintering adds to the turmoil—
 Thus mingling, Danaans and Trojans, no recollection
 Of base fear cherishing, rush'd up to the mutual onslaught.
 All round that charioteer were planted in earth many lances,
 765 And arrows in numbers, which abroad from bull-sinew bow-strings
 Had leap'd ; and heavy shields, by immense stones pounded, about
 him
 Were trodden in carnage, where Cebrion under a dust-cloud
 Lay vast on mickle earth, forgetful of handling of horses.

- Ere yet Sol parted from among the mid heights o' the welkin,
 770 On both sides javelins took effect, and troops were a-falling ;
 But when he hied downwards to the point for loosing of oxen,
 Then the battle waver'd, despite of fate, for Achaians ;
 For then Cebriones from among the storm o' the lances
 And from rescue afar they tugg'd, and stripp'd of his armour ;
 775 And Patroclus against his foes ran, deadlily purpos'd.
 Thrice he rush'd forwards, like-swift and forceful as Ares,
 Lifting a grim war-shout, and thrice nine men did he o'erthrow ;
 But when a fourth onslaught with a god-like might he attempted,
 'Twas then, Patroclus, thou didst thy life's limit enter.
 780 There in mortal affray did meet him a dreadful opponent,
 Phœbus, of whose movement he was not aware i' the turmoil,
 For cloak'd in mickle air and haze he made his approaches :
 'Twixt his broad shoulders he smote his back with an open
 Palm, and with whirling dizziness tormented his eyesight.
 785 Next that did Phœbus forthwith from his head dash his helmet,
 That morion long-peak'd, which away to the feet of his horses

- Roll'd resonant, sully'ing wi' the dust and gore o' the carnage
 All its plume ; tho' unus'd whilom with dust to commingle
 Was that casque horsetail-crested, which a shelter afforded
 790 Erst for th' head god-like and brows of grace of Achilles.
 This Jove gave Hector to put on, for his end was approaching ;
 And now the stalwart heavy lance was broken asunder
 In Patroclus's hand, though barb'd and long-shadow-launching.
 Down below his shoulders fell a shield fathom-high with a shield-belt ;
 795 Jove's imperious offspring, Apollo, the clasps of his hawberk
 Unloos'd ; and darken'd was his heart, his fair body palsy'd.
 There while he stood amaz'd, up came with a lance to the rearward,
 And below his shoulders and 'twixt them, smote him a Dardan,
 Panthoid Euphorbus, who of all that in age were his equals
 800 Had no peer as a racer, or in charioteering, or hurling :
 Yea, from their chariots he'd push'd a score of opponents
 When first he'd mounted, to go out to the fight, as a learner.
 This man did foremost, cavalier Patroclus, attain thee,
 But kill'd not ; then afar he shrank, with his own men immingled.
 805 His weapon he rescued, but durst not abide for an onset
 From thee, Patroclus, tho' unarm'd and helpless he had thee.
 Patroclus gave way to the lance and deity's anger ;
 And backward 'mid his host he stepp'd, his ruin avoiding ;
 Whilst Hector, seeing the retreat of knightly Patroclus
 810 Now wounded with a brazen point—he approach'd him at arm's-
 length,
 Through lines of warriors, and 'neath his ribs with a lance-thrust
 Wounded him, and carry'd out his shining point to the daylight.
 Down he went with a clank ; and huge sorrow seiz'd on Achaians.
 As when a boar resolute in affray by a lion is ousted,
 815 Where, both proud-spirited, they fight i' the dales of a mountain
 Over a mean rivulet, whence bent on drinking is each one,
 Till, with sore gaspings, he a victory yields to the lion—
 Thus fell, having vanquish'd many foes, the Menœtiad hero,
 Under a lance darted nigh at hand by Priamid Hector ;
 820 Whereupon, exulting, with wing-borne words he address'd him :
 “ Our city, Patroclus, thou'dst fain have seiz'd for a booty,
 And carry'd our women hence, their freedom's term having ended,
 On thy ships, speeding to return to the coasts o' the dear land.
 Ha, fool ! when swift steeds and eager against the disaster
 825 Were ready ; yea, ready was their master, a hurler unequalld

'Mid the battle-revelling Trojans—I, who hold at a distance
 Their hour, while vultures shall upon thy limbs have a banquet.
 Poor caitiff! how little hath Pelides done thee a service,
 Though brave, who sends thee to the fight, and keeps at a distance.
 830 'Come not back' (doubtless thus he urg'd thee), 'knightly Patroclus,
 Unto the ships hollow-built, until thou'st rent me a vesture,
 All blood-stain'd, from about no breast save host-quelling
 Hector's'—
 And many such charges, persuading a lean-witted hearer."

Then with faint utterance made knightly Patroclus an answer :
 835 "Ay! thy time no doubt is arriv'd for boasting, O Hector!
 Now the king of thunders, with Apollo, the victory gives thee,
 For 't is they that of arms have stripp'd and easily foil'd me;
 Else, of like warriors if a band of fifty beset me,
 Soon would they perish here, my lance's trophies enhancing.
 840 Nay, but fate's grim effect and Leto's son were against me,
 And the man Euphorbus; but thou'st come thirdly to wound me.
 This mark thou, nathless, to revolve it deeply within thee,
 Thou'lt not survive me very long, since already near thee
 Stand Death's plenipotence and Fate, who appoint thee a victim
 845 Of the good hand and prowess of Æacidean Achilles."

Thus when he had spoken, fell on him Death's grasp adamantine :
 The spirit his body left, and flew to the light-lacking Hades,
 Moaning her hard fortunes, from youth and lustiness ousted.
 But the gallant Hector the slain man nathless accosted :
 850 "Why dost thou prophesy me a death so speedy, Patroclus?
 Who knows but fine-hair'd Thetis's dear offspring, Achilles,
 May not sooner about my spear be mortally gasping?"
 He spoke, and with his heel the slain foe's bosom ascended,
 Then tugg'd his weapon out, then push'd and turn'd the man over.
 855 Automedon straightway, that god-like martial attendant
 Of the son of Peleus, he sought, intent upon hurling
 The spear; but still ahead carry'd him the rapid-footed horses,
 That Peleus had acquir'd, by immortal favor, immortal.

BOOK XVII.

THE FIGHT FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS.

- NOR was not Menelaus aware, that brave son of Atreus,
 Where Patroclus amid the sturdy strife was yfallen.
 He to the first fighters came striding, blazing in armour,
 And o'er him kept guard, as a young cow guardeth a first-born
 5 Offspring, while yet unus'd to throes, and plaineth around it.
 Thus round Patroclus kept guard yellow-hair'd Menelaus,
 Holding a lance forwards and shield all equally rounded,
 Intent on killing each, who dar'd to the van come against him :
 Nor was not well aware the tough-ash-lanc'd Panthoid hero
 10 Of brave Patroclus low-laid ; but, near him arriving,
 He with these menaces warlike Menelaus accosted :
 " Atreus-born, Jove-rear'd Menelaus, pastor of armies,
 Quit the slain, fall back, forsake the spoils bloody-reeking ;
 For none among Trojans, nor league-mates nobly-renowned,
 15 In conflict forestall'd me, upon Patroclus arriving.
 So leave me the renown I have earn'd i' the midst o' the Trojans,
 Lest my lance force thee thy sweet life's breath to relinquish."
 Deep in his heart anger'd, answer'd yellow-hair'd Menelaus :
 " O sire Jove, high-flown boastings are not very seemly !
 20 But there's no spirit half so fierce in a pard, or a lion,
 Or yet a fell wild-boar, tho' his heart above all be elated
 Inly with his prowess—there's none can approach to the lance-proud
 Panthoïdæ. Yet, i' faith, his lustiness help'd Hyperenor
 But little, who waited my spear-thrust—he that abus'd me,
 25 As tho' among Danaan cavaliers there were not a feebler.
 He was not, be assur'd, by feet of his own carry'd homeward
 Unto belov'd consort or parents kind, to delight them.
 Thy spirit I'll likewise bring down, if against me a moment
 Thou stand'st : be counsell'd rather, step away to the rearward,
 30 And in thy squadrons take shelter : abide not against me,
 Lest ill effects come of it ; for effects are a light to the simple."
 He spoke, but not a whit convinc'd was his hearer, who answer'd :

- " Now then, Jove-nurtur'd Menelaus, atone to me amply
 For my slain kinsman, the man whom thou'rt glorying over,
 35 And the widow that abides in a recent bower afflicted,
 And the bereav'd parents, who're left with moans to lament him.
 Truly to their sorrowings I might bring some mitigation,
 If but I had carry'd hence thine arms and head, to the noble
 Panthous and Phrontis to present ; but now shall a combat
 40 'Twixt us not long abide untried, nor yet many moments
 Shall linger the result, the defeat and victory, doubtful."
 He spoke, and on his orb'd buckler came down with a lance-thrust ;
 Yet the brass pierc'd he not a whit ; the spear from it idly
 Fell blunted : then anon th' Atridan prince Menelaus
 45 Implor'd omnipaternal Jove, rush'd after him yielding,
 Pierc'd his throat's 'neathmost, and urg'd with his hand's heavy
 seizure,
 And opposite carry'd out his shining point to the daylight.
 Down went Euphorbus with a thud, with clanking of armour ;
 All with blood was his hair embrued, hair worthy the Graces,
 50 Spindling locks, gold-clasp'd and silver-clasp'd i' the midmost.
 As when a man fosters an olive, that alone 'mid abundance
 Of waters flourisheth, rich, lovely, the breezes on all sides
 Dandling it, and milk-white flowers all o'er it appearing—
 And when a gale unawares with a tempest's power assails it,
 55 Uproots, and lays it flat on earth ; so sped to the lance-proud
 Panthoid Euphorbus th' Atridan prince Menelaus,
 And quell'd him, then anon despoil'd his limbs of his armour.
 'Mid the cattle's pastures thus a mountain lion arriveth,
 Intrepid, and seizeth some sleek heifer out o' the number,
 60 Whose neck having master'd, with puissant teeth in it enter'd,
 Soon upon her vitals fresh-bleeding makes he a banquet ;
 Then gather up round him the shepherds and hounds at a distance
 With clamor and turmoil : but nearer approaches against him
 Dares none o' them venture—pale fear too strongly withholds them ;
 65 So now throng'd enemies round nobly-renown'd Menelaus,
 But their hearts in them were afraid of facing his aspect ;
 And anon Atrides the rich arms o' the Panthoid hero
 Had won with mickle ease : but wroth was Phœbus Apollo,
 And thither urg'd Hector, like-dreadful as host-quelling Ares.
 70 Like the Cicons' leader, Mentès, he appear'd in his aspect,
 And near him when arriv'd, in wing-borne words he address'd him :

“Hector, thou’rt hurrying, for things unattainable hunting,
 Namely, yon Æacidan coursers, which are hard to be handled
 Or guided by a mortal wight, if it is not he only
 75 Whom a goddess-parent gave birth to, the noble Achilles.
 And yonder meantime Atrides, bold Menelaus,
 Guarding Patroclus, gives death to the best o’ the Trojans,
 Panthoïd Euphorbus, cutting off our sturdy defender.”

So spake, and back anew the god hied to the labor of heroes ;
 80 While in his heart’s darksome precincts came anguish on Hector.
 Round upon his squadrons he gaz’d, and soon was aware of
 Conqueror and conquer’d, both him stripping off the rich armour,
 And him on earth low-laid, by a lance-thrust mortally bleeding.
 He thoro’ first fighters came striding, blazing in armour,
 85 Like to the fierce element Hephæstus rules, with a piercing
 Shout ; the which Atridan Menelaus fail’d not of hearing ;
 Whereat, perturbèd, thus his own brave heart he accosted :
 “Ah, must they force me to resign this beautiful armour,
 And Patroclus, who here hath fall’n, my glory defending ?
 90 Well might all Danaans, that look’d hereon, be offended !
 And if against Hector with his hosts to stand up unaided
 Mine honor enjoins me, then where pied-plume-tossing Hector
 Leads on Troy’s forces, many ’gainst me alone may assemble.
 Yet what am I doing, that I hold such a parley within me ?
 95 For when a wight goeth thus, in heav’n’s despite, to the contest
 With the man, whose glory’s from on high, tow’rd ruin he hasteth.
 Let none among Danaans then grudge, that sees me of Hector
 Flinching th’ encounter, for back’d by a deity fights he.
 And yet of armipotent Ajax if a call to my hearing
 100 Might reach, and if again we two might press to the rescue,
 Spite o’ the gods even, were it only to save for Achilles
 The slain, and realize at least our choice amid evils ”——

All this time, in his heart and mind as he inly debated,
 Throng’d upon him Trojans heavy-arm’d, upon Hector attending,
 105 And ever he gave way to the rear, the slain body leaving,
 Warily withdrawing : so a beard-grim lion abandons
 The stalls, when men in arms and hounds come against him united,
 With noise and javelins : then alarm his proud spirit enters,
 And with an unwilling heart he turns i’ the midst o’ the precincts ;

- 110 So from Patroclus gave way yellow-hair'd Menelaus,
 Yet turn'd, and stood again, when amidst his people he enter'd ;
 Then sought he with his eye stalwart Telamonian Ajax,
 Whom soon he recognis'd, to the left extreme o' the combat,
 Urging up his comrades, and calling on all to be hardy,
 115 Where from Phæbus unearthly panic was fallen upon them ;
 He tow'rd him ran in haste, and, standing near, thus address'd
 him :
 " Here, Ajax—comrade—to Patroclus's aid let us hasten,
 And struggle, if 'tis not past hope, to regain for Achilles
 His body, though naked ; for his arms are plume-tossing Hector's."
- 120 He spoke, and warlike Ajax to the core o' the combat
 Went anger'd in his heart, yellow-hair'd Menelaus attending.
 Hector was dragging off Patroclus, stripp'd o' the goodly
 Arms he'd worn, coveting with trenchant brass to divide him,
 And his corpse, headless, to the dogs of Troy to surrender.
 125 Up then came Ajax, with a shield that appear'd as a tower ;
 And Hector drew back, till amongst his people he enter'd,
 And sprang on his chariot ; then anon that glorious armour
 He gave his followers, to the town to remove, in eternal
 Token of his prowess : but above the Menætiad hero,
 130 With broad shield lifted, came Ajax, like as a lion,
 That guards in the forest his whelps by a hunter assaulted,
 Stern in his huge puissance, and draws his curtaining eyebrows
 Down entire on his eyes ; Ajax thus appear'd to the rescue
 Of slain Patroclus ; while Atreus-born Menelaus
 135 Stood near, and foster'd in his heart his gnawing affliction.
 Outspoke Hippolochid Glaucus meantime, the commander
 Of Lycia's squadrons, and chode, and glar'd upon Hector :
 " Art thou so backward, Hector, best-seeming of heroes ?
 Thy fame then was ill-earn'd, and graces a fugitive only ;
 140 Now meditate, therefore, if with men of Ilion haply
 Thou know'st how to defend thy state and town any longer ?
 Since at least Lycians no more will strive with Achaians
 For Troy's deliverance, seeing 'tis a thankless achievement,
 Aye 'gainst *your* enemies to be unforweary'dly fighting ;
 145 How wouldst thou rescue then a wight less priz'd i' the people,
 Hard man, who art leaving Sarpedon, a guest as a comrade,
 Here to remain low-laid, a spoil and prize for Achaians ?

- And yet hath he profited thyself and thy city nobly,
 When living, and hast thou not a care from dogs to defend him ?
 150 Whence, if one Lycian my counsel prizes, 'hie homewards'
 I bid him, 'and Troytown to speedy disaster abandon'—
 Since, if any Trojans were daring or intrepid-hearted,
 As men grow, that upon themselves take labor or anguish,
 From bitter antagonists their native country defending,
 155 Soon might we, dragging off Patroclus, in Ilion enter.
 And could that slain man be anon to the great city taken
 Of royal Priam, rescued by us out o' the conflict,
 Our enemies would again Sarpedon's glorious armour
 Soon give up, and homewards might he be brought by us also ;
 160 For such a dear comrade is slain of a man 'mid Achaïans
 In valor unrivall'd, and leading a band o' the bravest.
 But 'gainst armipotent Ajax thou lack'st resolution
 To stand, and look amid the sturdy strife on his aspect,
 Or dare him to the fight ; for thy better, Hector, is Ajax."
 165 Glancing on him sideways answer'd pied-plume-tossing Hector :
 " What need of swaggerings was there from Glaucus's equal ?
 Nay, good my comrade, I whilom assuredly thought thee
 'Mid fruitful Lycia's cavaliers for shrewdness unequall'd :
 Now must I vilipend thy brain, when I hear such assertions.
 170 Thou tell'st me, that against tall Ajax I was unable
 To stand ; yet conflict I flinch not, or huge din of horses ;
 But thus Jove's purpose doth eternally vanquish a mortal's :
 He can a man good-at-arms dismay, can victory lightly
 Snatch from him, and sometimes himself to strife doth arouse us.
 175 But come hither, comrade : stand by me, and look to the sequel !
 See whether I'm all day such a craven, as in thy arraignment,
 Or shall no Danaans, that maybe are hardily fighting
 Round slain Patroclus, with a mortal stroke be arrested."
 So spake, then shouted to the forces of Ilion Hector :
 180 " Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardans close-battle-handling,
 Comrades, be warriors, recollect to be hardy to rescue,
 So long as I'm putting on these arms of noble Achilles,
 Which Patroclus's o'erthrown might to the victor affordeth."

- So much having spoken, withdrew pied-plume-tossing Hector
 185 From the savage conflict, and toward his people he hasten'd
 (Those who were carrying citywards the good arms of Achilles),

Trusting in his swiftness, nor afar nor tardily join'd them.
 There, withdrawn from alarms of warfare, changed he his armour.
 His warlike followers to the great city sacred he order'd
 190 His doff'd arms to remove, and of Pelidan Achilles
 He donn'd those perdurable arms the supernal immortals
 Had given old Peleus, and Peleus gave them Achilles,
 That son who his father's old age ne'er reach'd in his armour.

Him when cloud-gathering Kronides, while placing about him
 195 Those arms of god-like Pelides, view'd from a distance.
 After some wavings of his head, thus he inly debated :
 " Ah me, poor mortal, little expectation is in thee
 Of death so nigh at hand, while thou'rt putting on the good armour
 Of the man, who casteth such alarms upon all that oppose him.
 200 Thou'st kill'd his comrade, good-at-arms and gracious-hearted,
 And his head and shoulders thou'st rudely stripp'd of his armour ;
 And yet am I purpos'd with mastery now to support thee,
 Thinking how Andromache will ne'er be allow'd from her husband,
 From war safely return'd, to receive the rich arms of Achilles."
 205 He spoke, and inclining his eyebrows night-black avouch'd it :
 But right well sat on Hector his arms, and deep in him enter'd
 Thy dread might, Ares Enualius, and with alertness
 And vigor his body fill'd ; thus he hied to the midst o' the martial
 Confederates with a piercing shout—there Hector among them
 210 Was witness'd, in his arms blazing, like dreadful Achilles.
 Then began he visiting their ranks, their headmen arousing,
 As Mēdo and Glaucus, Mesthles and Asteropæus,
 Thersilochus, Phorcys, next Ennomus, augur accomplish'd,
 Hippothous, Chromius, Disenor ; in order approach'd he
 215 Each chieftain ; then anon with wing-borne words he address'd
 them :

" Hear me, you myriads of allies and borderer armies !
 For 'twas not that I ask'd and crav'd your multitude only,
 That from so many lands and towns I made you assemble ;
 But that, with willing hearts, our wives and speech-lacking infants
 220 You might help to defend from warlike sons of Achaia :
 With this purpose alone I vex my country, providing
 Your gifts and rations, to suffice your hearts with abundance.
 Turn straightway therefore to the conflict ; put to the venture
 Your living or perishing ; for in arms this goes to the bargain ;

225 And whoso carries off to the warlike host o' the Trojans
 Patroclus, tho' alive no more, and vanquishes Ajax,
 Of the spoils that man shall have half, and I the remainder,
 And honor and privilege we'll share in moieties equal."

So said he, and forwards they press'd upon Argos's armies,
 230 Their lances levelling, whilst hope each bosom elated,
 That from great Ajax they might that slain body rescue.
 Fools! he laid thereon many Trojans mortally gasping.
 Here Ajax Telamon then accosted brave Menelaus :
 " Dear friend, Jove-nurtur'd Menelaus, I hardly can henceforth
 235 Hope with thee to return from affray ; nor chiefly the fallen
 Patroclus me alarms, whose flesh may speedily pamper
 Troy's hounds and prey-birds ; but more apprehension I harbor
 For mine own head alike and thine, lest evil await us :
 Such clouds of warfare Hector now about us is urging,
 240 And imminent our ruin appears ; yet call to the foremost
 Leaders of Danaans, if thou mayst find one who heareth."
 He spoke ; and warlike Menelaus was not unheedful,
 But shouted with a piercing voice to the chiefs of Achaia :
 " O comrades, Argive sovereigns, and princely commanders,
 245 Ye that of Atridan princes partake the carousals
 Which their people afford Agamemnon, afford Menelaus,
 Each ruling 'mid his own, each by Jove's favor ennobled—
 Now, though 'tis difficult to set eyes upon each o' the leaders
 For me, while rages thus around us fiery combat—
 250 Yet be you zealous all yourselves, and grudge to relinquish
 Patroclus to the dogs of Troy, to sport with his entrails."
 He spoke, and in a trice was he heard by Oiliad Ajax,
 Who first came tow'rds him, running up to the core o' the combat,
 And with him Idomeneus, and Idomeneus's assistant,
 255 Meriones, terrible to encounter as host-quelling Ares,
 And many more champions, who Achaia's ranks to the rearward
 Were to battle rallying : no mortal man to remembrance
 Their names could summon all, in his own heart's depth to rehearse
 them ;
 Yet foremost Hector led against them Troy's battle-order.

260 As when, about outlets of a great river heav'n-fed, a sea-surge
 'Gainst the current striveth, 'twixt tall rocky shores, upon each hand,

- Far forth rebellowing to the vast disgorge o' the waters ;
 Thus came Troy's forces clamorous ; but those of Achaia,
 Wall'd with brass bucklers, each heart with a like resolution
 265 Fir'd, round Patroclus were array'd : their glistening helmets
 Jove had with mickle air obscur'd ; for neither abhorr'd he
 While yet alive the Menœtiad hero assisting Achilles,
 Nor grudg'd not to the dogs of Trojan foes to resign him,
 And therefore to the rescue he urg'd his countrymen onward.
- 270 Yet first 'gan Trojans to repulse bright-glancing Achaïans,
 Who gave way from about the slain ; yet fell no Achaïan
 By their foes' javelins, tho' against them fiercely the Trojans
 Rush'd, and that body seiz'd : his countrymen hardly resign'd him
 One moment ; for again to the charge Telamonian Ajax
 275 Soon urg'd them forwards, who among the remaining Achaïans,
 Save great Pelides, nor in arms nor make had an equal.
 Now thoro' first fighters he rush'd, i' the guise of a wild-boar
 I' th' mountains, who assail'd by dogs and hardy young hunters,
 Through the thickets charging, their companies easily routeth.
- 280 Thus the gallant Telamon's offspring, that glorious Ajax,
 Charg'd, and with mickle ease was breaking Troy's battle-order,
 Where round Patroclus those throng'd, who had hop'd i' the foremost
 The slain man citywards to remove, and seize on a triumph.
 Here bold Hippothous, the Pelasgic Lethus's offspring,
 285 'Mid the bitter conflict, had seiz'd by a foot the dead hero,
 And held it with a belt round each sinew, hard by his ankle.
 Troy's praise and Hector's he sought, but soon fell on evil,
 Which none of his comrades could avert, tho' bent upon aiding ;
 For the son of Telamon, that concourse broken asunder,
- 290 Smote, when near him arriv'd, and cleft his plume-tossing helmet
 Brass-cheek-piec'd, which about the spear was cleanly set open,
 Press'd by so stiff a lance, and by such a hand's heavy seizure.
 His brain out o' the wound was forc'd, and ran, blood-immingled,
 Over his helm's convex : then woxen faint he abandon'd
 295 That foot of high-hearted Patroclus's, and with it headlong
 Fell, screening the deceas'd, from his home and country divided,
 Far from his own deep-gleb'd Larissa : the cares of a parent
 He liv'd not to requite ; but clos'd his days prematurely,
 By the spear vanquish'd of stern Telamonian Ajax.
- 300 With bright lance Hector then anon took an aim to revenge him,
 Tow'rd Ajax, who, aware in time, by slightly receding

- Shunn'd his point : thus it hit Schedius, son of Iphitus hardy,
 Foremost of Phocians, who abode and over a people
 Rul'd in fair Panopeus : his midmost clavicle under
 305 Enter'd the spear-point, which emerg'd to the rear o' the shoulder,
 And in dust laid him, with his armour clanking around him.
 Next him smote Ajax Phænops's heroical offspring,
 Phorcys (who Hippothous was guarding), nigh to the navel,
 Pierc'd his ridg'd hawberk i' the midst, and brass in his entrails
 310 Plung'd ; so that, sinking to the dust, he writh'd on his elbow.
 Then 'gan Troy's champions to retire, tall Hector among them ;
 And up came Argives with a shout, and Phorcys's armour
 And that of Hippothous they seiz'd, and stripp'd from about them :
 And soon, like cravens, might have within Ilion enter'd
 315 Her warriors, vanquish'd by martial sons of Achaia,
 And Argives would have earn'd, by strength and prowess, a triumph
 Maugrè Jove ; but Apollo arous'd Æneas, appearing
 Like that herald Periphas, son of Æpytus, who with his aged
 Father had in service grown old, while bonds of affection
 320 Conjoin'd them : thus appearing address'd him Jove-sprung Apollo :
 " How would ye, Æneas, venture on braving immortals,
 Troy's towers to defend, as I have known men do aforetime—
 Men that their prowess, their strength, and bravery trusted
 And their troops' virtue, though not so numerous even ?
 325 Lo now, Jove favors our cause far more than of Argos ;
 Only you are flinchers yourselves, and fight not in earnest."
 He spoke : Æneas recognis'd, as soon as he ey'd him,
 Far-working Phœbus ; then he hail'd, and call'd upon Hector :
 " Hark, Hector, Trojan chieftains, and chiefs o' the league-mates !
 330 'Twere shame that now again we should within Ilion enter,
 Worsted, like cravens, by warlike sons of Achaia !
 But some power hath here come down, and brought me assurance
 That the supreme Providence of Jove once more doth assist us.
 Then charge your enemies forthright, nor at all to the navy's
 335 Front to remove low-laid Patroclus allow them unhinder'd."

So said he, and bound'd, far out, in front o' the champions ;
 And soon they rally'd all, and fac'd upon Argos's armies.
 Æneas then attain'd Leocritus, who was a-daring
 Comrade of Lycomed', of Arisbas born, with a lance-thrust ;
 340 Whose downfall warlike Lycomedes with pity viewing,

- Came, and stood nigh at hand ; then a shining spear he aventred,
 And reach'd Hippasides Apisaon, a guide of a people,
 In the liver's confines, that limbs no more could uphold him.
 He from Pæonia's deep glebe-lands came to the contest,
- 345 And next Asteropæus in arms had borne the precedence.
 His fall with sorrow view'd that warlike Asteropæus,
 And ran with zealous heart forward, to strive with Achaians,
 But found now no approach ; for about Patroclus on all sides
 With spears extended they abode, and shields well united ;
- 350 Whilst Ajax, ranging still among them, carefully charg'd them,
 And order'd, neither to recede, that slain body leaving,
 Nor yet allow any man to stride in front as a champion,
 But near Patroclus to remain, and fight within arm's length.
 Thus was tall Ajax enjoining on all : but around them
- 355 Was swimming in carnage the dun earth, and troops were a-falling,
 Trojans and league-mates rash-at-arms, and sons of Achaia—
 Nor were *these* not at all bleeding, though no such a number
 Might perish on their side, seeing they were not unheedful
 Each man of his comrades, i' the brunt of fight to defend them.
- 360 Thus went on burning that conflict ; you'd have accounted
 That neither sun on high, nor moon, were safe any longer ;
 Such darkness was about them pour'd, where each o' the bravest
 Champions stood fighting, the Menœtiad hero surrounding.
 All Trojans elsewhere and brass-lock'd troops of Achaia
- 365 Fought in clear daylight ; the skies with keen sunny brightness
 Were wrapp'd, and not a cloud was apparent unto the welkin's
 And mountains' confines ; and here were breaks i' the combat,
 Each side their enemies' bale-freighted lances avoiding,
 And withdrawn well away : but painfully fought i' the midmost
- 370 All their best champions, whom war and darkness afflicted,
 And stern brass mowing many wights. But still Thrasymedes,
 And with him Antilochus, these two so fam'd 'mid Achaians,
 With Patroclus's overthrow were yet not acquainted,
 But deem'd him still alive, engag'd i' the core o' the combat.
- 375 These men, misdoubting lest scath and slaughter awaited
 Their friends, were fighting now apart, as Nestor had order'd,
 When from their dark ships he had urg'd them away to the combat.
 But shut up in turmoil of sterner strife the remainder
 All day contended ; nor among them a knee, leg, or ankle,
- 380 Arm, or brow, was not reeking with labor enormous

- Round the gallant comrade of Pelidean Achilles.
 As when a vast reeking bull's-hide to the workmen is handed,
 Which, station'd in a ring they seize, to strain it among them
 By tugging and swinking many ways, till fairly the surface
 385 By many wights' labors be stretch'd, and dampness abated ;
 Thus foes, in narrow room confin'd, the slain man among them
 Tugg'd hither and yonder, whilst hope each bosom elated,
 Argive and Trojan, whether unto the ships to remove him
 Or town they coveted : the strife with fierce emulation
 390 Was wag'd ; and Ares himself would ne'er have arraign'd it,
 Nor folk-rousing Athena, tho' anger her heart should have enter'd.
 Thus to men and horses was a labor of anguish appointed
 That day by Kronides. But meantime noble Achilles
 With Patroclus's overthrow was yet not acquainted,
 395 So far from the galleys they fought, and near to the ramparts
 Of Troytown ; wherefore in his heart no whit yet had enter'd
 His Patroclus's end ; but he hop'd he'd turn to rejoin him,
 After having made way to the gates. Nor at all did Achilles
 Deem his friend would alone, or he aiding, in Ilion enter—
 400 His mother had told him thus much, when apart she had heard it ;
 For Jove's high counsels to report to his ear was her usage :
 And yet of his bitterest mischance she'd not then appris'd him,
 Of that friend's downfall, that he held so dear above all men.

- But foes were still around the slain man mortally meeting
 405 Each other in breachless conflict, and victories earning ;
 And thus amid brass-lock'd Danaans many wights were a-saying :
 " Our honor, O comrades, to the navy's shelter alloweth
 None to return henceforth : but gape the dun earth to devour us,
 All and each rather ('twere a more acceptable ending)
 410 Rather than we allow champions of Troy this occasion
 Of bearing to the town the slain, and seizing a triumph."
 And thus among warlike Trojans many wights were a-saying :
 " O friends, were't destined for us all by eternal appointment
 Round this man to perish, yet allow no pause to the combat."
 415 Thus many were saying, their comrades' virtue arousing :
 On they went fighting, cleaving barren air with an iron
 Din from their conflict, to the brass-pav'd heav'n which ascended ;
 But the steeds meantime of Achilles stay'd at a distance

- From the battle weeping, when aware that mortally fallen
 420 Was their late charioteer by prowess of host-quelling Hector.
 In vain Automedon, Dioces' offspring heroic,
 Both forwards oft-times with a nimble lash would have urg'd them,
 And oft-times with a kindly speech, and oft with an angry.
 Yet neither to the ships, to the coast o' the wide frith of Helle,
 425 Would they move, nor again amid Argive hosts to the combat;
 But fix'd, like the column that is over a son's or a daughter's
 Grave, they kept standing, the superb car stiffly detaining.
 Their heads were lower'd to the soil, and each from his eyelids
 Had warm tears issuing, which on earth he rain'd in his anguish
 430 For such a lost charioteer, while all their manes' rich abundance,
 Out o' the yoke's fast'nings unloos'd, was foully polluted.
 In such woe Kronides was mov'd with ruth to behold them,
 And, after wavings of his head, thus he inly debated :
 " Ah me, poor horses ! what a wrong we did to resign you
 435 Of royal Peleus to the keeping, you ageless, immortal !
 Haply that ye likewise should amongst mankind be afflicted,
 Since there moves not on earth, I wot, nor breathes any nature
 Curseder in sufferings than are humankind's generations.
 However, expect not to be held by Priamid Hector
 440 As the superb chariot's master : 'twill not be allow'd him.
 Is't not enough to possess those arms, and rashly to boast it ?
 Fear not him ! I'll animate your hearts and limbs with a power
 That shall not fail you, to remove safe out o' the combat
 Automedon to the fleet ; for victory yet to the Trojans
 445 I'll grant, till slaying they attain to the ships well-accounted,
 Till the sun have sunken, till sacred darkness arriveth."

- He spoke, and vigor and daring breath'd into the coursers,
 Who, their manes shaken, the polluting dust flung a-downward,
 Swept the rapid chariot through Trojans and thro' Achaians.
 450 Automedon mounted, though pain'd for wanting a comrade,
 Rush'd, and turn'd, as amid the swarms of fowls doth a vulture—
 Now from a fierce onslaught of Trojans easily flinching,
 Easily now chasing some again to the midst o' the concourse ;
 Yet kill'd he meantime not a man, tho' he oft had approach'd one ;
 455 No scope was given him, the divine car singly directing,
 For spearmanship, if also he held the rapid-footed horses.
 Thus task'd Alcimedon, though tardily, chanc'd to behold him,

- Being his own comrade, Laercēs' Hæmonid offspring.
 He, standing to the rear o' the car, its driver accosted :
- 460 "Of the divine rulers who put so thriftless an impulse
 As this in Automedon, when his own good sense he had ousted ?
 What dost thou, fighting thus alone i' the midst o' the Trojans,
 Now when thy comrade's low-laid ? whilst glorying o'er him
 Hector on his shoulders carries off the rich arms of Achilles ?"
- 465 Outspoke Automedon, Diōres' son, thus in answer :
 "Alcimedon, seeing that there's no Achaian, above thee,
 In their heat qualified to direct the celestial horses—
 I pass Patroclus, that in arms was like an immortal
 While living, until on him life-quenching destiny fasten'd—
- 470 Come now, take whip in hand and traces bravely bedizen'd,
 And the steeds to thy arm I'll leave, and stand as a fighter."

- He spoke ; Alcimedon to the war-swift car sprang alertly,
 And traces took in hand and whip ; then lightly descended
 Automedon to the field ; but aware was Priamid Hector ;
- 475 And his near comrade, Æneas, straight he accosted :
 " Æneas, brass-lock'd cavaliers of Troy who arrayest,
 With no good charioteers, I see, the steeds are emerging
 Of rapid Æacides yonder to the midst o' the combat.
 Well might we seize them now, I hope, if thou to support me
- 480 Art willing : our onslaught these men will scarcely be able
 To stand, and unflinching abide th' encounter of Ares."'
 He spoke ; and not a whit gainsay'd th' Anchisiad hero ;
 Forth they went straightway, their shoulders warily guarded
 With dry, tough bulls'-hides, strengthen'd with brass in abundance ;
- 485 And Chromys and god-like Arētus, with them united,
 Came to the charge striding ; mickle hope each bosom elated
 To slay both charioteers, and seize those neck-massive horses.
 Fools ! they were not allow'd to retire from an unbloody conflict,
 When near Automedon ; for he had Jove omnipaternal
- 490 Invok'd, and in his heart new strength and prowess had enter'd.
 Hereupon Alcimedon, that trusted friend, he accosted :
 " Alcimedon, keep not withdrawn the steeds at a distance,
 But 'gainst my very neck breathing ; for there's no appearance
 Of my restraining from his onslaught Priamid Hector,
- 495 Till first he masters the superb-man'd steeds of Achilles,
 Slaying us, and forces to recede the squares of Achaia,

- Or till he is vanquish'd himself i' th' front o' the combat."
 So said he, and call'd on th' Ajaces with Menelaus :
 " Ajaces, Menelaus ! Achaian kingly commanders !
 500 Ye do well to commend the slain to the best o' the champions,
 Those that are encircling, from opposing ranks to protect him.
 But succor us the living : the stern day avert from us also ;
 For to bitter conflict now is Hector against us approaching,
 And with him Æneas, having all Troy's best men about them.
 505 But the divine rulers have upon their knees the result yet ;
 I'll cast my javelin likewise ; 'tis Jove's to direct all."
 He spoke, and brandish'd till he hurl'd his spear shadow-launching,
 And Arêtus's orbèd shield he smote i' the midmost,
 And clean transfix'd it, to the brass-point making an outlet,
 510 And below his navel thro' a cloven baldric attain'd him.
 As the swain cometh up to the side of an ox i' the pastures,
 His pole-axe in his hand, and smites by its horns to the rearward,
 All the sinew cleaving, then it after a bound droppeth headlong—
 So sprang, so fell adown Arêtus, while in his entrails
 515 Sunken, still quivering, the spear his limbs was unhinging.
 Hector at Automedon then a lance bright-beaming aventred :
 Automedon was aware in time ; and th' aim he avoided,
 Stooping down forwards ; then in earth to the rear of him enter'd
 That long spear quivering, setting all its shaft in a tremble
 520 Over it ; and so at last the sternness abated of Ares.
 Arm'd with swords, they again well-nigh were meeting at arm's
 length ;
 But the two Ajaces, having heard such a cry from a comrade,
 Through the thickest concourse thither hied, in time to divide them ;
 Thereat stepp'd Hector back alarm'd ; and back with him also
 525 Stepp'd Chromius god-like, and stepp'd th' Anchisiad hero,
 And left Arêtus, with his heart now cold, to the foemen.
 Down on him Automedon, like-swift and forceful as Ares,
 Plung'd, and undid his arms, and spoke out, glorying o'er him :
 " This solace, if this alone, my spear to the soul hath afforded
 530 Of slain Patroclus, by slaying a man not his equal."

He spoke, and brought up to the car the spoils bloody-reeking,
 And himself mounted, whilst, hand to foot, over as under,
 All blood-stain'd he appear'd, as gorg'd on a bull doth a lion.
 Round Patroclus again the sturdy strife was awaken'd,

- 535 Weariful and dolorous ; for Pallas Athena to rouse it
 Had come down from on high—far-seeing Jove had allow'd her
 Her Danaans to support, for his heart was turn'd from against them.
 As when a dark-grounded rainbow Jove hangs i' the welkin
 For mortals to behold, of war perchance as a signal,
 540 Or rigorous winter perchance, which makes them abandon
 Their labors, as on all their flocks it brings desolation—
 She thus, having mantled with clouds of blackness her aspect,
 Came, and each man arous'd in th' Argive hosts to the combat.
 First did she Menelaus arouse, that brave son of Atreus,
 545 He being nigh at hand ; now, Phœnix-like in appearance,
 Phœnix-like in a voice unwearý'd, thus she address'd him :
 “ This must be, Menelaus, a shame and blame to thee henceforth,
 If thou yon trusted comrade of heroic Achilles
 Under Troy's ramparts leavest for dogs to devour him.
 550 Nay, but stoutly resist, and rouse thy friends to be hardy !
 Thereupon armipotent Menelaus address'd her in answer :
 “ Father mine, reverend Phœnix, if Athena will only
 Lend power to my arm, and ward off th' eager approaches
 Of javelins, I long to support Patroclus's helpers,
 555 Such soreness for his overthrow my bosom hath enter'd :
 Yet fire-like Hector rages, nor draws back a moment
 His spear from carnage ; for Jove exalts him against us.”

He said it ; and some-deal gratified was Pallas Athena,
 That thus on her foremost he'd call'd amid all the supernals.

- 560 His knees, his shoulders with a new-born force she enabled,
 And his breast spirited with a fly's resolution abateless,
 Which, tho' brush'd many times from a man's body, comes back as
 often
 To sting him ; it relishes blood of human veins so immensely ;
 With no less daring she his bosom's dark hollow loaded.
 565 Near Patroclus he hied ; his beaming lance he aventred,
 And to Podes flying sent it, to the midst o' the Trojans,
 That son of Eëtion, good-at-arms and wealthy—that Hector
 Priz'd as a boon comrade and friend above all men around him.
 Him, while just turning flightwards, yellow-hair'd Menelaus
 570 Spear'd upon his cincture, thoro' which the stern weapon enter'd,
 And brought him, clanking, to the dust ; and from the surrounding
 Trojans Atrides 'mid his own men lustily tugg'd him.

But meantime Phœbus was aware, and urging up Hector ;
 Like Phœnops he appear'd, son of Asius, who to the leader
 575 Was 'mid his whole kith around very dear, and dwelt in Abydos.
 In such likeness array'd, far-working Apollo address'd him :
 " Hector, what man is he will fear thee in Argos's armies ?
 When thus thou flinchest Menelaus, of old an opponent
 Easy to be vanquish'd, but who out o' the midst o' the Trojans
 580 Now walks triumphant, and beareth away thy associate,
 Trusty Pödes, son of Eëtion, low-laid i' the foremost."

He spoke ; then fell a cloud of murkest anguish on Hector,
 Who thoro' first fighters came striding, blazing in armour :
 But 'twas then Kronides took in hand his dreadfully-dazzling
 585 Ægis so many-fring'd ; and, piling clouds up on Ida,
 He shook it, and lighten'd, and made to resound many thunders,
 And daunted th' Argives, and victory sent to the Trojans.
 First turn'd Peneleos flightwards, Bœotia's headman,
 Whom, i' the first fighters engag'd, a spear i' the shoulder
 590 Caught atop, and graz'd it, to the bone's edge laying it open :
 This lance Pulydamas, when near him arriv'd, had adventred.
 Next came Leïtus, whom i' the wrist Hector with a lance-thrust
 Wounded ; him had bold-hearted Alectryon own'd as his offspring :
 His prowess was arrested there ; and gazing around him
 595 He trembled ; for he hop'd no more with a lance to be active.
 Hereupon Idomeneus, while ran tow'rds Leïtus Hector,
 Nigh the nipple smote him with a point, which sank in his hawberk :
 There that immense javelin broke short ; and loudly the Trojans
 Yell'd ; but at Idomeneus, this Deucalionian hero,
 600 Hector (as he mounted) let fly, fail'd barely to reach him,
 But caught Meriones's assistant, holding his horses,
 Cæranus, who follow'd him from Lyctus, a fair city well-wall'd.
 On foot had Idomeneus come afield, and left galleys oar-girt,
 And no small triumph to the Trojans might have afforded,
 605 But with swift horses to defend him Cæranus hasten'd ;
 And the king he rescued, when his hour was well-nigh approaching,
 And himself to the dead was join'd by troop-quelling Hector.
 'Neath ear and jawbone did th' whole spear-head the man enter,
 And carry'd his teeth out, and clean his tongue cut asunder ;
 610 Whereby dismounted, the collapsing reins he abandon'd.
 But these Meriones, when he o'er his car had an instant

Leant forwards, took in hand, and Idomeneus he accosted :
 “Plythe whip, and speed now to the ships, if a chance is allow’d thee !
 Thou knowest well enough, no victory now for Achaians !”

615 He spoke ; Idomeneus the superb-man’d steeds hurry’d onwards
 Tow’rd the galleys dark-hull’d ; such alarm in his heart was
 awaken’d.

Nor was bold Ajax not aware, nor yet Menelaus
 Of Jove’s now lending to the Trojans partial assistance.
 Then spoke out foremost i’ the midst Telamonian Ajax :

620 “Now can a man certes perceive, were he imbecile even,
 That Jove omnipaternal awards the renown to the Trojans :
 Each dart taketh effect of theirs, impell’d by a craven,
 Or by a man good-at-arms impell’d ; Jove fitly directs them ;
 And all ours to the dust in vain are falling effectless.

625 But let us eke meditate, what counsels best can avail us,
 Both yonder slain man to defend, and how fellow-champions
 We too may gratify once more by safely returning ;
 For tow’rd us looking out they grieve, and think we are able
 No longer to resist the prowess of host-quelling Hector

630 And th’ hands unworsted, but amidst our ships to die only.
 O that some comrade with his utmost haste would Achilles
 Seek out, since tidings, methinks, o’ the deadly disaster
 Of that friend, that he hath to deplore, can scarce have attain’d him !
 Yet can I at this time see no fit man ’mid Achaians,

635 For the dun air covereth men alike and horses on all sides.
 O but deliver us, father Jove, out o’ the darkness !
 Let bright sky reappear, while yet we have eyes to behold it ;
 Then slay by day’s light, if slaying us only suffice thee.”

With such words, with tears in his eyes, he appeal’d to the Father,
 640 Who for ruth the dun air dispers’d ; so th’ haze was abated,
 And the sun, out-broken, reillum’d their whole battle-order ;
 And Ajax forthwith warlike Menelaus accosted :—

“Look now, Jove-nurtur’d Menelaus, if aught be apparent
 Of brave Antilochus, Nestor’s son, if he be alive yet,

645 And charge him go in haste, and tell dire-doing Achilles,
 He’s lost that comrade, that he held so dear above all men.”

He spoke, and not a whit gainsay’d him brave Menelaus,
 But started to retire, just like as a lion abandons

- Some cattle-house, if he erst himself have tir'd with assailing
 650 Hounds and men, that, awake all night, on choice fat of oxen
 Keep him from ravening; then among them he hungrily charges,
 But nought it profiteth! such a shower arriveth against him
 Of burning firebrands and darts from daring opponents,
 By which he is daunted, tho' ne'er so great be his ardor,
 655 And sullen he turneth to retire, ere morning emerges:
 Thus, with an unwilling heart, warlike Menelaus abandon'd
 Patroclus, much alarm'd lest haply the troops of Achaia,
 By terror o'er-master'd, might leave him a prey to the Trojans,
 And much Meriones, th' Ajaces much was he urging:
 660 "Merion, Ajaces, leaders o' the forces of Argos,
 Who would not recollect Patroclus, gracious-hearted,
 And amid all mortals himself so kindly demeaning
 While living, as now, alas, his fate and end have attain'd him?"
 So much having spoken, withdrew yellow-hair'd Menelaus,
 665 And many looks round him 'gan cast, i' the guise o' that eagle
 That keenest is of eye, we're told, o' the birds o' the welkin;
 Whom, when flying aloft, the swift-footed hare can evade not,
 In the bushes crouching; but adown he swoops in an instant,
 Seizes her, and carries off perforce, when life he has ousted;
 670 So now thy flashing eyes, Jove-rear'd Menelaus, around thee
 Were roving, coveting to discern, 'mid so many comrades,
 Antilochus, Nestor's son, if haply the man were alive yet.
 Full soon he found him, to the left extreme o' the combat,
 Urging up his comrades, and calling on each to be hardy;
 675 And, near him now arriv'd, outspoke yellow-hair'd Menelaus:
 "Come to me, Antilochus Jove-lov'd, and hear of affliction
 Which thou'st yet to deplore. Would I had been spar'd the
 narration!
 Yet know'st thou well enough, methinks, thine eyes have appris'd
 thee
 How the god is thrusting mischance upon Argos's armies,
 680 Victory for Trojans shaping; while him, that amongst us
 Was first, Patroclus, we've lost, and have to lament all.
 But run down to the ships of Achaia, and bid thou Achilles
 For the slain come in haste to strive, and home to remove him,
 Even if all naked, for his arms are plume-tossing Hector's."
 685 He ceas'd: Antilochus, when he heard, was aghast with affliction,
 And long lack'd utterance of speech; and tears on his eyeballs

Form'd, and his mellow voice betwixt his jaws was arrested.
 However, he left not Menelaus's order unheeded,
 But to run he started, when his arms he'd left with a comrade,
 690 Laodocus, being then at hand with his hoof-clanging horses ;
 And him anon, weeping, rapid heels carry'd out o' the combat,
 Tow'rd the son of Peleus with a tale of deadly disaster.

Nor did Jove-nurtur'd Menelaus brook any longer
 Those his confederates to support i' the quarter abandon'd
 695 Freshly by Antilochus, though sore in need of assistance
 Were left those Pylians : but he unto them urg'd Thrasymedes,
 And tow'rd Patroclus back he hied himself to the rescue.
 Nigh the two Ajaces he paus'd, and forthwith address'd them :
 " I've sent him forward to the ships (be 't one thing accomplish'd),
 700 That the son of Peleus he there may rouse : but I hardly
 Hope he'll now succor us, though sorely with Hector offended.
 He cannot our enemies confront, while bare of his armour.
 But let us eke meditate, what counsel best can avail us,
 Both the slain yonder to defend, and out o' the danger
 705 Of Troy's loud squadrons to retire, with life in us each one."
 Answer'd him then again stalwart Telamonian Ajax :
 " Right well is it spoken, Jove-nurtur'd my Menelaus ;
 Thou with Meriones, therefore, stoop quickly to lift up
 And carry Patroclus from a-field ; and we will abide here,
 710 And 'gainst tall Hector with his hosts maintain a resistance—
 We two, like-spirited, like-nam'd, who of old are accustom'd,
 Side by side standing, to repel grim approaches of Ares."
 So said he, and straightway Patroclus in arms they uplifted
 From ground and well aloft ; while Trojans loudly behind them
 715 Yell'd, on perceiving Patroclus upheld by Achaians ;
 And headlong tow'rd them they charg'd, as dogs at a wild-boar,
 That's wounded, rush yfere in front of a circle of huntsmen.
 Somewhile they rush at him, thinking they'll rend him asunder ;
 But when he, his puissance trusting, comes turning against them,
 720 They flinch, and many by many ways make off from about him.
 So came Troy's forces, pursuing awhile, in a cluster,
 With shimmering broadswords and lances pointed at each end :
 But when th' Ajaces had turn'd, and made head against them,
 Then lost his color each, nor was there found any champion
 725 That durst come forward to detain the slain any longer.

- Thus they Patroclus with zeal carry'd out o' the combat
 Tow'rd their ships dark-hull'd ; but sternly the war follow'd after.
 Like fire, which kindled unawares in a great city rages,
 And glows, and waxes, the strength o' the wind in it howling,
 730 And all round it apace consumes mankind's habitations ;
 Thus, following these men's footsteps, with a rumor abateless
 Pour'd the rushing chariots and lance-arm'd companies headlong ;
 While, as mules, giving all their power, adown from a mountain,
 On some rough thoro'fare, drag a mast or beam for a shipwright
 735 By sweating and swinking, their lungs sore-laboring inly—
 Thus they sturdily bore the slain, while firm to the rearward
 Stood the two Ajaces, as stands a promontory wood-clad,
 Baffling inundations, that apace some wide level enter
 And desolate, when against such a bourn the streams are arrested
 740 And in twain parted : their strength not a whit can abase it.
 Thus were th' Ajaces still arresting Troy's battle-order,
 And enemies still upon them press'd ; and first i' the number
 Æneas, son of Anchises, with egregious Hector.
 And as where fluttering go jays or daws in a cluster,
 745 With shrill cries, when aware far off of an eagle approaching,
 Who with havoc menaces the smaller fowls o' the welkin,
 So fled sons of Achaia before Æneas's aspect
 And Hector's, with a yell, forgetful of hardy resistance,
 While arms of Danaans routed, by or on the defences,
 750 Fell manifold and goodly, the fight unquenchably raging.

BOOK XVIII.

THE VULCANIAN ARMOUR.

- THESE all thus labor'd in a burning fiery contest ;
 Antilochus meantime had Achilles reach'd as a legate,
 And in front o' the ships high-pror'd he found him a-musing
 O'er many perchances, that now to the full were accomplish'd ;
 5 And therewith burden'd, he his own great heart thus accosted :
 “ Ah me ! why come again yonder plume-waving Achaians

- In turmoil to the ships, quitting wholly the field o' the combat ?
 May the divine rulers, what bodes my soul, not accomplish !
 My mother in very deed inform'd, and warn'd me aforetime
 10 How, whilst I was alive yet, a foremost Myrmidon hero
 Had to resign daylight's precincts by th' hands o' the Trojans.
 Is brave Patroclus no more ? How amiss doth he use me,
 Who charg'd him, when afar he'd once Troy's torches averted,
 Then to retire shipwards, not in arms encountering Hector ! ”
 15 All these things with his heart and soul was he inly debating.
 What time Antilochus, the good heir of Nestor, approach'd him,
 Tears from his eyes trickling, with a tale of deadly disaster :
 “ O son of armipotent Peleus ! Ah me, what a dismal
 Tale must I carry thee ! Would I had been spar'd the narration !
 20 Low lies Patroclus ! They're still disputing among them
 His body, though naked, for his arms are plume-tossing Hector's.”

- He spoke ; then fell a cloud of murkest grief on Achilles ;
 And straightway, gathering sallow dust, he pour'd it in handfuls
 With both hands on his head, to defile the grace of his aspect ;
 25 And ashes o'erwhiten'd his balm-soft tunic around him.
 Then right down to the dust he stoop'd, and there was he outspread,
 Vast and on mickle earth, and rending his hair with his hands up.
 All the woman-captives, Patroclus had own'd or Achilles,
 Nipp'd with grief, 'gan aloud to lament, and out o' the doorway
 30 Rush'd round armipotent Pelides, none not a-beating
 Her bosom with her hands, nor firm was a limb that upheld them.
 Antilochus sorrow'd eke, and let fall tears ; but Achilles
 With both hands did he hold, while groans convuls'd the superb
 heart,
 Lest he might straightway cut his own throat rashly with iron.
 35 Grimly was he wailing, when his own august mother heard him,
 Where she sat, with her ancient sire, i' the depths o' the surges.
 Then sobb'd she ; then anon throng'd round her a company god-
 like,
 All those Nereïdes that have in salt surges a mansion.
 There came Cymodoce, there came Nesaia, Thalia
 40 And Glauca, and heifer-eyed Halië with Limnorea ;
 There came Dynamene, came Doto, Proto, Agave,
 And Thoe, and Spio, with Cymothoe, with Iæra,
 Actaia, Amphithoe, Melite, the superb Galatea,

- Dexamene, Doris, then Callivanassa, Pherusa,
 45 Nemertes, Clymene, Panopea and Callianira,
 Mæra and Orithuia, Amatheia the lovelily-braided,
 Amphinome, Apseudes, Ianira, and Ijavanassa.
 Yea, from salt sea-depths many more Nereïdes enter'd.
 All these throng'd, beating their breasts, the cavern alabastral ;
 50 And Thëtis uplifted, foremost, the lamentable accents :
 " Hark to me, O sisters Nereïdan, hark, that, on hearing,
 Ye may grow well aware, how grimly my heart is afflicted !
 Me wretched, in motherhood matchless to my own desolation !
 Me that gave being to the mighty, the consummate offspring,
 55 Excelling all heroes, and watch'd his growth as a scion's—
 And thus having nurtur'd, as a plant in a bounteous orchard,
 I sent him, with a fleet high-pror'd, 'gainst Ilion over,
 To strive with Trojans ; but I am not again to receive him
 In Peleus's abode, nor welcome him home as an inmate.
 60 Nay, while he's spar'd me, to behold day's glorious aspect,
 He pines, nor can I heal, if I even approach him, his anguish.
 However, I go forth to behold, and hear from him algates,
 What grief hath come on him, thus apart from combat abiding."
 This spoken, the cavern she left ; and like her a-weeping,
 65 Rose all those goddesses, the marine surge cleaving afore them.
 When they came then anon to the deep-gleb'd field o' the Trojans,
 They throng'd up to the beach, where ships o' the Myrmidon army
 Round swift Pelides in thick-set array were assembled.
 Near him, while uttering deep groans, th' august mother enter'd,
 70 And with a sharp outcry she clasp'd by his head the belov'd son,
 And, sobbing and speaking, with wing-borne words thus address'd
 him :
 " My child, why sorrowing ? what grief thy bosom hath enter'd ?
 Speak, do not cover aught : Jove all those things hath accomplish'd
 For the which, in praying, whilom thine hands were uplifted,
 75 That, driven and crowded to the ships, yon sons of Achaia
 Might find thee needed when a deadly disaster abas'd them."
 And, uttering deep groans, answer'd her swift son Achilles :
 " Yea, mother, all these things do I owe to the lord of Olympus ;
 But what scope have I hence to rejoice, losing such a comrade
 80 Priz'd above all comrades, Patroclus, on whom my affection
 Equally was set as on myself ? now conquering Hector
 Wears, after stripping him, the superb, huge, marvellous armour

- Which gods gave Peleus to possess, for a goodly remembrance,
From that day, when immortal thee they couch'd with a mortal.
- 85 Rather, thrice rather, thou shouldst in a watery bower
Have stay'd, and Peleus should of human mould have a consort :
Or was it all order'd, that immense might be thy affliction
When thy son perisheth ? for thou must welcome him homeward
No more, nor can at all my soul endure to remain yet
- 90 In life, nor to commune with men, save only when Hector,
Laid by my spear-point low on earth, his soul shall have outgasp'd,
And to Menœtiadan Patroclus paid blood-atonement."
Him, with tears trickling from her eyes, Thetis hereupon answer'd :
" Ah, by these tokens 'tis thine, my child, to die early.
- 95 Once Hector perishes, thy death-doom forthwith arriveth."
Answer'd her, wounded to the soul, her swift son Achilles :
" Let me die straightway, me who have not come to the rescue
Of such a friend yonder slaughter'd ! His days he hath ended
Far from his own country, groaning for me to defend him !
- 100 Now, since I never am to return to the coasts o' the dear land,
Since no deliverance for my Patroclus or hundreds
Of comrades have I earn'd, who fell by conquering Hector,
And since, cumbering earth in vain, i' the midst o' the navy
I sit, a man matchless 'mid brazen-plated Achaians,
- 105 To speak of conflict—better are there found for a council—
Oh, from amongst mortals and gods, Contention, aroint thee,
And Wrath, who movest to rebukes hearts deep-witted even,
Thou that in our natures makest more sweetly thy entrance
Than comb-drawn honey-drops, and spread'st i' the guise of a
vapor ;
- 110 So much had incens'd me the commander of hosts Agamemnon.
Yet past things let us hold past help, and our spirit inly
Control, though sick at heart, as need compulsory teaches.
Now must I find out the belov'd head's ruiner, Hector ;
And let my death arrive, and welcome, when 'tis appointed,
- 115 By Jove and the remaining immortal gods, to befall me.
Neither hath Alcides his doom by prowess avoided,
Though dear to Kronides, to supremest Jove, above all men ;
Yet fate, and Hera's bitter enmity, worsted him even.
I too must—if alike his course and mine were yshapen—
- 120 Lie low, when death arrives ; but let fair fame then enhance me,
So that upon my account a Trojan's dame or a Dardan's

Deep-bosom'd, when adown from both cheeks daintily-moulded
 She's driven her tears off with her hands, shall apace be a-moaning.
 They'll then feel that I all too long the strife have abandon'd ;
 125 Nor do thou check me, though dear and kind—it is hopeless.”
 Answer'd him then again the divine Thetis argent-sandall'd :
 “ Yea, well is it spoken, my child, and rightly thou askest
 Thy sore-press'd comrades to relieve from speedy disaster.
 But thine arms yonder still are held i' the midst o' the Trojans,
 130 Those brazen-flashing arms, which away pied-plume-tossing Hector
 Bears upon his shoulders, exultant : yet shall he have not
 Much time for boasting, for a death-blow is already near him.
 But go thou, nathless, not afield to the labor of Ares,
 Until upon me, arriv'd once more, thine eyes have alighted.
 135 Ere to-morrow's sun arise, I will not fail to rejoin thee,
 From the king Hephæstus carrying thee glorious armour.”
 So much having spoken, she turn'd to the watery sisters,
 From that dear son of hers withdrawn, and thus she address'd
 them :

“ Now go you back anew to the wide main's lap, the paternal
 140 Hall o' the sea's ancient to reseek, and make him of all things
 Inform'd ; and I ascend myself the long heights of Olympus,
 Art-fam'd Hephæstus to beseech, if he haply will hear me,
 For my son to prepare unmatch'd and glorious armour.”

She ceas'd ; and they adown to below the marine billows hasten'd ;
 145 But to the great mountain the goddess Thetis argent-sandall'd
 Went, for that lov'd son to return with glorious armour.
 She thus was making for Olympus, while yet Achaïans,
 In terror and uproar, pursued by conquering Hector,
 Pellmell were rushing up to the ships and wide frith of Helle.
 150 And e'en Patroclus by brazen-plated Achaïans
 Had scarce been rescued, that slain car-mate of Achilles,
 For troops and chariots were again pressing hotly behind him,
 And i' the midst, vehement as fire, was Priamid Hector.
 Thrice the gallant Hector set his hands to the feet o' the dead man,
 155 And, bent on dragging him, to the Trojans loudly protested.
 Thrice the two Ajaces their utmost virtue collected,
 And push'd him from his hold ; but trusting his hardihood always,
 He rush'd back sometimes to the charge, or he over against them
 Stood sometimes clamorous, but made no steps to the rearward.

- 160 And as where neatherds i' the fields not a whit can a tawny
 Lion scare from a carcass aloof, i' the rage of his hunger,
 Thus were these two men, though sturdily fighting, unable
 From the slain to repel the strength of Priamid Hector.
 And now had he well-nigh seiz'd him, well-nigh reputation
- 165 Transcendant had achiev'd, except that, adown from Olympus,
 Tow'rd the son of Peleus the rapid wind-outstripping Iris
 Came summoning to the field of fight; so had Hera commanded,
 Leaving Jove unappris'd and all the remaining immortals.
 Iris, having come anear, with wing-borne words thus address'd him :
- 170 " Up ! terror of mortals, Pelides ! go to the rescue
 Of Patroclus, about whose corpse in front o' the navy
 They've join'd fierce conflict, and fall, by mutual onsets,
 Round the dead and low-laid cavalier ; and here to defend him
 They strive, and opposite to the front of towery Troytown
- 175 They pull him, and foremost is egregious Hector among them,
 Intent on dragging him, that his head, when parted asunder
 From that fair neck of his, may aloft on spikes be erected.
 But rise : what dost thou sitting idly ? grudge to relinquish
 Patroclus to the dogs of Troy to sport with his entrails.
- 180 Thou'rt disgrac'd, if a foe be allow'd the deceas'd to mishandle."
 And swift Pelides bespoke, and made her an answer :
 " But this charge, goddess Iris, announce what deity gave thee ? "
 Answer'd him then anon the swift wind-outstripping Iris :
 " Hera, the great consort of Jove, the behest hath assign'd me ;
- 185 And neither sceptred Kronides is aware nor a single
 Deity, save her alone, that walks the snow-clad Olympus."
 And swift Pelides bespoke and made her an answer :
 " How must I go afield ? mine arms have yonder an owner.
 My mother has charg'd me, likewise, the strife to relinquish,
- 190 Till with mine eyes here I again perceive her arriving.
 Then will she carry me, she avers, Hephæstian armour
 Glorious : else might I perchance find none to put on me.
 There's Telamon's son alone, Ajax, might lend me a buckler ;
 But now is he fighting, methinks, himself i' the foremost,
- 195 His spear 'mid them around Patroclus mortally wielding."
 Answer'd him then again the swift wind-outstripping Iris :
 " Yea, we know well enough, the good arms have yonder an owner,
 Yet go thou thus unarm'd to the moat, and show to the Trojans
 Thy face, that, seeing thee again, their hosts may abandon

200 The strife, and terrified, perchance, may afford to the martial
Forweary'd Danaans some time for breathing, if only."

So spake, and withdrew rapid Iris ; whereat Achilles
Rose, the belov'd of Jove : his shoulders Pallas Athena
Fenc'd with her huge ægis many-fring'd ; she about his head also
205 Had clad a gold halo, that queen august 'mid immortals,
And far forth kindled she a radiant brightness around him.
And as where vapors by night to the face o' the welkin
From the besieg'd city rise, on a lone isle out at a distance,
Where all day sallying to the field, in war's bitter ordeal
210 They meet their enemies ; but, when the sun erst disappeareth,
Then burn thickly the beacon-fires, and into the region
Send their glare, summoning the surrounding states upon all sides,
In case they might be thus arous'd with ships to the rescue ;
So beam'd that radiance, from Achilles' head, to the welkin.
215 Nor pass'd he the limits o' the camp, nor mix'd with Achaïans,
For Thetis's precept yet he all too deeply regarded.
There stood he and shouted, while near him Pallas uplifted
Her voice, and an enormous alarm breath'd into the Trojans.
As peals and penetrates the sonorous blast of a trumpet,
220 Where enemies, set upon destruction, a fair city circle,
So piercing rang afar the battle-shout Æacidean :
Whereupon all, hearing the battle-shout Æacidean,
Were terrified to the soul ; and back the steeds, the superb-man'd,
'Gan tug their chariots, preassur'd of deadly disaster ;
225 And all their charioteers were aghast, when high-hearted Achilles
Over his head blazing display'd that abateless effulgence,
Which the goddess kindled and nurs'd, eye-sparkling Athena.
Thrice the son of Peleus shouted from above the defences,
Thrice threw both Trojans and league-mates into disorder ;
230 And o' the best champions there fell twelve, that very moment,
'Twixt their own chariots and spears : but th' hosts of Achaïa
With joy Patroclus, where darts no more could attain him,
Drew forth, and laid down on a bier : then around him assembled
His friends ; and swift Pelides i' the company mingled,
235 Tears from his eyes flowing, to behold the belov'd fellow-champion
Laid on a bier outstretch'd, his life with brass from him ousted,
Him that on his chariot with steeds he sent to the conflict
Whilom, but not again could he hope restor'd to receive him.

- And now was Queen Hera the sun's unwearied effulgence
 240 Constraining to descend, though loth, to the deep-running Ocean.
 He sank ; and with him eke withdrew the good hosts of Achaia
 From the common-scathful conflict and war's bitter ordeal.
 Troy's warriors, likewise, that field of slaughter abandon'd,
 And from their chariots the rapid-footed horses unharness'd,
 245 And, supper untasted, they assembled first in a folk-mote.
 There 'gan they standing to debate ; and no man among them
 Would sit down ; for alarm was in all their hearts, sith Achilles
 Had reappear'd, he who all too long the strife had abandon'd.
 Now wise Pulydamas, that Panthoid hero, address'd them,
 250 He that could look alone through bygone things to the future ;
 And Hector's comrade and birthday-mate was he also,
 Though one had in conclave, one in arms had most reputation.
 He with a friend's purpose now arose, and spoke thus among them :
 " Comrades ! be well aware and prudent, I will aread you.
 255 We must turn citywards, not leave our walls at a distance,
 While camping thus against their ships, till morn's hallow'd advent.
 When with great Agamemnon Achilles still was offended,
 'Twas then less difficult to defeat the besieging Achaians ;
 And I lik'd well enough to lie out in front o' the navy,
 260 While hopes of seizing those ships many-tier'd yet I harbour'd.
 But swift Pelides now alarms me, while recollecting
 His spirit unbounded, which assuredly will not allow him
 Contented to remain, where Trojan troops with Achaian
 In the middle spaces partake o' the furies of Ares.
 265 He will come menacing Troy's homes and Troy's women henceforth :
 But trust me, withdraw to the town ; or look to the sequel.
 Lo, the son of Peleus by sacred night is arrested
 Now ; but if at morning's uprist we are here to behold him,
 All armèd when he hies to the field, he'll make many rue it,
 270 And glad shall many be to regain Troy's boundaries holy
 By flight, and many more shall leave their flesh for a banquet
 For the dog and prey-bird. Ah me ! might I never hear it !
 Oh then be counsell'd, although my counsel is irksome ;
 And all night let us hold i' the mart our forces assembled ;
 275 And meantime, to defend our town, we've towery bulwarks,
 Tall gates, and gate-bars long, smooth, and bolted across them ;
 And at day's uprist, having arms and armour about us,
 We'll up at our towers : he will not then be a gainer

If tow'rd our ramparts he approach, yon navy relinquish'd ;
 280 He'll have thence to retire, when enough those neck-massive horses
 He's driven and weary'd below our city-walls upon all sides.
 He shall not penetrate our boundaries ; his spirit even
 Will not hazard that attempt ; he'd first to the dogs give a
 banquet."

Glaring on him sideways answer'd pied-plume-tossing Hector :
 285 " Thy words, Pulydamas, are now not at all to my humor,
 If thou would'st have us all i' th' town to return to be herded.
 With manning of towers, methinks, we are already sated ;
 All tongues of mortals upon earth were inur'd to narrations
 Of Priam's gold-stor'd and brazen-stor'd city whilom :
 290 Now those fair tokens within all our homes are a-wanting ;
 And Phrygia's traders, and fair Mæonia's also
 Our gear has visited, since Jove was first with us anger'd.
 But now shrewd-father'd Kronides has allow'd me a triumph
 O'er the galleys to snatch, to the sea pushing Argos's armies—
 295 Thou driveller, manifest no more such thoughts to the people :
 No Trojan to thy 'hest shall attend ; I will not allow it.
 But go to : let us all be guided as I will aread you.
 First partake a repast in warlike order assembled,
 And let's be vigilant and keep a good eye to the sentries ;
 300 And let those Trojans, that about much gear are uneasy,
 Muster it, and furnish to the country's forces a banquet
 (You'd better have citizens, not Achaïans, fill'd with it algates),
 And by day's uprist, having arms and armour about us,
 We'll 'mid their hollow ships go arouse the storming of Ares ;
 305 And what though come again to the ships be wondrous Achilles,
 'Tis maybe for his hurt, if he only stand to the venture.
 From the bitter clash of arms I will not flinch, but against him
 Keep my ground : let him earn honor here, or on him will I
 earn it.
 The slayers are anon the slain : impartial is Ares."

310 Hector thus counsell'd : the Trojans shouted approval
 Madly ; for of judgment had Pallas Athena bereav'd them.
 Thus they prais'd Hector, to the paths of ruin who urg'd them ;
 None prais'd Pulydamas, who sage advice had afforded.
 Then they supp'd i' the field in ranks ; while sorely lamented
 315 Was Patroclus in all that night by th' hosts of Achaia.

- There led Pelides foremost the lamentable accents,
 Resting on his comrade's cold bosom his hands blood-acquainted,
 With groans fast following: so a beard-grim lion appeareth,
 Who findeth desolate his lair, when a huntsman arriving
 320 Earlier, hath captur'd his cubs i' the depths o' the wild-wood.
 Then follows he, ranging many vales, the steps o' the reaver,
 And will not quit a hope untried; so deadly's his anger.
 Thus groan'd Pelides, and spoke to the Myrmidon army:
 "Ah then have I boasted, perdy, to Menæteus idly,
 325 When within his palace-halls I one day cheer'd him, averring
 I'd bring him his warlike son again to the Locrian harbour,
 After having captur'd Troytown and shar'd i' the booty.
 But Jove full many thoughts of mortals will not accomplish:
 We both were destin'd, i' the land and field o' the Trojans,
 330 One soil with bloody red to stain: nor now shall I either
 From Thetis or Peleus, veteran cavalier, have a parent's
 Welcome at home any more; but I here shall in earth be arrested.
 But since, Patroclus, below earth thou'st had to precede me,
 I shall not bury thee till the arms and proud head of Hector,
 335 Of thy slaughterer Hector, I here have brought to present thee;
 And at thy pyre-front twelve bleeding throats o' the lusty
 Sons of Troy shall make an amends for thee to my anger.
 Here thou'lt rest meantime, our ships prow-curling around thee,
 Where the women-captives shall late and early bemoan thee,
 340 Daughters deep-bosom'd o' the Trojans and o' the Dardans,
 Whom we two captur'd, our lances unitedly wielding,
 When cities and rich abodes we sack'd of language-enhanc'd
 men."

- So spoke, and forthwith did Achilles charge his attendants
 That, giving all diligence, they should to the fire a capacious
 345 Cauldron draw, to remove the slain's bak'd blood from around him.
 Whereat a three-footed urn to the blazing fire they uphoisted,
 Then pour'd in water, then plac'd and burnt the wood under,
 Till the copper cauldron's ruddy paunch sent heat to the water
 Flame-wrapt; but, when anon they'd set their water a-seething,
 350 They that slain body wash'd, and richly with oil 'gan anoint it,
 And its wounds mollified with a nine-years-long mellow'd unguent,
 And on a couch outstretch'd, and head-to-foot eke they array'd it
 With woolly soft textures and veil white-glistening o'er them.

- Then for Patroclus the lament all night was uplifted
 355 Round swift Pelides i' the midst o' the Myrmidon army.
 Hera then, his consort and sister, Jove thus accosted :
 " Hast done it and compass'd, heifer-ey'd, imperial Hera,
 Rousing Pelides to the fight ? methinks it appeareth
 That the long-hair'd Danaans with a parent's care thou attendest."
 360 And him in answer address'd heifer-ey'd, imperial Hera :
 " Sublimest Kronides, what a word is this to give ear to ?
 Will not a mortal achieve what he undertakes for a mortal,
 Though death-doom'd, tho' his heart such counsel as ours never
 enter'd ?
 And I, of all goddesses claiming to be held the supremest
 365 Both by my birthright's privilege, and for that I also
 Am thy queen, thou ruler of all the supernal immortals,
 Must I not, when aggriev'd, contrive any woe to the Trojans ? "

- Thus they two parley'd : meantime Thetis argent-sandall'd
 Tow'rd Hephæstus's house, unscathable and 'mid Olympians
 370 Marvellous and star-bright, had approach'd—to the brass habi-
 tations
 Which for his own mansion was wrought by Cylopodion.
 Him sweating and swinking she found i' the midst o' the forges,
 Making three-footed urns, a score complete, which, in order
 Set within his mansion, might compass a hall well-yshapen ;
 375 And 'neath their pediments he set gold wheels to them each one,
 Whereon they, self-mov'd, should arrive where gods were as-
 sembled,
 And homewards come again : 'twas a wondrous work to set
 eyes on.
 All these stood perfect, save only the curious handles,
 Whereupon he labor'd, and lengths of chain was adapting.
 380 Thus, while his cunning heart to the work was quite given over,
 Full near him the goddess 'gan approach, Thetis argent-sandall'd ;
 But Chæris hied forward, the spouse o' the lame-footed artist,
 Beautiful in chaplets, to behold and greet her arriving ;
 She clasp'd her with her arms, and spoke, and warmly thus hail'd
 her :
 385 " What brings thee, Thetis ample-rob'd, to our house to behold us,
 Thee dear and reverend, but whilom a guest unaccustom'd ?
 But follow me forwards, and tokens take of a welcome."

- So spoke, and led away that lady superb 'mid immortals,
 And on a throne rich-wrought, with silver bravery shining,
 390 She plac'd her visitant, and 'neath her feet set a footstool ;
 And anon Hephæstus she call'd, the renown'd metallurgist :
 " Hephæstus, come along this way : Thetis asks thy attention : "
 Whereat th' artificer double-halting spoke thus in answer :
 " August and reverend is she that in our dwelling enters,
 395 That goddess, who sav'd me much affliction, when mother Hera
 (Brass-brow'd) had cast me from aloft, her lame-footed offspring
 Whom she wish'd from her eyes to remove : then had anguish
 oppress'd me,
 But Thetis, and also that child o' the deep-running Ocean,
 Eurynome, took upon their laps, and gave me a shelter.
 400 Nine years I wrought them many works of wondrous adornment,
 Necklaces and bracelets, zone-clasps and pendulous ear-rings,
 All in a deep hollow cave ; and there stream'd Ocean about me
 Vast, dissonant, foam-roof'd ; and of my abode no immortal
 Nor mortal was aware, save my protectresses only,
 405 Save these two goddesses, one of whom my abode now has enter'd,
 Namely Thetis fine-tress'd ; therefore doth it only behove me
 For my life's ransom to return her service of all sorts.
 Thou then with tokens acceptable haste to receive her,
 And I must the bellows put aside and all my utensils."
- 410 He spoke, and up arose, uncouth and lame, from his anvil,
 Stirring with much ado the slender limbs that upheld him ;
 Then the bellows took he out o' the fire and all his utensils,
 Wherewith he had labor'd, in a silver chest to collect them,
 And a sponge on his arms he plied and over his aspect,
 415 And all his shaggy breast he wip'd, and brawny neck over ;
 Then put on his tunic, then anon with his hand on a sceptre
 Limp'd forth : that sovereign's footsteps by a pair were attended
 Of gold-wrought handmaids, i' the perfect likeness appearing
 Of living and breathing daughters, that had audible accents,
 420 And vigor, intelligence and arts inspir'd by immortals.
 These the monarch's footsteps sustain'd, as limping he enter'd
 Near Thetis, and sat down on a bright throne over against her,
 And took her hand in his own, and spoke, and made an averment :
 " What leads thee, Thetis ample-rob'd, to our house to behold us,
 425 Thee dear and reverend, but whilom a guest unaccustom'd ?

- Say, what thou covetest ; for I have no thought to withhold it,
 If such things can at all be achiev'd, if power is in me."
- Him with tears trickling from her eyes Thetis hereupon answer'd :
 " Hephæstus, which of all goddesses, that have homes on Olympus
 430 Has borne such manifold and grievous affliction, I ask thee,
 As the supreme Kronides has caus'd me alone to set eyes on ?
 Of the marine kindreds me alone he's link'd with a mortal,
 Æacidan Peleus, and in such a couch have I enter'd,
 Not well-pleas'd, nor at all ; but wearisome age now is holding
 435 My consort in his arms ; and Jove yet more to lament for
 Gives to me, who brought forth and rear'd so noble an offspring,
 Matchless amongst heroes, and watch'd his growth as a scion's ;
 And then, having nurtur'd as a plant in a bounteous orchard,
 I sent him, with a fleet high-pror'd, 'gainst Ilion over
 440 To strive with Trojans ; but I am not again to behold him
 In Peleus's abode, nor welcome him home as an inmate.
 Yea now, while spar'd me, to behold day's glorious aspect,
 He pines, nor can I heal, if I even approach him, his anguish,
 Since yon lass, given him for a prize by sons of Achaia,
 445 Was seiz'd and taken from his hands by great Agamemnon.
 He thereat was aggriev'd and pin'd : then the armies of Argos
 By their foes to the ships were press'd, and dar'd sally from them
 No more : then suing for his aid and pardon approach'd him
 Argive ambassadors, and tender'd gifts o' the choicest.
 450 Hereupon he would not give his aid to repel the disaster,
 But cloth'd Patroclus with his arms, and unto the combat
 He caus'd him to go out, and sent many troops to support him.
 Then to the gate Scæan they push'd, ere day yet had ended,
 Their battle ; and erelong they'd have within Ilion enter'd ;
 455 But then among foremost fighters the Menœtiad hero,
 While working Trojans much annoy, by Phœbus Apollo
 Was slain, and yielded to the prowess of Hector a triumph.
 Now thy knees I am here to clasp ; wilt thou to me hearken ?
 Wilt thou give to my own short-liv'd son a shield with a helmet,
 460 And good greaves with laces on ankle, and therewith an hawberk ?
 For with his he parted when he arm'd his faithful attendant,
 Whom, slain by Trojans, he lies now on earth a-bewailing."
 Answer'd her then anon the renown'd feet-lame metallurgist :
 " Trust me ; let these things no more be a care to thee henceforth.
 465 So might I be allow'd from abhorred death to preserve him,

And hide him, when his hour shall arrive, that Fate hath appointed,
As for him I'll fail not to provide such marvellous armour,
As men shall be aghast, where'er he treads, to set eyes on."

So said he, and left her seated, to return to the forges.

- 470 Then the bellows to the fire he brought, and bade to be active ;
He'd a score, puffing into the cells o' the forges, affording
All, with nicely-balanc'd intensity, wind to the furnace,
Now vehement, when in haste he wrought, now somewhat abated,
As pleas'd Hephæstus, when his art might come to require it.
475 Then brought he to the fire tough brass, and gold honor-earning,
And tin with silver ; then anon set an anvil enormous
On the stand ; then his hands his tongs and huge hammer handled.

- Than began he foremost to prepare an immense heavy buckler,
All round richly-figur'd, and making about it a border
480 Threefold and splendid, with an argent belt to be holden ;
And five folds to the shield he made, and wrought in abundance
Thereon rich figurings, as his own skill'd heart him enabled.

- First he shap'd on it earth and sea, the unweary'd effulgence
Of the sun, and orb'd full moon, and wide hollow welkin,
485 And the patterns wondrous that unite as a wreath to surround it,
Pleiades and Hyades, with Orion's glory beside them,
And Arctos, to which also the name o' the Wain is awarded,
Which within its orbit goes round, in watch for Orion,
And by fate is alone exempt from bathing in Ocean.

- 490 Two cities he likewise enwrought of language-enhanc'd men,
Both fair ; and one o' them show'd nuptials, show'd jolly banquets,
And brides from bowers, with torches flaming above them
Down the streets led away, with a pealing of hymns hymenæal.
Young dancers lilted ; the rebecks and fifes were among them
495 Boisterous, and the women stood in all their porches a-gazing.
Next in their town-court was a crowd ; and here litigations
Had risen, and suitors contended about an atonement
For bloodshed : one amongst two men, to the people appealing,
Tender'd full payment, one again stood against any ransom.
500 Both were contented to refer to the doom of an umpire,
And each had townsfolk that applauded him, each had a faction.

Then did heralds open those throngs ; then a circle of elders,
 On polishèd stone-chairs, in a sacred ring were assembled ;
 And wands by keen-voic'd summoners were upheld, to present them,
 505 Each upon his rising to declare his doom in his order ;
 And two mighty talents of gold were laid i' the centre
 For the man whose pleadings to the law should most be accordant.
 Round the second o' the towns were array'd two camps of assailants,
 Blazing in arms, set upon two diverse courses of action,
 510 To storm and pillage it perchance, or take by agreement
 Half the riches muster'd within all its fair habitations.
 However, its citizens held out, and arm'd for an ambush,
 While upon its bulwarks their wives and children unhelpful
 Were plac'd observant, with amongst them gray-headed elders.
 515 Forth they went, Ares leading with Pallas Athena :
 These both were gold-wrought, their raiment golden upon them—
 Grand and shapely figures, that above th' inferior armies
 Rose in size eminent, clad in arms, like deities heav'nly.
 Now the one host, when arriv'd in a place found meet for an ambush,
 520 All and each sat down, brass-lock'd, in glistening order,
 Near a river's waters, which of herbage nurs'd many natures ;
 But from their enemies two spies sat apart at a distance,
 Of sheep-flocks or of hoof-dragging oxen awaiting a prospect.
 These came on straightway : jolly pipes were sounded among them,
 525 Blown by two neatherds, unalarm'd, no guile apprehending.
 Wherefore those yonder, when aware, rush'd up to the booty,
 And fell upon kine-droves and white-fleec'd sheep in an instant,
 Slaughtering, and drivers and beasts in carnage united :
 Which turmoil from about their kine having heard, the men ambush'd
 530 Rose, and their galloping coursers with alacrity mounted,
 And pursued in hot haste their foes, and soon had attain'd them.
 Here they join'd conflict, and, each man against his opponents,
 Nigh the river's waters, their brazen spears began hurling.
 'Mid them appear'd Discord, Uproar, and Fate bitter-hearted,
 535 Wearing on her shoulders her robe homicidally purpled ;
 And one man wounded was alive in her hands, one unhurt yet,
 And one slain dragg'd she by his heels, i' the midst o' the combat.
 Like to living warriors they fought, and mortally mingled,
 And the dead and low-laid carry'd off by mutual onslaughts.

540 Next that shap'd he a field, i' th' glebe of bounteous acres,

Broad, soft and thrice-till'd ; and there of ploughmen a number
 Went hither and yonder, their yokes despatchfully turning ;
 And ever, as ploughing they work'd their way to the border,
 Then there came up a man, bearing lush wine to present them
 545 In their hands ; then anew they turn'd to the courses in order,
 And push'd their traces to the deep field's boundary yonder :
 And still th' earth darken'd, like soil new-plough'd, to the rearward,
 Though gold-wrought : 'twas a wondrous thing for a man to set eyes
 on.

Next a superb corn-field he plac'd, whereon many reapers
 550 Each his well-sharpen'd sickle us'd ; and corn in abundance
 Here was just falling to the soil, in front o' the reapers,
 And here, by binders o' the sheaves, in bonds was united.
 Three binders stood apart ; and there went lads to supply them
 Quickly back and forward, bearing yellow corn up in armfuls :
 555 But the king in silence by a shock was standing among them.
 Bearing in hand his sceptre, his heart with gladness elated ;
 And his heralds laid out the repast for him under an oak-tree,
 From the big ox newly slaughter'd ; but maids were a-kneading
 Large store of white meal, nigh at hand, for a meal to the reapers..

560 Then vines fruit-burthen'd he shap'd, in a bounteous orchard,
 Beautiful and golden, with clusters black'ning about them,
 And props of silver stood in all their ranks to support them ;
 And round them, jet-wrought, was a moat, and next it a bulwark
 Shap'd in tin ; 'twas but by a single path to be enter'd.
 565 Thereat grape-gatherers enter'd, i' th' time o' the vintage,
 Young girls and striplings, their hearts given up to young humours,
 All in twin'd baskets carrying their grapes honey-savor'd :
 And 'mid this gathering was a lad, that play'd a delightful
 Strain on lute mellow-ton'd, and daintily sang to the music,
 570 Buxom-voic'd ; whereat they anon burst out in a transport,
 And, singing and clamoring, bounded to the notes o' the music.

Next a meadow trac'd he, where steep-horn'd oxen had enter'd,
 All gold and tin-wrought, which lowing came to the pasture
 From the straw driven out, nigh a bank of swift, rushy-mantled
 575 And resonant waters : to this herd four herdsmen attending,
 Were footing it, gold-wrought, and nine busy dogs follow'd after.
 But two fierce lions fell upon this drove i' the foremost,

And had a deep-chested bull assail'd, and lustily forward
 Now dragg'd him bellowing ; ran up hounds and men to the rescue.
 580 They two 'gan nathless the big hide o' the bull to set open,
 And sup on his black blood with his entrails : vainly the neatherds
 Had started to resist, urging rapid hounds to molest them ;
 But the pack at setting on lions their teeth were unhardy,
 And baying compass'd them around, but kept at a distance.

585 Next a meadow trac'd he, the renown'd feet-lame metallurgist,
 All in a fair landscape ; many white flocks there were a-feeding,
 And the cabins, sheep-cotes, and penthouse-roofs were apparent.

Next a superb folk-dance trac'd he, the renown'd cripple-artist
 (Dædalus in Cnôssus broad-streeted made one aforetime
 590 Like to this in semblance for well-chevelur'd Ariadne).
 Here lads and many-kine-bespoken girls were assembled,
 Hands and wrists mingled in a dance ; and these had upon them
 White delicate vestures ; but tunics daintily woven
 Clad the gallants, glist'ning with some little oil shed upon them.
 595 Maids in gay garlands were array'd, and lads were accoutred
 With short swords gold-wrought, which in argent belts were up-
 holden.

Now with deft footfalls, in companies, all were a-moving,
 Like-smooth as when a wheel is push'd by the hands of a moulder,
 That sitteth and trundleth, to discern if it aye runneth even ;
 600 And two sides then again were form'd, then cross'd to the centre.
 Round such a fair pageant a delighted throng was assembled
 Of gazers : but amidst them appear'd, expertly careering,
 Two tumblers, giving aye to the dance and song the commencement.

Last he plac'd thereon the strength o' the world-river Ocean,
 605 All on the extremest roundure o' the shield's massy fabric.

But when he had perfectly finish'd that immense, massy buckler,
 Then brighter than a flame of fire he made him his hawberk,
 And a massive morion for his head, well set to the temples,
 Beautiful and rich-wrought ; with a golden crest he adorn'd it ;
 610 And greaves of ductile tin anon completed his armour.

All this work ended, the renown'd feet-lame metallurgist

Tow'rd the goddess-parent of Achilles came to present it.
 Therewith she sprang adown, kite-like, from snow-clad Olympus,
 From the king Hephæstus, carrying the glorious armour.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARMING OF ACHILLES.

- Now yellow-rob'd Morning the streams of deep-running Ocean
 Left, carrying daylight for mortals and for immortals.
 Now Thetis hied, bearing the divine gifts, down from Olympus,
 Where, o'er Patroclus mourning, stood her only belov'd one,
 5 His voice still lifted to lament, and where many comrades
 Mourn'd round him : then arriv'd the majestic lady supernal,
 And fasten'd on his hand, and spoke, and dearly besought him :
 " Leave, my child, leave him, though griev'd we be for him algates,
 Since the divine counsels that he here should fall have enacted.
 10 But take thou to thy hands this admir'd Hephæstian armour,
 Glorious exceedingly, beyond what a mortal hath own'd yet."
 Thus the goddess concluding, adown in front of Achilles
 Plac'd all those fretted arms, resonant with bravery gorgeous.
 All his Myrmidonēs were aghast ; and no man among them
 15 Could set his eyes tow'rd them, but aloof they shrank : but Achilles
 Was looking, and at his heart kindling more deeply with hatred,
 And from his eyes shooting dreadful flashes under his eyelids,
 And the divine armour with his hands delightedly turning.
 But when he had study'd all to his heart's content the rich armour,
 20 His mother he straightway with wing-borne words thus accosted :
 " Yea, the god hath made me these arms, mother, all as immortal
 Arts can alone make them, such as earth-born men can attain not.
 I go forth, therefore, to the field ; yet afraid am I algates
 Lest, by my sufferance, come upon the Menætiad hero
 25 Flies meantime, that, on all his wounds brass-dinted alighting,

May therein propagate their swarms, and bring to corruption
His body, that's desolate of life, and foully deface him."

Answer'd him then again straightway Thetis argent-sandall'd :

"My child, let these things not cause thee a care any further ;

- 30 Leave me him ; I'll do thee my best to repel from him always
Those flies, that come upon the slain, those wild generations.
Even if he lieth till a year its compass have ended,
His body shall still abide like-wholesome or wholesomer even.
But thou, first call thou to debate the princes Achaian,
35 And when thou'st disavow'd to the pastor of hosts, Agamemnon,
Thy wrath, go straightway to the field ; put prowess about thee."

This spoken, she his heart with strength and prowess enabled ;

And of Patroclus the goddess down into the nostrils

Pour'd, his flesh to preserve, ambrosia with ruddy nectar.

- 40 But with shouts dreadful to be heard pass'd noble Achilles
By the strond o' the sea, summoning the princes Achaian ;
Whereupon all that abode whilome i' the bounds o' the navy,
E'en the vessels' pilots, and all who at helms had assisted,
And all their stewards, who serv'd out corn to the people,
45 Out came these even to the folk-mote, now that Achilles
Had reappear'd, when he had so long stern combat abandon'd.
Nor did not they two come a-halting, noble Ulysses,
And battle-unshaken Diomed, good liegemen of Ares,
Leaning upon lances, for wounds yet cruelly gall'd them.
50 These, when arriv'd, sat down foremost in front o' the council,
And the king of champions, Agamemnon, next to them enter'd,
Sore-wounded ; for in him too had plung'd the brass of a lance-head,
In combat so deadly, Coon th' Antenorid hero.
But when fairly the people Achaian in hosts were assembled,
55 Rose swift Pelides, and spoke i' the midst thus among them :
"How much, O Atrides, we might have wiselier order'd
Both of us our conduct, though sorely belike it had irk'd us,
When we two, for a lass, contended in heart-fretting anger.
Artemis had done well with a shaft from life to remove her
60 I' th' ships that very day, when storm'd Lyrnēssus I enter'd.
Fewer on earth's boundless basement their teeth should have
hurtled
Of Danaans, low-laid by foes, i' the time o' my anger,
Whence Hector profited with Troy : but of us shall Achaians

- Late and long recollect, how we stood in enmity parted.
- 65 Yet past things let us hold past help, and our spirit inly
Control, though sick at heart, as need compulsory teacheth.
Lo now, mine anger's set aside, nor meet do I hold it
Still to go on cherishing vengeance implacably ; wherefore
Come ; the long-hair'd Danaans let us urge in hot haste to the combat,
- 70 So that, having met again yon Trojans, I may assay them
If they dare any more to repose in front o' the navy.
There's one shall relish it well enough, methinks, if he only
May find where t' unbend his knees, when aloof he has hasten'd
From ravaging conflict and from the spear of Achilles."
- 75 He spoke, and gladness fell on all the brass-clad Achaïans
When great Pelides had his indignation abandon'd.
Then spoke out i' the midst the commander of hosts Agamemnon,
Even as he sat upon the throne ; he rose not afore them :
" O comrades, Danaan champions, good liegemen of Ares,
- 80 He that is up should not lack an audience, and to correct him
Is not meet ; tho' a man be shrewd, this makes but annoyance ;
But, where there's many men clamoring, what scope for a hearer
Or speaker : tho' he have keen tones, yet he hardly prevai-leth.
Now the son of Peleus I accost ; but let the remaining
- 85 Argives lend me alike their ears, and mark the narration.
Oft-times on this account has there been speech 'mid Achaïans,
And complaining against my deeds ; yet am I no offender.
Blame ye Destiny, Jove, and dark-treading Infatuation,
Who within our folk-mote open'd my breast to fell Atē,
- 90 On that day, when upon the prize I seiz'd of Achilles.
How could I hold back a whit ? the divine will ruleth in all things.
Atē, Jove's first-born, is of human-kind the beguiler,
Curs'd Atē—of delicate foot-soles, for on earth she alights not,
But comes walking upon men's heads, and deadly disaster
- 95 Worketh in all kindreds, nor me first made she a bondsman :
Even Jove whilom she has harm'd, whose worship is highest
'Mid gods and mortals ; yet female Hera beguil'd him
In coronall'd Thebæ, what time the glorious offspring
Of Queen Alcmenē was about t' have come to the daylight ;
- 100 Whereupon he, vaunting, thus address'd the supernal assemblies :
' Ye gods and goddesses, be ye all and each one attentive,

- While I speak the behest my soul imposeth upon me.
 There shall a male infant by dangerous Ilithuia
 Be brought this very day to the light, who wide shall around him
 105 Rule above all neighbours, of my blood being a sharer.'
 And imperial Hera thus answer'd, guilefully purpos'd :
 ' This will take no effect ! thy word will prove thee a liar ;
 Else swear me by an oath of might, thou lord of Olympus,
 Swear that a male infant, of thy blood being a sharer,
 110 Whosoever this day shall appear, and lighten a lady,
 O'er all his neighbours is t' have domination around him.'
 She spoke, and Kronides perceiv'd not a whit the deception,
 But swore his mickle oath, which made him a victim of Atē ;
 And Hera started with a bound to descend from Olympus,
 115 And within Argos arriv'd, i' the midst o' the land of Achaia,
 Where of Persidan Sthenelus to the lady majestic
 She came, who sev'n months for a darling child had accomplish'd.
 Him to the light guided the goddess prematurely, but hinder'd
 Alcmenē's travailings, and th' Ilithuias arrested.
 120 'Twas she brought Kronides the report, and thus she address'd him :
 ' Darter o' white lightnings, father Jove, let me apprise thee
 Already from Sthenelus Persides there is a worthy
 Son born, Eurystheus, to be heir and master of Argives ;
 He's of thy lineage, can of Argives well be a ruler.'
 125 She spoke, and Kronides in his inmost heart was offended,
 And forthwith by her head the splendid-chapleted Atē
 He seiz'd, and by an oath of might he swore in his anger,
 That never henceforward i' th' star-prank'd heights of Olympus
 Atē should reappear, who on all sheddeth infatuation.
 130 So said he, and straightway from star-prank'd heav'n did he oust her,
 Taken up and flung abroad : so amongst men quickly she enter'd,
 And many times griev'd him, when he all unworthily toiling
 For the king Eurystheus had view'd his dearly lov'd son.
 And in like manner I, when amid the sterns o' the navy
 135 Our Danaans fell apace, slaughter'd by plume-tossing Hector,
 My memory still adher'd, algates, to the deadly delusion.
 But, since Jove took away my reason, I own I offended,
 And will conciliate, and give back an ample atonement.
 Come to the field therefore, and lead thy people, I ask thee,
 140 And I am in readiness to present those gifts to thee each one,
 Which Laertiades visited thee lately to tender.

- And if thou choosest, stay awhile, though bent upon onslaught,
 And let my servants carry from my ships to present thee
 Those gifts, and see anon, whether aught be acceptable in them.”
- 145 Him the son of Peleus straightway bespoke thus in answer :
 “ Atrides, paramount of men, sublime Agamemnon,
 Those gifts are with thee to present, so ’t please thee, or hold them
 Ungranted ; let us only give heed this day to be hardy,
 And straightway ; for it is not meet we abide any longer
- 150 Lingering or dallying, for there’s much work unachiev’d yet.
 Let this array once more in combat’s front see Achilles,
 With glittering spear-point, ravaging the squares o’ the Trojans ;
 And all you, recollect with foes to be hardily coping.”
 Then was made him an answer anon by wary Ulysses :
- 155 “ Not so, though good-at-arms, O Achilles, peer of immortals,
 Our fasting Danaans do thou ’gainst Ilion order
 To strive with Trojans : long enough will be the duration
 Of dolorous conflict, when first their lines the two armies
 Intermix, when in each a divine breath stirs emulation.
- 160 Bid rather, that amidst our ships the good hosts of Achaia
 Take wine and bread anon, for it is these make a man hardy ;
 For there’s no one who all day long, sans feeding, is able
 To stand up fighting till th’ hour of sunset arriveth,
 Since, if his heart’s even set upon the strife to the latest,
- 165 His thewes fail unawares, and thirst and hunger assail him,
 And still in his movements his weary’d limbs disappoint him.
 But when a man’s strengthen’d with food and wine at his outset,
 And then his antagonists all day long sturdily faces,
 His limbs are steadfast, nor faileth his heart to support him
- 170 Until he have conquer’d and left i’ the field no opponent.
 But go we to divide our hosts and set them a-feeding,
 And these gifts meantime the commander of hosts Agamemnon
 Will to the mid folkmart convey (that upon them Achaians
 Each with his own eyesight may gaze), and thou to behold them
- 175 May’st be pleas’d : let him also arise, and swear amid Argives
 He never her chamber visited—never have they united,
 In the manner Nature maintains, as a male with a female.
 Then to reconcilment open thine heart, O Achilles ;
 And within his precincts let him also provide thee a goodly
- 180 Banquet, that so of all thy ducs may none be a-wanting.
 And with others, doubtless, thou wilt deal fairlier henceforth,

Atrides ; for it is not a cause of offence when atonement
Is by a king tender'd, if first any wight he hath anger'd."

Then bespoke him again the commander of hosts Agamemnon :

- 185 " O Laertiades, I have heard thy words very gladly,
For thou'st fitly rehears'd all points, and truly declar'd them ;
And I'll swear these things, and truly my heart will allow me,
Nor shall I, heav'n knoweth, be perjur'd : but let Achilles
Here vouchsafe to remain, although to engage he is eager,
190 And I'd have none o' you disperse, but await the removal
From my tents o' the gifts, and till we sanction a compact ;
And thee must I aread and charge, that a band o' the noblest
Champions thou take thee from among the colleaguèd Achaïans,
195 Of late was promising : let those women also attend you.
Talthybius, meantime, i' the wide-spread camp of Achaïa
To Jove and to the Sun shall a boar bring in haste for a victim."
And swift Pelides then again bespoke him in answer :
" Atrides, paramount of men, sublime Agamemnon,
200 At some other season these points e'en greater attention
May claim, if from alarms of war any rest be allow'd us,
Then when I am spirited no more by a fury within me.
Now the men, our comrades, lie slain and ghastly, that Hector
Priamides o'erthrew, while Jove with victory grac'd him,
205 And a repast will ye have me share ? My counsel, I answer,
Were to summon straightway to the field the good hosts of
Achaïa,
Unfill'd and fasting ; then anon by th' hour o' the sunset
We'd have a great banquet, to revenge our shames having ended.
Till such things be achiev'd, I say, not a drop nor a morsel
210 Shall my throat enter, sith I have to deplore such a comrade,
Who, with brass miserably defac'd, lies turn'd to the doorway
In my tent's precincts, our comrades mourning around him :
Now, therefore, to my heart can no concerns have an access
Save blood, save carnage, save champions groaning in anguish."
215 Hereat making an answer address'd him wary Ulysses :
" O best of Danaan champions, Pelidan Achilles,
Though bolder than I am with a lance and stronger I own thee,
Not the less in judgment I might as greatly beyond thee
Prove myself ; for I have liv'd more and learn'd many counsels.
220 Let my words, therefore, penetrate to thy heart, not offending.

- There comes of conflict a satiety soon upon all men,
 For that seed above all is sown with brass in abundance,
 And smallest harvests it affords, when turn the decisive
 Scales of Jove, who of all warfare to the world is a sharer.
- 225 We cannot have Danaans for a mourning's sake to go empty ;
 For not a day passes, but about us wights are a-falling
 Numerous and good-at-arms ; there 'd ne'er be an end of affliction.
 Nay, but first burial to the man that falleth afford we,
 With spirit unbending, one day given up to lamenting ;
- 230 Then to the survivors of abhorrèd war the remembrance
 Must in faith be allow'd of food and drink, that, enabled
 Thereby, more vigorously we all may press to the conflict,
 Our bodies in tough brass having arm'd ; and let none amongst us
 Wait other exhortings ; for this one alone is allow'd him.
- 235 He's hereby well enough condemn'd, who among galleys Argive
 Shall be found tarrying : let us all unitedly rather
 Rouse 'gainst yon Trojan cavaliers the storming of Ares."

- He spoke, and to Mëges Phyleïdan, and Melanippus,
 Thoas, Meriones, the gallant Nestorian offspring,
- 240 And Creontiadan Lycomedes gave the commandment,
 And to the tent guided them of Atreus-born Agamemnon ;
 And i' the same moment he spoke, the behest was accomplish'd.
 They bore out o' the tent sev'n tripods, as 'twas appointed,
 Twenty polish'd cauldrons likewise, and twelve rapid horses ;
- 245 Also they led away the statelily-shap'd, cunning-handed
 Sev'n women ; and sweet-hued Briseis, as eighth, follow'd after.
 And ten mighty talents of gold were ta'en by Ulysses
 At their head ; the remaining gifts the selected Achaians
 Bore, and plac'd i' the midst o' the camp ; and there Agamemnon
- 250 Rose ; and Talthybius, like potent-voic'd as immortals,
 Holding a boar with his hand, stood next to the pastor of armies.
 Then the king Atrides drew forth his knife, which he always
 Held by his huge broadsword fasten'd, and raising his hands up
 Outstretch'd to Kronides, he pray'd, and hairs o' the victim
- 255 Took for a first-offering : silent sat around him his army,
 In fit array marshall'd, to the voice o' the leader attending.
 Then began he speaking, looking up to the wide hollow welkin :
 " Witness Jove foremost, greatest and best of immortals,
 And the Sun, and mother Earth, and yonder Erinyes also

- 260 Down below Earth's confines, that of oaths infring'd are avengers,
That never on this lass Briseis have I set a finger,
Nor to the couch urging, nor of aught else taking occasion—
But within our precincts she has held her person approachless.
And, if I am perjur'd, many things and evil upon me
- 265 Send, such as oath-breakers are wont to receive from immortals.”
He spoke, and set anon to the victim's throat the severe edge ;
Then did Talthybius to the wide sea's surge ever-hoary
Cast it away, slung aloft, for a meal to the fish : but Achilles
Rose, and spoke forthwith to the warlike sons of Achaia :
- 270 “ Father Jove, thou upon mankind send'st mighty delusions,
Else never Atrides mine heart so sorely within me
Had vex'd, nor led away that lass perforce, to defy me :
But Kronides purpos'd, no doubt, many deaths of Achaians.
Now go, make a repast ; that in arms we again may assemble.”
- 275 He thus having spoken, dispers'd full promptly the folk-mote,
Which stream'd out many ways, till arriv'd at his own vessel each
one.
But brave Myrmidonēs forthwith to the gifts were attentive,
And to the ship carry'd all of Achilles, peer of immortals,
And i' the tents plac'd them, seating those eight women also ;
- 280 And tall grooms led away the steeds, to the troop to unite them.
But Briseis anon, like-fair as gold Aphrodita,
When Patroclus appear'd brass-hack'd and ghastly before her—
Clasping him, and grovelling, she wail'd, and wildly defaced her
Stately neck and bosom delicate, and glorious aspect.
- 285 Then spoke out, weeping, that lady supernally lovely :
“ Patroclus, best friend upon earth of me sorrow-laden,
'Twas living I left thee, when first this tent I abandon'd,
And slain I meet thee now again, thou pastor of armies.
Ah me ! but thus arrives woe at heels of woe to me always.
- 290 My bridegroom, who had of my sire and dear mother held me,
I view'd with sharp brass in front of his own city fallen ;
And my three brethren, that alike with me were her offspring,
All that I held dearest i' the world, their fates had accomplish'd.
But no whit suffer'dst thou me to lament, when Achilles
- 295 Had slain my bridegroom, and sack'd the Mynetian household ;
For thou wast promising thou wouldst in wedlock unite me
With swift Pelides, and wouldst to Phthia remove me

- I' th' fleet, and as a bride i' the land o' the Myrmidon hail me.
 Thee dead am I mourning, therefore, so gentle at all times."
- 300 These she utter'd weeping, fellow captives moaning around her,
 In show for Patroclus, at heart for her own sorrows each one.
 Meantime came elders of Achaia surrounding Achilles,
 Tow'rd the repast pressing him, but he aye was sternly refusing :
 " If, dearest comrades, any yet to me hearken amongst you,
- 305 Bid me not gratify my sense with drink yet or eating
 This day, whilst in me such an heart-fretting anguish abideth.
 I'll endure algates and bear, till th' hour o' the sunset."
 He spoke, and let go the remaining chiefs from around him ;
 But the two Atridæ were left, and noble Ulysses,
- 310 And Phoenix, veteran cavalier, and Idomen also,
 And Nestor ; they about him came, and strove to relieve him
 With converse ; but his heart to relief was not to be open'd,
 And many times, uttering deep groans, he spoke thus among
 them :
- " Yea, thou too whilom, dearest, most luckless associate,
- 315 In this tent many times hast set me a savory banquet
 With prompt and willing hands, amid Argos's army preparing
 'Gainst the well-hors'd Trojans the deplorable onset of Ares.
 Now with brass art thou low-laid ; and my spirit in me
 Shrinks from my ready food and drink, thy company wanting,
- 320 Thine—for of all evils there could not a worse come upon me,
 No, not though tidings from Phthia should even attain me
 Of my sire's perishing, that afar off yonder hath haply
 Tears in his eyes gathering for me, that son, that am absent,
 Here for fatal Helen waging with Troy bloody warfare ;
- 325 Nor bitterer tidings can I hear from Skyros, if haply
 Stately Neoptolemus, my dearest child, be alive yet.
 Surely my heart trusted, that from steed-pasturing Argos
 I should alone 'twixt us be lost i' the land o' the Trojans.
 I thought thee destin'd to return to Phthia, that haply
- 330 Thou mightest bring away my son, by swift galley dark-hull'd,
 Homeward from Skyros, to throughly present him his heirloom,
 My riches and servants and my tall-roof'd habitations ;
 Since my sire Peleus must either have already yielded
 His breath up, or but a while in life be lingering henceforth,
- 335 Vex'd by wearisome age and expectation at all times
 Of dolorous tidings, that about my death may attain him."

These he utter'd weeping, those elders groaning around him,
 Each by dear memories visited from his home at a distance.
 Thus distress'd Kronides was mov'd with ruth to behold them,
 340 And thus Athenaië with wing-borne words he accosted :
 " How, my child ? hast thou from a brave man turn'd away wholly ?
 Doth no care any more occupy thy breast for Achilles,
 Where in front o' the ships high-pror'd he sits a-lamenting
 His dearest comrade ? the remainder are all at a distance,
 345 Of food partaking, but fasting alone he abideth.
 But go, pour nectar with sweets ambrosial into
 His bosom, to repel th' enfeebling approaches of hunger."

Thus spoke he, spiriting to the bent of her own will Athena ;
 And as a kite shrill-voic'd and broad-wing'd makes his appearance,
 350 She sprang through middle air from aloft, where troops of Achaia
 Already were forming—then approach'd she forthwith Achilles,
 And instill'd nectar with sweets ambrosial into
 His bosom, to defend his thewes from th' access of hunger.
 Then for her omnipotent Father's massy-built habitation
 355 She started to return : whilst Argives out o' the navy
 Throng'd, like thick snow-flakes volleying from Jove, which a north-
 wind,
 Engender'd on aërial heights, by his onset hath harden'd ;
 So fast came pouring to the field the splendor of helmets
 And of ridg'd hawberks, bossy shields, and lances of ash-tree :
 360 Their brightness to the welkin flash'd, and 'neath the refulgence
 Of brass, earth's count'nance far off exulted around them,
 And sounded to the tramp of troops and pawing of horses,
 While, in their very midst, put on arms the divine man Achilles.
 Here was there gnashing heard of teeth, and like to the lightning
 365 Flash'd his eye, and in his heart was a woe past bearing awaken'd.
 And thus, against Trojans in his heart incens'd, he array'd him
 With the divine artist's labors, the celestial armour ;
 And his limbs foremost in a pair of greaves he accoutred
 Goodly, that had silver fast'nings wherewith to secure them ;
 370 Next that, he environ'd his bosom anon with a hawberk,
 And slung on his shoulders his brazen silvery-boss'd glaive,
 And his shield mickle-orb'd he assum'd, with brass heavy-laden,
 From which a like brightness to the moon far off was a-beaming.
 Like as when mariners are aware of a light at a distance

- 375 Sent from a land-beacon, that burneth aloft on a mountain
 Near a shepherd's lone lodge, while they, the sport o' the tempests,
 Are carry'd out seawards, and from their friends disunited,
 So this Achillean buckler shot aloft to the welkin,
 Beautiful and rich-wrought, its sheen ; then a ponderous helmet
 380 He set on his temples, with star-like brightness appearing,
 Plum'd and long-crested, with gold threads trembling about it,
 Which the divine artist had thereon group'd in abundance.
 Then were made trials of his arms by noble Achilles,
 If they sat well on him, giving all his fair body freedom :
 385 That did they, pulling on like wings this pastor of armies.
 Then from the spear-stand did Achilles take the paternal
 Huge, solid and heavy lance, which among the remaining Achaïans
 Could not a wight brandish, but his hand had made it obedient.
 This lance his father from Chiron had had, from an ash-tree
 390 Pelion had nurtur'd, to be us'd to the ruin of heroes.
 His steeds Automedon meanwhile and Alcimus harness'd
 'Neath their yokes well-wrought ; then a curb they set within each
 one's
 Jaws, and stretch'd backward their reins to the car's body firm-
 built.
 Automedon then a shining scourge well-wrought for his handling
 395 Seiz'd, and that chariot mounted ; then ascended Achilles
 After him, all brilliant in his arms, as in heav'n Hyperion.
 Fearfully then shouting the paternal steeds he accosted :
 " Xanthus ho ! and Balius, you glorious heirs to Podarga,
 Mind now, your charioteer must be to the ranks of Achaïa
 400 Help'd to better purpose to return when combat is over :
 Not like Patroclus must he be 'twixt you abandon'd."
 Then the rapid Xanthus, the steed, replied in his harness,
 All unawares, with his head declin'd, his mane's rich abundance,
 Out o' the yoke's fast'nings unloos'd, dropping under him earth-
 wards ;
 405 For the goddess fitted him for converse, Hera the white-arm'd :
 " We'll not fail this time to preserve thee, wondrous Achilles ;
 But the day is toward, for thy destruction appointed :
 Blame us not therefore, but high heav'n and destiny's empire.
 'Twas no slowness of ours nor craven mood, to the Trojans
 410 Gave up Patroclus, when stripp'd were th' arms that array'd him ;
 But fair-hair'd Leto's offspring, that deity matchless,

In the battle's fore-front kill'd him, to give Hector a triumph ;
 And now with Zephyrus we would not doubt to run even,
 Whose breath is of all things fleetest ; but fate, by a mortal's
 415 And by a god's prowess conjoin'd, thy fall hath appointed."
 He spoke : no further to be heard would Erinyes allow him ;
 But swift Pelides, sore mov'd, thus in answer address'd him :
 " Xanthus, why prophesy my dying ? it hardly behoves thee.
 I know this well enough, that I have to die here at a distance
 420 From mother and father ; but I algaates shall not abandon
 The strife, till with alarms of war I sate my opponents."
 So said he, and, shouting, to the van sped his hoof-clanging horses.

BOOK XX.

THE COMBAT OF ACHILLES AND ÆNEAS.

THUS round Pelides were in arms and armour assembling
 From the galleys prow-curl'd the strife-unsated Achaïans ;
 And Troy's host opposite by a rising ground had assembled,
 And Jove sent Thëmis out under many-pleated Olympus,
 5 Tow'rd a solemn council summoning the supernal immortals.
 Forth she went ranging, to the courts of Jove to collect them :
 All the rivers met there, except Oceanus only,
 And all nymphs, that have in the groves their beautiful heirlooms,
 'Mid the rivers' fountains, or among meads wealthy with herbage,
 10 All, of cloud-summoning Kronides to the council assembling,
 In the polish'd corridors sat down, wherewith cunning-handed
 Hephæstus the paternal abode had featly provided.
 Thus round Jove met they ; nor at all disobey'd Enosichthôn
 This goddess's charges ; but came to them out o' the sea-depths,
 15 And, i' the midst seated, thus about Jove's purpose he ask'd him :
 " Caster o' white lightnings, why call'st us gods to the council ?
 Hast some new plan in hand for Trojans and for Achaïans ?

For 'twixt these nearest are strife and war now a-burning."

Thereat cloud-summoning Kronides thus in answer address'd him :

- 20 "Who caus'd th' advisements are known to thee, Ennosigaios ;
For them have I call'd you ; for still, though mortal, I heed them.
However, on my part, I'll be from a fold of Olympus
Contented to look on : go you the remaining immortals,
Until among Trojans ye arrive and sons of Achaia,
25 And, each your own bent following, to them each give assistance,
Since, if unimpeded now Achilles come to the Trojans,
They will ne'er be against the swift Peleïdan hero
Capable of standing ; for of old they shrank to behold him.
Yea, seeing now his heart for lost Patroclus is anger'd,
30 I fear he'll penetrate, i' th' teeth of fate, the defences."

So said he, and quenchless contention among them awaken'd ;

And gods on both sides started to descend to the combat.

Unto the ships' fore-front came Hera and Pallas Athena

And Hermes, nimble to give aid, most famous among them

- 35 For politic counsels, and earth-stirring Ennosigaios.

'Mid these Hephæstus too appear'd, with 's power elated

[Yet mov'd with much ado the slender limbs that upheld him] ;

'Mid Troy's host opposite plum'd Ares came to the rescue,

And unshorn Phœbus, shaft-showering Artemis also,

- 40 Then Leto and Xanthus, then queen of smiles Aphrodita.

Now, while yet mortals unmix'd with gods were a-fighting,

All this time did Achaia prevail—such power Achilles

Restor'd her, for he all too long the strife had abandon'd ;

Yea, quakings o' the limbs fell on all and each o' the Trojans—

- 45 They view'd with such alarm the swift-footed Æacid hero

Blazing in arms, dreadful to set eyes on as host-quelling Ares.

But to the contending mortals when allies from Olympus

Came, then fell Discord was elate, then shouted Athena,

And whiles near to the moat she stopp'd, outside the defences,

- 50 Whiles along its echoing margins she dreadfully shouted ;

And Ares opposite, with a tempest mantling his aspect,

From their high citadel now shouted aloud to the Trojans,

And now along Simoïs ran adown, past Callicolone.

Thus the divine rulers led along to the mutual onslaught

- 55 These hosts, and set afoot grievous contention among them.

Now the common parent of mortals and of immortals
 Loud in heaven thunder'd, whilst 'neath him kingly Posidon
 Was shaking solid earth, and all steep heads o' the mountains :
 Now quak'd all farthest pediments of fountainous Ida,
 60 Her peaks, and Troytown and all the fleet of Achaia ;
 And under was aghast the monarch of shades, Aïdoneus,
 And bounded, terrified, from throne, and sent up an outcry,
 Fearing lest puissant Enosichthon above should have open'd
 Earth, and made manifest to the world and heav'n the bemoulded
 65 And frightful tenements, which are even abhorr'd by immortals.
 In such a din mingled those gods inimically marshall'd.
 Truly Posidaon was oppos'd by Phœbus Apollo
 With wing-borne arrows arm'd, but against bright-glancing Athena
 Up stood Enyalius, nor appear'd not a rival of Hera,
 70 Phœbus's own sister, gold-distaff'd, wild-wood-arousing
 Artemis of many shafts. 'Gainst Leto wealth-giving Hermes,
 'Gainst Hephæstus appear'd the superb stream, deep-eddy-whirling,
 By gods call'd Xanthus, but call'd upon earth the Scamander.

Thus god against god array'd, advanc'd ; but most was Achilles
 75 Intent i' th' conflict on attaining Priamid Hector,
 For from him he coveted most deeply, beyond the remainder,
 With blood to gratify tough-buckler'd, murderous Ares.
 But 'gainst Pelides host-leading Phœbus Apollo
 Now rous'd Æneas, filling him with bold resolution ;
 80 With disguis'd utterance he approach'd him, like to Lycaon,
 Priam's son, then address'd him anon Jove's offspring Apollo :
 " Counsellor of Trojans, Æneas, wherein have ended
 Thy boasts, heard many times and oft by us in the carousal,
 That thou in arms meantest to defy Pelidan Achilles ? "
 85 Hereupon Æneas bespoke and made him an answer :
 " O child of Priam, but above mine own resolution
 Why need'st thou prompt me to defy dire-doing Achilles ?
 Since not my first time should I here be found an opponent
 Of swift Pelides, for of old he chas'd me on Ida,
 90 What time he fell on all our kine, when Pegasus also
 And Lyrnessus he overthrew ; but me the protection
 Of Jove guarded alive, who gave me speed with alertness,
 Else I'd been slaughtered by Achilles' hands thro' Athena,
 Who still, in his very front walking, was a light to preserve him,

- 95 And 'gainst our Leleges and Trojans keenly directed
 His spear-point : therefore can a man not cope with Achilles ;
 There's ayè some god at hand, that keeps his bale at a distance,
 And ever his javelin pushes on forthright, nor alights it
 Ere in his antagonist it plunge : yet if I could have only
 100 Some fair field open'd by a god, perchance from him even
 Victory might sit aloof, tho' a frame he boasteth of iron."
 And Jove's son thus in answer address'd him, royal Apollo :
 " But thou too, cavalier, to the gods with eternity dower'd
 Make thy prayer : we have heard that Jove's own child Aphrodita
 105 Brought forth Æneas, but a meaner immortal Achilles,
 For the marine ancient and Jove, their sires, are unequal ;
 Wherefore with brass-point push against him : let no appearance
 Of valor, or terrible threat'nings, have force to detain thee."

- He ceas'd, with prowess spiriting that pastor of armies,
 110 Who to the first fighters came striding, blazing in armour ;
 But not unobservant i' the pell-mell had Hera the white-arm'd
 Tow'rd the son of Peleus let pass th' Anchisiad hero ;
 She the divine league-mates conven'd, and spoke thus among them :
 " Now, Pallas, meditate, and mighty Posidon, I ask you,
 115 'Twixt yourselves, what effect of these things are we awaiting ?
 Here cometh Æneas, with his armour blazing about him,
 Tow'rd the son of Peleus, impell'd by Phœbus Apollo !
 But shall not we arise, and make him turn to the rearward
 Forthwith ? or else one of us, for sure, may stand by Achilles,
 120 And with a great triumph may ennoble him, and let his utmost
 Heart's wish be gratified, and make him aware that his helpers
 Are 'mid gods greatest, and feeble as air his opponents,
 Who battle and ruin now of old from Troy have averted.
 Sure 'tis for this cause we are all come down from Olympus
 125 All ready for conflict, to defend him against any Trojans
 This day through : then anon such things as Destiny mingled
 Even at his birth-hour i' the yarn, may come to betide him.
 But should no comfort from on high be afforded Achilles,
 He might now be alarm'd, if a god perchance to the combat
 130 Came down : 'tis difficult to resist to the face an immortal."
 Hereat made answer strond-shaking, mighty Posidon :
 " Hera, give up causeless complaint, for it hardly behoves thee.
 I would by no means have a war to commence 'mid immortals

Through them of our faction ; for vastly superior are we ;
 135 Wherefore now let us hie to some hill, to sit out o' the medley,
 Observant, leaving conflict to the virtue of heroes.
 And if first Ares come against us in arms, or Apollo,
 Or from fight if at all they avert and hinder Achilles,
 Then must they forthwith for a trial of arms with us also
 140 Be ready : but very soon, methinks, they'd make for Olympus,
 Dispers'd and flying, to return to the gods' habitations,
 'Neath our hands' dominance vanquish'd and foully defeated."

Thus when he had spoken, led away dark-lock'd Enosichthon
 Unto the wall'd barrier that aloft was rais'd by Athena
 145 And Troy's folk whilom, that Jove's Alcmenian offspring
 Might within its compass take shelter, as oft as ascended
 That sea-monster across the strond, pursuing him inland.
 Here the god of surges with those his immortal associates
 Seated, drew coverings of cloud unpierceable o'er them.
 150 So sate their enemies, being thy company, Phœbus,
 And thine, stern Ares, i' the brows of Callicolone,
 Right opposite, fashioning both sides their purposes hostile.
 Yet loth were both sides to commence a full hard-to-be-ended
 Warfare, altho' on high seated 'twas Jove that had urg'd them.
 155 But yonder, flashing all with brass, quivering to the footsteps
 Of steeds and warriors, that plain was throng'd upon all sides
 With those hosts mingling ; betwixt whom came to the midmost
 Two champions o' the best by far, both for battle eager,
 Æneas, son of Anchises, and noble Achilles.
 160 First came Æneas menacing, with a ponderous helmet
 Swaying on his temples, buckler flung nimbly before him,
 His bosom to defend, and hand on brass-headed ash-lance.
 But forth came opposite Pelideś, like as a lion
 Once-mankind-fed, at whom rush a troop, an alarm'd population
 165 Bent upon his slaughter : then a while contemptuous onward
 He treads, until anon with a lance's point hath attain'd him
 Some lusty stripling ; then he open-mouthèd against him
 Turns with jaws foam-hung, from a proud heart hurling a murmur ;
 And his tail then on either side his ribs or his haunches
 170 Falls lashing, and self-vex'd doth he urge himself to the combat,
 And headlong rushes up, glaring with his eyes, that he either
 His foe may kill, or else may fall himself in his onslaught.

- Such valor indignant and haughty was urging Achilles
 Right where stood warlike Æneas, braving his aspect ;
- 175 And but a short distance parted these foemen asunder,
 When swift Pelides foremost thus addressed his opponent :
 “ What brings thee thus alone to stand in front o’ the muster
 Far out ? is ’t with me to strive Æneas is eager ?
 Over Troy’s cavaliers thou wouldst, methinks, be a ruler
- 180 In Priam’s very seat ; but, if I should afford thee a triumph,
 Yet ne’er will Priam to thy hands his power abandon,
 For sons he wants not, nor is he yet a fool or a dotard.
 Perchance the Trojans then a rare estate have assigned thee,
 In corn-lands opulent and orchards, under a bargain
- 185 That thou must kill me ; but I hope that is hardly so easy !
 My lance hath likewise, if I err not, scar’d thee aforetime.
 Dost thou not recollect, when alone, and leaving afar off
 Thy cattle, and trusting to thy heels, thou fledd’st me on Ida
 At full speed, turning not a whit thine eyes to the rearward ?
- 190 Lyrnessus shelter’d thee awhile, but anon did I enter,
 And pillage it, favor’d by guardian Jove with Athena ;
 And many she-captives, whose term of freedom I ended,
 I won ; but Kronides and powers let thee avoid me.
 But not again shalt thou, methinks, escape me, as haply
- 195 Thou reckonest ; better hadst thou anon to the midst o’ thy helpers
 Make a retreat ; venture not in arms to stand up against me,
 Lest ill effects come of it, for effects are a light to the simple.”
 Thereupon Æneas bespoke and made him an answer :
 “ Think not, Pelides, thy words, as if I were a baby,
- 200 Will fright me : for I am not at all incapable either
 Of bitter upbraidings myself, or of heart-nipping insult.
 Yet can we give account o’ the parents and the commencements
 Each of other’s lineage, trusting to the fame that around us
 Floats ; for of our authors we have else exchange’d no acquaintance.
- 205 ’Tis the gallant Peleus, I have heard, is sire of Achilles ;
 And Thetis hath borne him, well-braided nymph o’ the surges :
 And I, upon my part, my birth am proud to derive from
 Intrepid Anchises and from the divine Aphrodita.
 So now two parents o’ the four must soon be a-mourning
- 210 Their dear son, for I am not about to depart, I assure thee,
 Nor thou, with silly words exchange’d and combat avoided.
 However, if further thou’dst learn, and wouldst be acquainted

- Throughly with our lineage, as it is known largely to mortals—
 First from cloud-summoning Kronides came Dardanus, he that
 215 Founded Dardanie, while nought yet appear'd o' the sacred
 Ilion in lowlands, no abodes of language-enhanc'd men,
 But they dwelt yet about the slopes of fountainous Ida.
 Then King Erichthonius, Dardan's own son, follow'd after,
 He that most opulent hath been in man's generations.
- 220 He'd mares three thousand, that in our marshlands were a-feeding,
 And many with choice foals were among them proudly surrounded.
 For Boreas, whilst here they graz'd, was mightily taken,
 And in a black stallion's likeness disguis'd he approach'd them,
 Whereat, having rounded, they bore twelve foals to the power :
- 225 These, when they gamboll'd upon earth's many-nurturing acres,
 Could skim along the summits, and bend not an ear of a corn-field ;
 Or, when they disported about th' huge backs o' the surges,
 Could skim along the summits o' the white-hair'd sea-billows even.
 Next from Erichthonius was born King Tros to the Trojans,
- 230 And from Tros these three children came, Ilus his eldest,
 Assaracus cômplete cavalier, and that Ganymedes
 Also, who all mortals surpass'd in beauty supernal ;
 Him the divine rulers caught up, that beauty regarding,
 As Jove's cup-bearer, to commune thenceforth with immortals.
- 235 Laomedon, gracious sovereign, was th' offspring of Ilus,
 And that o' Laomedon Tithonus, Priamus also,
 And Clytius likewise, Hiketaon a scion of Ares,
 And Lampus ; but of Assaracus was sprung Căpys only ;
 From Căpys Anchises was born, whose offspring account me,
- 240 Anchises' son am I, Priam's is egregious Hector.
 But 't is Jove dealeth men prowess ; he also abates it,
 Even as he chooseth, for his own is mastery matchless.
 But why thus foolishly to talk, like children, abide we
 I' th' field of warfare, i' the midst of oppos'd battle-orders ?
- 245 We might both, doubtless, with abusive terms in abundance
 Strive, until for a ship with a thousand oars 'twere a burden,
 Such tongues have mortals, so flexible, and such a foison
 Of terms omnigenous : for widely that armory's open,
 And like words as a man may speak, shall he have to give ear to.
- 250 But why need we two with abuse and mutual insults
 Meet, like two females, whom heart-fretting anger arouses
 To strive, i' th' market's very midst, with vituperations

Some true, some not so—to spite they're equally welcome.

However, on conflict I'm bent : words will not arrest me,

- 255 Ere we meet brass-arm'd ; wherefore make haste, let us onward,
And each prove either's prowess with a keen-headed ash-lance."

He ceas'd, and therewith shot a lance full against that enormous
And grim shield, which around its brass point dreadfully sounded ;
But the son of Peleus, in alarm, with his hands' heavy seizure

- 260 Push'd from him his buckler, deeming the spear shadow-launching
Of bold Æneas could have easily broken an entrance.

Ha, shallow man ! for his heart and soul had not yet appris'd
him

Of what a hard thing it is that splendid gifts of immortals
Should fail, or give way to the dint of a mortal opponent.

- 265 Even then could not warlike Æneas's ash-lance
Through that shield penetrate : the divine gold held up against it ;
Two rounds were transfix'd ; but a third was unhurt o' the number,
For five rounds had in all been wrought by Cylopodion :

There were two brazen, two tin ; one alone i' the midmost

- 270 Was gold ; and thereby that spear's heavy point was arrested.

Then the son of Peleus let fly the spear shadow-launching,
So that on his foeman's buckler mickle-orb'd it alighted
Right upon its utmost border, where most thin around it
Ran brass and bulls'-hides : through these made forcible entrance

- 275 That spear Pelidan, so about it grimly the shield rang.

Backward flinch'd Æneas alarm'd, and far from him held out
His shield ; yet nathless the spear rush'd over him earthwards,
Impetuous, leaving transfix'd both folds o' the buckler

Man-covering : yet he held his ground, the spear-head avoiding,

- 280 Though the shock had clouded then his eyes with a ghastly
suffusion,

When the weapon near him fell aground. But now did Achilles
Advance right eagerly to reach him, dreadfully shouting,
His sharp glaive outdrawn : then seiz'd Æneas against him,
A stout stone in his hand, which two men scarce had uplifted,

- 285 As men are in these days : but alone did he easily wield it.

Now might Æneas very like have smote his opponent's
Helmet or his buckler, which death's grim approach had arrested ;
And the son of Peleus close-handed might have assaulted
And with sword slain him : but aware was mighty Posidon,

290 And the divine league-mates he address'd, and spoke thus among
them :

“ Now doth it ill please me, perdy, that yon mickle-hearted
Æneas to the shades is about to descend, by Achilles
O'ercome, through trusting to the words of th' archer Apollo.
Ha, shallow man ! for Apollo from him death's eager approaches

295 By no means will avert : but why should he, all-unoffending,
For misdeeds of others be aggriev'd, when gifts by him always
Unto the gods heav'n-thron'd have been acceptably tender'd ?
But go to ! let us even assist, ourselves, to preserve him,
Lest Jove should be offended, he also, if under Achilles
300 This man fall ; for he hath to 'scape by fatal appointment,
Lest with him all lineage should fail of Dardanus henceforth
And vanish, whom Kronides hath dearest lov'd o' the children
That women have borne him ; for he already hates the descendants
Of Priam ; wherefore Æneas is heir to the Trojan
305 Rule ; and hereafter shall children's children uphold it.”

He spoke, and heifer-ey'd imperial Hera thus answered :

“ Therefore, Strond-shaker, perpend thyself, whether haply
It please thee to defend Æneas, or him to relinquish
By the son of Peleus to succumb, though so good a champion.

310 But know, that many vows, the which all the supernal immortals
Have witness'd, bind us, me i' faith and Pallas Athena,
That from Troy's citizens their evil day we avert not,
Though to the fierce violence of fire all Ilion even
Were given up, ransack'd by warlike sons of Achaia.”

315 She thus having spoken, strond-shaking mighty Posidon
Went onwards to the midst o' th' fight and storm o' the lances.
He came where Æneas abode and noble Achilles ;
And of Pelides he clad th' eyes forthwith in hazes,
And snatch'd, out o' the shield Æneas bore, the good ash-lance,

320 So that in earth straightway by Achilles' feet it alighted,
And Æneas aloft he rais'd, and swiftly remov'd him.
'Bove ranks of warriors innumerable, and above horsemen
And chariots soaring, the divine hand brought him afar off,
And set him i' th' confines extreme o' th' fight many-brunted,
325 Where in the engagement took a part Cauconian heroes :
Here when he had lighted, strond-shaking mighty Posidon

Came near, and him anon with wing-borne words thus accosted :
 “ What god, O Æneas, to this infatuation arous’d thee ?
 That thou shouldst venture thus in arms to encounter Achilles,
 330 Thy better, and being more dearly belov’d by immortals ?
 Nay, but draw backwards, when in arms he against thee appeareth,
 Lest, despite even thy fate, to the shades thou arrivest.
 But when Pelides his appointed time has accomplish’d,
 Then venture fearlessly to take thy place i’ the foremost,
 335 For no other Danaan shall make a spoil o’ thy armour.”

He ceas’d, and quitted him, when he had completely directed ;
 Then took he off straightway that mist from th’ eyes of Achilles,
 Who star’d, and thus, aggriev’d, bespoke his proud spirit inly :
 “ Now, perdy, ’tis a wondrous thing that I have to set eyes on.
 340 Here’s the level spear-shaft upon earth, and of that opponent
 Whom to kill I meant it, when I hurl’d, I see no appearance ;
 Surely then Æneas was dearly belov’d by immortals,
 However I deem’d it but a futile boast ; yet aroint thee !
 Thy spirit henceforward, I deem, will scarcely suffice thee
 345 For fronting me again : so glad thy death thou avoidedst :
 Wherefore now foremost I’ll speak to the martial Achaians
 Words of cheer ; then against our foes I’ll turn to the conflict.”

Here ceasing, to the ranks he rush’d, and call’d upon each one :
 “ Keep no longer aloof from Troy’s host, noble Achaians,
 350 But man against man array’d, with alacrity rush to the combat.
 Ye know, ’twere difficult for me t’ engage such a number ;
 Even though good-at-arms I could not attain to them each one ;
 Nay the divine Ares himself, or Pallas Athena,
 Could never encounter such a host, or labor against it.
 355 However, as far forth as feet and hands will avail me
 And thews, no slackness, be assur’d, shall appear in Achilles ;
 But through their squadrons I’ll break, and let not a Trojan
 With blithe heart come away, so once my spear have attain’d him.”

So said he exhorting, nor did not egregious Hector
 360 Urge his troops onward, promising to stand to defy him :
 “ Ye Trojan warriors, dread not Pelidan Achilles !
 In talk I very well myself might cope with immortals,
 But scarce with javelins ; for immensely superior are they ;

And scarce all boastings of Achilles will be accomplish'd :

- 365 Some things he will achieve, and some break midway asunder.
However, I'll face him, were his hands as a fiery furnace,
Hands as a fiery furnace, or heart as cruel as iron."

So said he exhorting : Troy's vanward lines then erected
Their spears, then mingled warriors, and up sprang an outcry.

- 370 But near Hector arriv'd and warn'd him Phœbus Apollo :
"Hector, cease to challenge in front o' the combat Achilles,
And withdraw to the midst o' thy host and out o' the medley,
Lest either with a lance he attain, or stab thee at arm's length."

So said he, and Hector withdrew to the mid battle-order,
375 Smit with alarm, hearing this immortal voice that address'd him :
But the son of Peleus, clad in hardihood, up to the Trojans
Leapt with a grim war-shout, and worsted first the courageous
Iphition, son of Otrynteus, who of hosts was a leader.

- Him by a nymph Neïs gender'd city-rasing Otrynteus,
380 'Neath snow-clad Tmolus, within Hyda's region abundant.
Now, rushing out headlong to the charge, he caught of Achilles,
Right in his head's midmost, the spear, which wide set it open.
Down he fell with a clank, Pelides glorying o'er him :

- "Lieth Otryntiades so low, so dreadful a champion,
385 In such a far region ? for thou wast born i' the confines
Of Gygaia the lake, the demesnes o' thy own forefathers,
Twixt Hyllus finny-throng'd and Hermus deep-eddy whirling."
Loudly thus he boasted, while dim grew th' eyes o' the Trojan :
Soon wheels of Danaan chariots had his whole body mangled
390 In the battle's fore-front : then next him fell by Achilles
Demoleon, son of Antenor, good-at-arms for a rescue,
Who thro' a brass cheek-piec'd morion was pierc'd i' the temple.
Nought help'd his morion, for a lance athwart it had enter'd,
Well-braz'd, and open'd the skull, mashing under it wholly

- 395 His brain, and in a trice confounding his eager approaches.
Next whom Hippodamas, while fleeing afore him, alighting
Down from his own chariot, was pierc'd i' the back by Achilles,
And bellow'd expiring, like as when a bull, for a victim
Of the divine sovereign Heliconic, is hal'd by a number
400 Of striplings to delight with blood thy soul, Enosichthon ;
So bellow'd he, till his high-proud soul his limbs had abandon'd.

- Then the son of Priam, god-like Polydorus, assail'd he
 Lance-arm'd, whose father from combat had hop'd to refrain him,
 That last and likewise most dearly belov'd of his offspring,
 405 And swiftest, too, of all his race ; but his infatuation
 Had led him at this time to the foremost lines o' the combat,
 Flaunting in his swiftness, which anon with life he aton'd for.
 Him swift Pelides with a dart, while past him he hasted,
 Smote i' the back, waist-high, just where the two halves of his haw-
 berk
 410 Clos'd, and his cincture with golden clasps was united,
 So that at his navel the spear re-emerg'd to the daylight.
 Murmuring on both knees he sank ; and darkness his eyeballs
 Enscarf'd, and with his hands in falling he held up his entrails.
 But when thus Polydor was seen by his own brother Hector
 415 Down to the ground sinking, with his hands sustaining his
 entrails,
 Drear darkness fell on Hector's eyes : no more at a distance
 Brook'd he now to remain, but approach'd in front of Achilles,
 Wielding a sharp javelin, vehement as fire ; but Achilles
 Sprang, when he had seen him, forwards, and vaunted against him :
 420 " Here is he, who deepest hath my spirit in me afflicted,
 He that my dearest comrade hath slain : let us henceforth
 Each shun other's aspect no more i' the lanes o' the combat."
 Glaring at him sideways then address'd he illustrious Hector :
 " Draw nigher, and forthwith to the gates of death will I haste
 thee."
 425 And unalarm'd made him pied-plume-tossing Hector his answer :
 " Think not, Pelides, thy words, as if I were a baby,
 Will fright me ; for I am not at all incapable either
 Of bitter upbraidings myself, or of heart-cutting insult.
 I know that good-at-arms and greatly superior art thou
 430 Unto me ; and algates the result yet rests with immortals,
 Who can make me attain with a lance, although so unequal,
 And slay thee ; for a dart sharp-pointed I also am arm'd with."
- So said he, and brandish'd till he hurl'd his lance, which Athena
 Turn'd backward with a breath from nobly-renownèd Achilles
 435 Easily, so that on earth downwards by egregious Hector
 And near his very feet it alighted : thereat Achilles
 Rush'd at him impetuous, now anon to slaughter him hoping,

With grim shouts ; but Apollo the man from him easily rescued,
And cloak'd in mickle air, as a power immortal is able.

440 Yet thrice push'd forwards that swift-footed hero Achilles
His brazen spear-point ; thrice in mickle air he immers'd it.
But when he had four times rush'd forwards, like an immortal,
Dreadfully then threat'ning with wing-borne words he address'd
him :

“ Thou 'scapest me afresh, dog ! a mischief certes alighted
445 Full nigh thee, but again was Phœbus Apollo thy helper :
Worship him henceforward, ever ere the spears whiz around thee.
However, I'll finish all, perdy, when next I approach thee,
Unless I err, trusting that I eke have allies in Olympus.
I turn now meantime to the rest I meet o' the Trojans.”

450 So said he, and Dryops at mid-neck attain'd with a lance-thrust,
And at his own foot adown brought him : that corpse he abandon'd,
And 'gainst Demuchus took his aim, a Philetorid hero
Right brave and good-at-arms, and made him kneel ; then at arm's
length
He thrust him with his huge sword's point, and life from him
ousted.

455 He then Laogonus brought down, and Dardanus, offspring
Of Bias, who yfere were riding, both at an onslaught :
One with sword nigh-at-hand, one he hit with spear at a distance.
Then came Tros, from Alastor sprung, to the knees of Achilles,
In case he'd pity him, so young, from death to reprieve him.
460 Ha, shallow wight ! unaware that pray'r could scarce be effective ;
For not a whit debonair, nor mild of mood was his hearer,
But stern and resolute : he clasp'd, intent to beseech him,
His knees, and eftsoons had Achilles' sword in him enter'd,
And thrust his liver out, and fill'd with a dun-red effusion
465 Of blood his whole bosom ; then darkness sank on his eyeballs
Life-lorn ; then nigh at hand did Achilles reach with a lance-thrust
Mulius i' the right ear, and out o' the left to the daylight
His spear-point re-emerg'd : then Echēlus, sprung from Agenor,
Right on his head's midmost he smote with sword mickle-hilted.
470 All with blood lukewarm was his edge ; but th' eyes o' the Trojan
Death's adamant seizure and scarfing darkness arrested.
Next that Deucalion thro' his arm he pierc'd at his elbow
Where the sinews couple it, with lance-point ; then the disabled

Wight, expecting his end, he approach'd, and caught with a sword-stroke

- 475 His neck ; thence flying was his head sent forth with his helmet :
 All extended on earth he arriv'd, his spine-marrow oozing.
 Then follow'd he Rhigmus, Pireus's consummate offspring,
 Who from far confines had arriv'd, from Thracia deep-gleb'd :
 He caught him waist-high with a lance, which sank in his entrails
 480 And clean from chariot dismounted him. His charioteer then
 He struck, Areithous, while turning aloof, with a lance-point
 I' th' loins, and brought him to the ground, and scar'd the good
 horses.

- Like fire, which portentous along the ravines of a mountain
 Climbs in a parch'd season, consuming apace the profound wood,
 485 Whose flames are spread abroad by a rousing wind, so on all sides
 He ran abroad lance-arm'd, i' the guise of a power immortal,
 Pursuing to the death : with blood the dun earth swam around him ;
 And like as, when a pair of broad-brow'd oxen are harness'd
 On the level flooring, to tread out pale barley commencing—
 490 Swiftly the corn's trodden out by th' hooves o' the loud-lungèd oxen—
 So the tough-hoov'd coursers trampled of elated Achilles
 O'er bodies, o'er bucklers, whilst undersplash'd was his axle
 And all his chariot's framework, with blood that ascended
 In front from clashing hooves and from dizzy wheels to the rear-
 ward ;
 495 So rag'd Pelides i' the van, for victory thirsting :
 Besprent all with mire were his hands that allow'd no approaches.

BOOK XXI.

THE CARNAGE ON THE RIVER.

BUT to the fair-flowing waters and ford on attaining
 Of Xanthus, gender'd by immortal Jove, the defeated
 Trojans he broke up two ways ; some abroad i' the region

- Were striving citywards, by a road that th' hosts of Achaia
 5 One-day-since fled along, routed by egregious Hector.
 That very way fleeing they throng'd, while Hera thick hazes,
 In their front, let fall to delay them ; but the remainder,
 Headlong, came crowding to the deep river argent-rolling,
 And plung'd in with a monstrous splash ; the swift eddy sounded,
 10 And the river's margins far forth, while they, to the mercy
 Of the current given up, went floating, raising an outcry.
 As from a fire's onset to remove when a crowd is arising
 Of locusts nigh a flood, when a conflagration abateless
 Is kindled unawares, and thence they flinch to the waters ;
 15 So were fill'd the channels of Xanthus deep-eddy-rolling
 Pell-mell with chariots and troops in a trice by Achilles.
 But the divine warrior did ashore his lance now abandon,
 I' th' grove of tamarisks planted ; while, grimly determin'd,
 And arm'd but with a sword, he plunged in, like an immortal,
 20 And smote all round him : then arose inglorious outcries
 From the men, whose bloody wounds crimson'd the streams o' the
 waters.
 And as when finny shoals in front of a dolphin enormous
 Flee, filling all inlets of a cove, where ships well are harbour'd,
 Sore dismay'd, for apace, as he overtaketh, he eats them ;
 25 So from those margins Troy's fugitive hosts to the mighty
 Stream plung'd down terrified, till Achilles, tir'd o' the carnage,
 Chose out from the river, still alive, twelve youths o' the Trojans,
 Unto Menœtiadan Patroclus for blood-atonement.
 There with belts trim-cut, those belts that lately supported
 30 Their delicate vestures, he at each one's back did his arms up,
 And bade his own followers to the dark-hull'd ships to remove them :
 Then, set upon carnage, he rush'd back anew to the Trojans.
 Here a son of Priam, Dardan's heir, namely Lycaon,
 From the river struggling, confronted him, whom he aforetime
 35 Perforce had led away by night, inside a paternal
 Garner having found him, while there engag'd upon hewing
 Slips of a young sycamore, to fit out his car with a cincture ;
 There did his unlook'd-for desolation come by Achilles.
 He to superb Lemnos convey'd him aboard as a captive
 40 At first ; there purchas'd him Ieson's son for a servant ;
 Thence, from this bondage ransom'd by the aid of a messmate
 (Imbrian Eëtion), came he to splendid Arisbe,

- And from thence the paternal abode as a fugitive enter'd.
 Here, amid his comrades, he elev'n days gave to rejoicings,
 45 Escap'd from Lemnos ; the twelfth, by a contrary fortune,
 Made him with god-like Pelides meet, to be hasten'd,
 Not by his own seeking, to the gates of light-lacking Hades.
 Thus when descried him the rapid-footed hero Achilles,
 Bare of shield and helmet—he had no spear with him either—
 50 For these all he adown had cast, when weariness unstrung
 His knees, while struggling to the shore, while rife sweat oppress'd
 him—
 Thereupon indignant he his own proud heart now accosted :
 “ Now, perdy, 'tis a wondrous thing that I have to set eyes on !
 Haply the bold Trojans I whilom sent Aïdoneus,
 55 Will come back to the world, from murk obscurity rising,
 Since this man reappears, his ruthless fortune eluding,
 Who to superb Lemnos was brought and sold ; nor have held him
 Those hoar-topp'd surges, which arrest perforce many mortals.
 But come now, let him eke have a taste o' the lance I am arm'd
 with,
 60 Whence I shall be aware and learn, if he haply can even
 From yonder reascend, or if Earth, life's nurse, will arrest him,
 She, that hath held prisoners many wights and sturdy before him.”
 Thus whilst he ponder'd, that wight ran near him affrighted,
 Tow'rd his knees, to beseech his grace—right dearly desiring
 65 He might from dark doom be spar'd and death's bitter ordeal.
 Now the son of Peleus his long lance over him held out,
 To smite him threat'ning : but, 'neath it stooping, he hasten'd
 And caught him by a knee ; so in earth to the rear of him enter'd
 That spear impetuous, to devour his fair body yearning.
 70 Then clung he on one side to the pointed lance of Achilles,
 On one side to the knees, but his hold he would not abandon ;
 And, ever entreating, with wing-borne words he address'd him :
 “ By thy knees, pity me ! vouchsafe to spare me, Achilles !
 For by hallow'd privilege, Jove-nurtur'd prince, I approach thee :
 75 Yea, for I have tasted Demeter's grain at a table
 Of thine that very day, when thou didst make me a captive
 In yon grange well-built : then a hundred kine did I earn thee,
 Sold in fair Lemnos, from friends and sire at a distance.
 For thrice that sum have I been freed ; and morning hath o'er me
 80 Twelve times already past, since I within Ilion enter'd

Through manifold sufferings; bitter-hearted Fate now hath urg'd
me

Unto thy hands yet again : sure father Jove doth abhor me,

Who maketh me again confront thee : sure to die early

Laöthoe bare me, that daughter of hoar-headed Altes,

85 (Altes, o'er warlike Leleges who mastery beareth,

And on Satniöes the steep-brow'd Pegasus holdeth)—

His daughter was, among many more, to Priam united ;

And we two, that have here fall'n into thy hands, are her offspring,

Whereof thou foremost hast kill'd, i' the core o' the combat,

90 With thy sharp spear-point, Polydorus, peer of immortals ;

And methinks evil now awaits me too, for I hope not

To 'scape henceforward, since near thee a power has urg'd me.

However, hear one thing, that thou may'st inly revolve it ;

Kill not me, for I am but a half-brother unto that Hector

95 Who slew thy comrade good-at-arms and gracious-hearted."

With suppliant accents Priam's fair son thus address'd him,

But no soft answer did he hear, nor tones from Achilles :

" Ha, shallow wight, ask not my grace, nor announce me a ransom !

Once no doubt, until Patroclus's hour had attain'd him,

100 My soul was readier thus long to spare any Trojans,

And oft I captur'd, and into slavery sold them.

But there shall not a wight escape, that a Power at arm's length

In Troy's front henceforth shall afford me, of all the united

Trojans, and much less, be assur'd, of Priam his offspring.

105 Nay, die thou, comrade. And wherefore make a lamenting ?

Low lies Patroclus : wast thou Patroclus's equal ?

Or see me, good-at-arms and tall, and sprung from a hero

And a goddess-parent ; nathless my death shall attain me,

And Fate's plenipotence—some mid-day, morning or evening,

110 At whatever moment my foe shall mortally reach me,

In conflict, with a lance's point or a shaft from a bowstring."

He spoke, and palsy'd were th' heart and knees of his hearer :

His limbs subsided to the ground ; the spear he abandon'd,

And spread his arms forward ; then a sharp glaive drawn by Achilles

115 'Neath his neck struck along the clavicle, all in him hiding

Its cleaving double edge ; then abas'd to the dust was his aspect,

And his wounds water'd the dun earth with a purple effusion ;

Then caught him by a foot Pelides, and i' the waters

Down the current sent him ; then spoke out, glorying o'er him :
 120 " Lie now among fishes here, who, thy body lightly regarding,
 Shall lick thy blood away from about thy wounds : a maternal
 Hand thy limbs shall not compose, nor voice to lament thee
 Be lifted ; but adown to the sea's broad lap the Scamander
 Shall ripple and drift thee, till, above dark surges appearing,
 125 Some fish spring forward, for a dainty repast, to Lycaon.
 And all your 'minishing squadrons will I urge, till at holy
 Ilion ye fleeing shall arrive, and I to the rearward
 Slaughtering : and not a whit the superb river argent-streaming,
 Whom with so many bulls to delight you of old are accusom'd
 130 (Nay, you send living horses adown his flood), shall avail you ;
 But despite him a foul death ye all shall die, till atonement
 For Patroclus's end ye make, and for many fallen
 Argives, whom i' th' fleet you kill'd i' th' time o' my absence."

He spoke ; and full sore was aggriev'd that watery Power,
 135 Who forthwith ponder'd in his heart, how matchless Achilles
 Might be in his bloody work restrain'd, and Ilion aided.
 But the son of Peleus, meantime, with spear shadow-launching
 Was rushing on, set upon slaying, tow'rd Asteropæus,
 Heir of Pélego, of that son Peribœa to wide-stream'd
 140 Axius had yielded ; 'twas th' eldest-born o' the female
 Race of Akessamenus, to the deep-stream'd flood was united.
 Him did Pelides now assail, where out o' the waters
 With two spears in his hand he rose ; for his heart was enabled
 By Xanthus, coveting to revenge many youths that Achilles
 145 Had sent bleeding adown the stream, all mercy refus'd them.
 Now but a short distance parted these foemen asunder,
 When spoke out foremost the rapid-footed hero Achilles :
 " What man, whence art thou, that in arms art up to resist me ?
 Surely my antagonists are children of unlucky parents."
 150 And being thus address'd, the good heir of Pélego answer'd :
 " Why question me about my birth, mickle-hearted Achilles ?
 From the remote confines I arriv'd of Pæony deep-geleb'd,
 Leading Pæonian long-spear-arm'd hosts to the combat ;
 And now eleven mornings have pass'd within Ilion o'er us.
 155 My father's father was broad-stream'd Axius, he that
 Of the rivers poureth waters upon earth the superbest.
 Pélego he gender'd, and spear-fam'd Pélego author

- Of my birth I account : wilt fight now, matchless Achilles ? ”
 Thus spoke he menacing : then lifted matchless Achilles
 160 His lance Pelion-hewn ; but on his part Asteropæus
 Both his darts brandish'd, as of each hand being a master :
 And one of his javelins came down i' the midst o' the buckler,
 But pierc'd it not across : the divine gold held up against it ;
 And one his antagonist's right arm graz'd, hard by his elbow,
 165 So that dark blood apace rush'd out ; then it over him hasten'd,
 And plung'd into the soil, to devour his fair body pining.
 Then did Pelides his spear's irresistible impulse
 Urge tow'rd Asteropæus in hope of slaying him outright :
 However, he miss'd him ; but against th' high bank the good ash-
 lance
 170 Came down, and bury'd half its length ; therein 'twas arrested.
 Then the son of Peleus, his sharp sword out from his hip drawn,
 Rush'd upon him bloodthirsty ; but he the spear of Achilles
 Strove in vain to pull out o' the bank by his hand's heavy seizure.
 Thrice it shook by his hand, and out he thought to have haul'd it ;
 175 Thrice he let go again ; then a fourth time seiz'd he it, hoping
 He'd bend and split in half the good ash-lance Æacidean.
 But first Pelides with a sword his life from him ousted :
 He'd next his navel smitten him so well, that his entrails
 Were pour'd all to the ground : he gasp'd, and darkness his eye-
 balls
 180 Enscarf'd : then sprang on him, coveting to denude him, Achilles,
 And, upon his bosom mounting, spoke, glorying o'er him :
 “ Lie there : 'tis difficult, although from a watery power
 Thou trace thine origin, to strive with children of high Jove.
 Grant a river broad-stream'd gave birth to thee ! I can avaunt
 me,
 185 Of sovereign Kronides himself that I am the descendant.
 Æacidan Peleus, my father, ruleth a mighty
 Race of Myrmidonēs : Peleus was of Æacus, and he
 Of Jove was gender'd. Many waters flow to the surges ;
 But Jove is strongest ; above all their sons is his offspring.
 190 Lo thou'st also a great river here, if he aught could avail thee !
 But Jove, but Kronides to resist, what power is able ?
 'Gainst him can puissant Acheloïus even abide not,
 Nor the strong, deep-stream'd Oceanus, he that upholdeth
 All the rivers' waters, all seas, and all the remotest

195 Heads of their fountains ; yet can Jove's lightning appal him,
And the din of thunder, when he hurleth it out o' the welkin."

He spoke, and pull'd out o' the bank his brass-headed ash-lance,
And his foe's body left, which of its dear life he had empty'd,
On sands extended, with th' umber'd water a-soaking.

200 There came eels gathering round him, came all finny nations,
Nibbling at his vitals, and morsels dainty devouring.
Then to the Pæonians horse-hair-plum'd turn'd he his onset,
Who to the deep-rolling waters back anew were affrighted,
When their best champion to succumb to the force o' the sword-
point

205 Of the son of Peleus they'd seen in fight's bitter ordeal.
And now Thersilochus did he overtake, Ophelestes,
And Mydo, Astypolus, Thraseas, and Ænius also ;
Yea, many more Pæons had yfall'n by matchless Achilles ;
But the River deep-rolling address'd him now, full of anger,
210 Wearing a man's semblance, and out o' the deep billows hail'd
him :

"Mighty beyond mortals in thy deeds art thou, Achilles,
And unrespective, for immortals aid thee at all times :
But, to thee if Kronides thy foes have quite given over
To slay, first drive them to the shore, and work at a distance
215 From me thy bloody work : thou'st fill'd my lovely, delightful
Streams up with corpses, nor at all can I in the superb sea
Discharge them, cumber'd with slain : such a depopulation
Thou mak'st : I'm terrified ; spare me, thou pastor of armies."
And swift Pelides thus anon bespoke him in answer :

220 "Jove-nurtur'd Xanthus, thou shouldst entirely command me ;
But these proud Trojans I'll cease not mortally chasing
Until I have driven all to the town, and prov'd upon Hector,
Match'd man against man alone, whether I can worst him or he
me."

He spoke, and forward to the foe sprang, like an immortal ;
225 But the River deep-stream'd entreated thereat Apollo :
"Argent bow's bender, Jove-born, thou'st ill the directions
Observ'd of Kronides, who charg'd and gave thee a mandate
That thou shouldst ever help Troy's host, till tardily nightfall
Sank upon earth's acres deep-gleb'd, and wrapt them in umbrage."

- 230 He spoke, and whereas now Achilles into the mid-stream
 From the steep sprang adown, he assail'd him, a huge eddy lifting :
 All his waves he arous'd and churn'd, stirring up many corpses,
 Which thick on his waters floated, low-laid by Achilles.
 Under these bellow'd he bull-like, and on to the margin
 235 Cast them forth ; but his own fair streams he made a protection
 For the living Trojans ; for in high-swoll'n waves did he hide them.
 And now grimly the wave uprose, encircling Achilles,
 And the current press'd down his shield : his feet could uphold him
 No longer ; but anon with his hands he seiz'd on an elm-tree,
 240 Tall and well-nurtur'd—whose roots tore widely the bank up,
 Yielding at his seizure, and with thick boughs the superb flood
 It block'd up, transverse o'er-thrown, and made him a causeway.
 Hereon having mounted, to the plain he sprang to rush o'er it
 With swift feet in alarm ; nor ceas'd that power immortal
 245 Pursuing, but his umber'd stream he roll'd at Achilles,
 To stagger him, to promote th' escape from bale o' the Trojans.
 Now the son of Peleus ran ahead, the space of a lance-throw,
 Like-vehement as an eagle, as is the notorious *hunter*,
 Strongest and rapidest in flight o' the fowls o' the welkin.
 250 Like this he hied forward, while grimly resounded about him
 His brass arms : yet uneath was this pursuit by Achilles
 Outstripp'd, and clamorously the waters after him hasten'd.
 As when a trench-delver leadeth from a fount shadow-sunken
 Streams upon his gardens, or his orchards, his mattock handling,
 255 And picking each hind'rance ever out o' the course o' the waters—
 Whereupon, advancing, they turn the small pebble edgeways
 Wherever it faces their course, and, gurgling a-downwards,
 On the slope spread abroad, and overtake the director—
 Thus the brimming waters advanc'd, pursuing Achilles,
 260 Vanquishing his swiftness (for a man copes ill with immortals) ;
 And ever, as god-like Pelides strove up against them
 To stand, and to put it to the proof whether all the supernals
 Were conjoin'd for his overthrow, that have homes on Olympus ;
 So many times with enormous swell the divine flood attain'd him,
 265 Beating on his shoulders, and so many times did he upward
 Leap, dismay'd in his heart : now oppress'd the strength o' the
 waters
 His knees, and loosen'd at his heels the ground that upheld him.
 Deep groan'd Pelides, looking up to the wide hollow welkin :

- “ Father Jove, have I in my woe no god to relieve me
 270 From the river’s onslaught ? then alight what chooses upon me !
 Al gates no god on high so much my ruin has aided
 As mine own mother hath, feeding my soul with illusions,
 Deeming me destin’d to succumb, ’neath lofty defences
 Of steed-proud Trojans, to the fleet-wing’d shafts of Apollo.
 275 O that I ow’d Hector, this country’s best man, a death-wound,
 So that he, who conquer’d, were brave, and brave the defeated.
 But now a vile ruin my destiny sends to beset me :
 In this great river I must sink, i’ the guise of a rustic
 Swineherd, whom a torrent sweeps off, while fording in autumn.”
- 280 Thus pray’d Pelides ; but Athena and mighty Posidon
 Right soon came near him, like mortal wights in appearance,
 And caught him by his hands, and with their words reassur’d him ;
 And, beginning foremost, Enosichthon spoke thus among them :
 “ Let nought dismay thee, nor alarm thee at all, O Achilles,
 285 When thou’st such patrons, two immortal gods, to protect thee,
 And by Jove’s sanction, me namely, and Pallas Athena.
 No river is destin’d, thou may’st be assur’d, to defeat thee ;
 And *he* must quit his hope : that shalt thou speedily witness.
 But, would’st thou thenceforth be rul’d, we’d heartily charge thee,
 290 From the common-scathful conflict no more to give over,
 Till to the fam’d ramparts of Troy thou chase the defenders—
 Whoever escapeth : thence shalt thou come back, as Hector’s
 Conqueror, hereafter to the ships : we pledge thee a triumph.”
 They thus having spoken, sped again to the banded immortals ;
 295 And he ashore mounted, the divine word making him abler,
 Up the river’s margin, which apace it now flooded over,
 Floating fair panoplies good-store, and gash’d bodies hardy.
 ’Gainst the current upward he strove : his knees high above-ground
 Rais’d him as he bounded, nor could that wide flood arrest him,
 300 With such a huge increase of strength did Athena support him.
 Nor did Xanthus abate his zeal ; but deeper anger’d
 With the son of Peleus, his stream he drove up against him
 High-swelling ; and Simoïs likewise he call’d to the rescue :
 “ Up brother, and this man’s prowess let both of us hinder !
 305 Else must he straightway King Priam’s great city capture,
 For no longer in arms can a Trojan stand up against him.
 Come to my aid, come in haste ; and set thy stream brimming over,

From thy far fountains enrich'd : bring in all thy abundance,
 And raise great billows up, with peals of ruinous uproar
 310 'Mid crags and tree-stems, till this wild wight we have hinder'd,
 Who now, predominating, affects the strains of immortals.
 Him shall not prowess then avail, nor tall body comely,
 Nor that glorious armour of his, which deep i' the waters
 With mire obstructed shall abide : yea, stintless abundance
 315 Of sand and gravel I will pile on him, until Achaïans
 Have no scope to collect his bones, so deep will I hide them.
 Our sands his monument shall make : we'll leave for Achaïans
 No burial labours, wherewith the deceas'd are attended."

He spoke, and, swelling up straightway, rush'd after Achilles,
 320 All with foam simmering, with gore, and with many corpses.
 Darkly the Jove-nurtur'd flood upheav'd, and planted against him,
 And shot a huge billow down : whereat with alarm for him Hera
 Shriek'd, as though now aloof the superb river argent-streaming
 Would sweep him : then anon she address'd Hephæstus, her off-
 spring :

325 "Come, my Cyllopodion, arise ! for Xanthus amongst us
 Thy proper antagonist is accounted ; away to the rescue
 With speed, and manifest thy fires ; and I'll be arousing
 Swift Nötus and Zephyrus from seawards, who with a grievous
 Tempest shall come abroad : then anon with a fiery ruin
 330 Thou shalt both panoplies consume, and heads o' the Trojans ;
 And all o'er the Scamander's banks thou shalt set a-burning
 His trees, and him assail with flames, and shalt not allow him,
 With placable language, nor pray'r, to obtain any mercy.
 Nor let thine anger be appeas'd, until to recall thee
 335 My voice be lifted : then abate thine unglutted ardor."

Thus bidden, Hephæstus with fires portentous array'd him,
 And i' the banks foremost lit a flame, which those many corpses
 Destroy'd, that thick on it were strewn, low-laid by Achilles,
 And the sod he burnt up, the stream's bright water abated.
 340 And as when Boreas with speed, i' the season of autumn,
 Dries up a new-water'd glebe-land, glad sight to the farmer !
 So that plain was afar dried up : those corpses he also
 Consum'd ; then set against the stream his burning effulgence.
 There he set tamarisk, and elm, and osier a-burning,

- 345 And lote-trees, which along the delightsome water abounded,
 Bulrushes and meadow-balm ; and all the fat eels he afflicted,
 And the fishes flounder'd through that fair water in anguish,
 While the breath of manifold-counsell'd Hephæstus assail'd them.
 Soon the river's power languish'd, and dearly besought him :
 350 " What god, O Hephæstus, can abide to stand up against thee ?
 I'll strive not with a burning fire ; but spare me, I ask thee ;
 And on this very day from Troy may noble Achilles
 Thrust out her citizens : how am I concern'd to defend them ? "

- These he utter'd parching with fire, his fair flood a-seething.
 355 As when, with mickle heat constrain'd, th' inside of a cauldron,
 Where the fat is simmering from a porker daintily pamper'd,
 Rises up all bubbling, dry firebrands 'neath it abounding ;
 Thus the river's splendid waters now seeth'd, nor a-downward
 Might he roll any more his streams, whose vapor oppress'd him
 360 By the will of deep-skill'd Hephæstus ; till thus on Hera
 With wing-borne utterance he call'd, and dearly besought her :
 " Hera, to what purpose doth thy son, amid such a number,
 Chose me, my waters to scathe ? for I have not offended
 Like yon others each one, that of Ilion are the protectors.
 365 Yet will I act herein no more, if thou to command me
 Be pleas'd, and let him act no more : I'll swear to thee also
 That for Troy's citizens I will not attempt any rescue,
 Though to the fierce violence of fire all Ilion even
 Were given up, ransack'd by warlike sons of Achaia."
 370 Then by these promises white-arm'd imperial Hera
 Being appeas'd, forthwith thus address'd Hephæstus, her off-
 spring :
 " Halt, my child, far-fam'd Hephæstus ! a power immortal
 Must no more for affairs of mortals thus be ill-handled."

- Thus bidden, Hephæstus those fires portentous abated ;
 375 And the reduc'd waters hasten'd to the fair river homeward.
 Xanthus thus pacified, those powers rested inactive,
 Hera, tho' indignant, the truce maintaining among them.
 But sore contention fell upon the remaining immortals,
 Whose minds with separate leanings were parted asunder ;
 380 And with a great uproar they mix'd ; the big earth was a-rattling,
 And heav'n tantarara'd : but father Jove on Olympus

- Daintily with laughter was feeding his heart as he hearken'd ;
 So lik'd he to behold those gods inimically meeting.
 Nor long from charging they stay'd : but first o' them Ares,
 385 Tough-buckler'd Ares, rushing up, confronted Athena,
 His brass lance in his hand, and spoke, and fiercely rebuk'd her :
 " What new contentions, Dog's-fly, wilt thou 'mid immortals
 With thine audacity spread abroad and thy swelling humors ?
 Dost thou not recollect, how Tydeus-born Diomedes
 390 Thou sentest to the charge, when thou thyself a refulgent
 Lance at me levelledst, and in my fair body drovest ?
 Methinks, I'm ready now for such good turns to requite thee."
 He spoke, and straightway with a lance-thrust reach'd the
 tremendous
 And many-fring'd ægis, 'gainst which Jove's lightning avails not.
 395 Thus reach'd her, rushing up with spear, blood-weltering Ares ;
 Whereat, a few footsteps withdrawn, in her hand's heavy seizure,
 A stone there lying, jagged, huge and dusk, she uplifted,
 Which men had, in former generations, plac'd for a landmark ;
 And i' the neck therewith she smote, and dash'd rapid Ares
 400 Clean from his heels. Round him rang his arms, and o'er seven
 acres
 He sank down, suffering with dust his locks to commingle.
 Loud laugh'd Pallas Athena, and spoke out, glorying o'er him :
 " Ha, shallow wight ! art thou not aware yet how I can avaunt me
 Thy better, if with me thou again for mastery copest ?
 405 For this then may'st thou now atone to the Furies of Hera,
 Thy mother, who beareth thee a grudge, since thou from Achaia
 Didst to the proud-hearted Trojans, transfer thy assistance."
- She spoke, and then aloof her glorious eyes were averted ;
 But Jove-born Aphrodita took hold of his hand, to remove him,
 410 While uttering many groans and his spirit hardly collecting.
 Thus busy when white-arm'd, imperial Hera beheld her,
 Forthwith Athenaiē with wing-borne words she accosted :
 " Child of Jove Gorgon-buckler'd, goddess Atrytonē,
 Lo where this Dog's-fly would again from war's bitter ordeal
 415 Lead homicide Ares i' the midst of alarms ! but arrest them."
 She spoke ; and Pallas follow'd up, full blithely, behind them,
 And reach'd, and smote her with an arm of weight i' the bosom,
 So that alike unstrung were knees, and heart was amated.

Then lay these two yfere upon earth's many-nurturing acres ;
 420 Whereupon, exultant, with wing-borne words she address'd them :
 " Ah ! thus might each one that appeareth in aid o' the Trojans,
 Have been, at fighting the well-hawberk'd sons of Achaia,
 Intrepid and valiant in mood, as hath here Aphrodita,
 Braving my resolution, arriv'd to the rescue of Ares !
 425 Of the strife long ago we might have seen a solution,
 And Troy's fair mansions their spoils t' our hands would have
 yielded."

Here her words ended ; whereat smil'd Hera the white-arm'd.
 And now did puissant Enosichthon address thus Apollo :
 " Why stand we two apart, O Apollo ? it hardly beseems us,
 430 When the remainder are all up in arms ! 'twere an infamy surely,
 If we, sans fighting, started to return for Olympus.
 Come, 'tis thine to begin, for thou'rt my junior : it is not
 Meet for me, for I have more years, and more wit is in me.
 But why so dull of heart, foolish wight, not to remember
 435 How we, for Troy's sake, have whilom borne mickle evil,
 We too alone of gods, when adown from Jove to the service
 Of proud Laomedon we came, and serv'd him a twelvemonth
 For wages tender'd, and aye for his order a-waiting ?
 And as for my part, this town and wall o' the Trojans,
 440 Broad and magnificent, for a shelter eterne, O Apollo,
 I built ; and thou again their horn-curl'd, hoof-dragging oxen
 Didst lead on many-ridg'd, umbrageous Ida to pasture.
 But, when of our payment the delectable hour was arriving,
 Then did Laomedon perforce—how monstrous a tyrant—
 445 Seize upon our wages ! yea, aloof with threats did he urge us,
 For thy part threat'ning thou shouldst be bounden in irons,
 Wrist and ankle alike, and sold on an isle at a distance ;
 Yea, with brass, he avow'd he would make both of us earless.
 'Twas thus we parted, with sore-vex'd hearts, from his aspect,
 450 Cheated of our earnings, which he had by treaty to pay us.
 And is it on this account thou bear'st such love to the nation ?
 And wilt thou not assist our party to mortally ruin
 These arrogant Trojans, nor spare them a wife, nor an infant ?"
 Hereat made answer th' imperial archer Apollo :
 455 " Scarce in my senses thou'dst hold me, O Ennosigaïos,
 Were mine hand lifted, for affairs of men, to resist thee—

Frail men, who are likest to the leaves, who during a season
 Bask and wax flourishing, while boon earth's foison upholds them,
 And anon enfeebled die away : let us haste to relinquish
 460 Our strife ; and other hosts i' the field may mortally mingle."

He spoke, and turn'd him to retire, as though 'twere a trespass
 Too savage and arrogant, should his hands be cross'd with his
 uncle's.

Then began his sister to revile, and shamefully taunt him,
 Artemis, his sister, wild queen o' the beasts o' the woodlands :
 465 " Dost thou, Far-worker, flee aloof, and leave to Posidon
 Such plain predominance ? shall he earn so lightly the triumph ?
 Ha, shallow wight ! wherefore carriest thou a bow that is useless ?
 But never henceforward i' the Father's halls will I hear thee
 Boast, as thou whilom boastedst i' the midst of immortals,
 470 That thou in arms daredst engage with mighty Posidon."
 She spoke, and not a word answer'd far-working Apollo ;
 But Jove's high consort, with that shaft-showering huntress
 Being sore anger'd, thus address'd, and fiercely rebuk'd her :
 " How darest thou abide, bold hound, to stand up against me ?
 475 Methinks, full difficult, though thou be an archeress even,
 Thou'lt find me to resist, though Jove have made thee a lion
 For women, and whomso thou wilt, thou'lt murder among them.
 'Twere better at wild deer or beasts of blood to be aiming
 In woodlands, than against thy strongers hardily fighting.
 480 But come, if on our conflict thou'rt bent, and learn how above thee
 I stand, ere with me thou again for mastery copest."

She spoke, and with her own left-hand both wrists o' the maiden
 Seiz'd, while her right-hand the weapons of her archery lifted
 From below her shoulders : and therewith her ears she assaulted,
 485 Laughing at her wincings, as in heaps fell swift arrows earthward.
 Then weeping fled Phœbe aloof, as when from a falcon
 Starts a dove, and hastens to the rifted rock's hollow fastness,
 Where she finds a refuge, when her end is yet not appointed ;
 Thus fled she weeping, the weapons of her archery leaving.
 490 Meantime with Leto parley'd the slayer of Argus :
 " I'll not fight, Leto, with thee ; for a light thing it is not
 With the Cloud-summoner's consorts to exchange provocations.
 Freely will I rather leave thee to declare 'mid immortals

That thou in hard conflict hast had the strength to defeat me."

- 495 He spoke ; but Leto those nimble shafts reassembled,
Which many by many ways in a whirl of dust were yfallen ;
Then withdrew she again, her child's arrows all with her holding.
Artemis hied also to the brass-pav'd halls of Olympus,
And upon her father Kronides his knees sat a-weeping,
500 So that her ambrosial vesture was trembling around her.
Her Jove drew to his heart, and question'd, daintily laughing :
"Who's done thee such a wanton offence, dear child, 'mid im-
mortals,
As though some mischief thou could'st i' the field have effected ?"
And him chase-clamorous, fair-chapleted Artemis answer'd :
505 "'Twas thy queen, Father, 'twas white-arm'd Hera fell at me,
She that hath enkindled the strife and war 'mid immortals."

Such was their converse : but tow'rd hallow'd Ilion hasten'd,
For the strong city-wall apprehensive, Phœbus Apollo,
Lest that day Danaans might, maugrè Destiny, seize it.

- 510 Then reappear'd the remaining immortal gods on Olympus :
Some came with sore hearts, and some came glorying o'er them.
They by cloud-summoning Kronides sat down ; but Achilles
His foes was massacring, warriors and hoof-clanging horses.
And as where vapors rush aloft to the wide hollow welkin
515 Out of a town burning, kindled by wrath of immortals,
And all wights suffer hence in toil, many wights in affliction ;
So the son of Peleus spread toil, spread affliction around him.

Meantime gray Priam from a tower (a work of immortals)
Where he stood gazing, was aware o' the rage of Achilles

- 520 And of Troy's armies fleeing pell-mell from his onslaught.
Then moan'd he ; then adown he stepp'd ; and out o' the tower
Tow'rd the gallant wardens o' the gate he came, to direct them :
"Keep your gate open'd, and keep your hand on it, until
Our routed people can arrive i' the town ; for Achilles
525 Comes routing them anear : we must have now bloody doings.
But when they draw breath, shelter'd inside the defences,
Shut the strong gatefolds back anew ; for fears are upon me
Lest within our ramparts should this destroyer attain us."
He spoke : and gate-bars were rais'd, and gates for a rescue
530 Were thrown wide open : nor did not Apollo before them

- Spring forward, to defend Troy's hosts from ruin approaching.
 They from a-field headlong to the tall city-wall were a-fleeing,
 Parch'd with dust and thirst ; but Achilles hotly behind them
 Was following, the spear in his hand ; and still was a quenchless
 535 Fury tenanting his heart, and greedy desire of a triumph.
 And now might Danaans that town high-gated have enter'd,
 But that Phæbus Apollo arous'd in season Agenor,
 Antenor's offspring, good-at-arms and tall, to the rescue.
 Him the god inspirited with bold resolution : he also
 540 Near him stood vigilant, from death's fell attack to secure him,
 Conceal'd with mickle air, leaning by an oak : but Agenor
 Was standing doubtful, when he had city-rasing Achilles
 Descried ; and in his heart meanwhile many thoughts were
 a-churning ;
 And anon indignant he his own proud soul thus accosted :
 545 " Ah me, wretch that I am ! for if I the strength of Achilles
 Flee by this way, amid these routed troops ; yet I algates,
 Soon by him o'ertaken, shall fall i' the guise of a craven ;
 And if I, on th' other hand, shall quit them, where from his on-
 slaught
 They flee, and shall alone myself run aside to the plain-land
 550 Of Troy, clear o' the walls, till I have to the knolls come of Ida,
 Till the thickets hide me—what if I should clear then, at evening
 In the river's waters my limbs o' th' sweat that is on them,
 And slink home ? but alas ! my soul is reasoning idly.
 Surely would he see me running out from Troy to the plain-land,
 555 And with those swift limbs would he hunt and easily reach me ;
 And mortal ruin to escape thenceforth could I hope not,
 Since in strength amid all mankind he finds not an equal.
 But what, if in the city's fore-front I stand to resist him ?
 Neither is his body wrought brass-proof, nor yet doth it harbour
 560 More souls than one alone : nor is he for more than a mortal
 Counted among mortals, though Jove with victory grace him."

So said he, and muster'd his strength : then awaited Achilles—
 His bold heart set upon conflict and hardy resistance.
 As when a pard sallieth, from a deep thicket, out at a hunstman,
 565 Soon as he hears bayings, and is not alarm'd nor affrighted—
 For foremost if he even is hurt by a dart or a lance-thrust,
 Yet, though writhing about the spear, he will not abandon

- The strife, until adown he sink, or reach his opponent ;
 So now the stalwart Antenorid hero, Agenor,
 570 Would not flee, till a trial of arms he had had with Achilles ;
 But, putting his perfect-orb'd buckler warily forward,
 And his lance levelling, thus, shouting aloud, he address'd him :
 " Thou dost anticipate doubtless, thou splendid Achilles,
 Of the gallant Trojans to storm this day the defences.
 575 Ha, shallow wight ! thereunto belongs yet a labor of anguish !
 For still numerous and good-at-arms are we the defenders,
 Who for dear parents, and wives, and children, are holding
 Ilion : here sooner may'st thou, so fearless a champion
 And so dire-doing, to the goal of death be arriving."
 580 This said, a sharp javelin from an arm of might he aventred,
 Nor miss'd he ; but attain'd his foe's leg, nigh to the knee-pan,
 So that grimly the greave's new-forg'd work rang to the lance-
 point :
 Thence the weapon bounded backwards, and where it alighted
 Could make no lodgment ; the divine work held up against it.
 585 Next that, Pelides to the god-like hero Agenor
 Rush'd forwards ; but Apollo a triumph would not allow him,
 But screen'd with mickle air, and out o' the field his opponent
 Convey'd, whence he again might soon within Ilion enter.
- But the son of Peleus was by far-darting Apollo's
 590 Own guile from th' armies led away : for, like as Agenor
 Seeming in all features, he approach'd and tempted him onward ;
 So that, as he chas'd him, scudding o'er many corn-giving acres,
 Aye to the deep-streaming waters of Xanthus him urging,
 While the god aye fool'd him, slipping always barely before him—
 595 Meantime all th' other hosts of Troy pell-mell were arriving
 I' th' town, and filling it full fast : nor dar'd any linger
 Outside their city-walls and gates until the remainder
 Might muster, to report i' the field what men were yfallen
 And what men were alive ; but, as each could speed by his utmost
 600 Endeavor, into the town he press'd, and snatch'd his occasion.

BOOK XXII.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

THUS when chas'd headlong, like fawns, they had Ilion enter'd,
Slack'd their thirst with a draught, and wip'd their sweat from
about them,

Leaning against fair-wrought buttresses, then troops of Achaia,
Shouldering all bucklers, drew near to the base o' the ramparts ;

5 And Hector meantime i' th' Scæan gate was abiding,
And in Troy's very front, by a froward destiny fasten'd.

Now was Pelides thus address'd by Phœbus Apollo :

“ Why with thy rapid heels dost thou pursue me, Achilles,
Thou mortal, me a god ? why dost not clearly discern me

10 For the divine power that I am ? what a fury commands thee !

How ! dost thou not attend to the fugitive host o' the Trojans
That stream here to the town, thou wandering elsewhither idly ?
But thou'lt not slay me, be assur'd ; for I am not a mortal.”

Deep in his heart anger'd, did Achilles make him an answer :

15 “ Ha, most pernicious god of all, thou'st foil'd me, Apollo,
From the city spiriting me aloof : many wights should have hurtled
Else their teeth upon earth, ere they'd within Ilion enter'd.

Now from a great triumph thou'st held me, and easily sav'd them,
For thou know'st well enough that no retribution awaits thee :

20 Sure thou shouldst, if I had but power, atone for it amply.”

So said he, and hasten'd to the town in daring assurance.

In like guise as a horse, that draweth a car on a race-course,
Lightly rushes, 'minishing the space full swiftly before him,
So carry'd him forwards, vehemently, the limbs of Achilles.

25 Here ancient Priam with his eyes was first to behold him,
Where scudding o'er Troy-plain he approach'd, all blazing in
armour.

Like the star i' the time of fruits, whose splendor around it
Outshineth numbers, while midnight's shades are a-waning—

That star men speak of by name as th' hound of Orion—

30 Bright is it exceedingly, but evil plagues it announceth,

And to wretched mortals carrieth sore fever on all sides—
So bore he, glittering with brass, his breast in his onslaught.

- That sight gray Priam witness'd, and lifted his hands up,
Smote his head, and after some murmurs, called to the dear son,
35 Who, set upon mortal conflict, was awaiting Achilles,
In front of Troy-gate : him his aged father accosted,
With both arms outstretch'd, in a broken-voic'd supplication :
“ Hector, wait not alone and aidless—dear son, I ask thee—
For yon man : be upon thy guard, or death will attain thee—
40 From the son of Peleus straightway ; for thou'rt not his equal.
Pest that he is ! would that the supernals held him as I do
In their grace ! very soon to the kites and hounds o' the region
He might yield a repast, might ease my soul of a burthen,
After having made me desolate of so many children,
45 So good-at-arms, slaughter'd or vended in isles at a distance !
Here I know not, again, what he has not done to Lycaon
And Polydor (for amidst our fugitive host they appear not),
Both my Laothoe, that lady supernal, her offspring.
If these then be alive i' the camp, we'll send to redeem them
50 Brass and gold, whereof good store that daughter of Altes
From th' old man brought us ; nor void yet are our habitations.
If they be gone down to the dead, to the darkness of Hades,
Truly to their parents, myself and her, much affliction
'Twould cause, but less of it doubtless to the rest o' the people,
55 Unless thou perishedst likewise by th' hand of Achilles.
But within our bulwarks come away, dear son ; let a remnant
Of sons and daughters be alive yet in Ilion harbour'd ;
And save thy dear life, nor a victory yield thou Achilles.
Yea, pity me likewise, whom Jove with grievous affliction
60 Will kill, in old-age's portals, when on evil of all sorts
I've look'd, sons massacred, daughters carry'd off for a booty,
And bridal chambers desecrate, and speech-lacking infants
Thrown headlong to the ground, exempling war's horrid usage,
And son's wives compass'd by th' hands of abhorred Achaians.
65 Me last, at my door's entrance, will dogs bloody-feeding
With their teeth drag about, when a foe by a dart or a lance-thrust
Has my life ousted : those hounds I've fed to be haunters
Of my board, wardens o' the gate o' my house, they about me
Will then come ravening, till with my blood glutted each one

- 70 Shall lie down i' the porch. Ah ! bravely beseems it a young man,
 When gash'd with keen brass, o'erthrown i' the labor of Ares,
 His body lies outstretch'd : there all is fair that appeareth.
 'Tis not so to behold th' hoar locks and beard of an elder,
 And all parts, given up to the dogs to do outrages on them ;
 75 That sight is wretchedest for man's unblest'd generations."

Here ceas'd old Priam, from his hoar head rending his hair up
 With both hands ; yet in Hector abode his purpose unalter'd :
 And opposite now appear'd, and wept, and wildly lamented
 His mother ; and unwrapp'd her breasts, and one she uplifted
 80 In th' other hand ; then anon through streaming tears she address'd
 him :

- " Hast thou no tenderness, O Hector, dear son, I ask thee,
 For these ? nay pity me, if I e'er to the lull-sorrow bosom
 Have drawn thee ; recollect, dear child ; and from this assailant
 Make our wall screen thee ; but stand not a-field up against him.
 85 Think, that if he slay thee, this pest, I shall never have thee
 On thy bier, darling, to lament, as thy mother oweth,
 Nor she thou broughtest, for so many gifts, to thy household ;
 Far off will rapid hounds 'mid ships of Achaia devour thee."

- Thus they two, weeping, their dear son 'twixt them accosted
 90 With pressing entreaties : yet abode his purpose unalter'd ;
 And ever he waited, while near him approach'd hot Achilles.
 As where some mountain basilisk lays wait for a passer
 In fierce mood from his hole, when dangerous herbs he hath eaten—
 All along his precincts upcoil'd and dreadfully glaring ;
 95 Thus now stay'd Hector, flinchless, with unaw'd resolution,
 By the jutting tower, with a bright shield planted against it ;
 And anon indignant thus his own proud heart he accosted :
 " Ah should I haste inside o' the wall and gate for a shelter,
 Then will Pulydamas foremost find cause to reproach me,
 100 Who bade me bring away the troops tow'rd Ilion homeward
 On that accurs'd evening, which arous'd dire-doing Achilles.
 Too little I mark'd him, though sure it had only behov'd me.
 But, since my nation now is all by my folly ruin'd,
 Since from Trojan alike and long-rob'd Trojaness I now
 105 Must flinch, lest any say that are all unworthy to match me,
 Hector, in his puissance trusting, this people hath undone—

- (Thus they'll talk)—therefore for me 'twere far better, either
 From killing in conflict my foe to return as a victor,
 Or with glory to die myself, my country defending.
- 110 Else if, my bossy shield laid down and ponderous helmet,
 And my spear set against this wall, tow'rd matchless Achilles
 I should go forwards to speak with him, and to surrender
 Both Helen, and with her all that gear, to the last tittle even,
 Which by Alexander's hollow ships within Ilion enter'd
- 115 Erewhile, and which of all our contest made the commencement—
 For the two Atridæ to remove—and if the remaining
 Wealth I should proffer him, that Troy contains, to divide it
 With th' Argives—if an oath upon all my countrymen also
 I laid, that not a whit would they conceal, but abandon
- 120 Half the riches laid up within all our fair habitations—
 But what am I doing, that I hold such a parley within me ?
 For what if I sought him, but he had no mercy to show me
 Nor respect ? he'd slay me unarm'd, unmeet to resist him,
 Even as our women are, when I had mine armour abandon'd.
- 125 Ah ! there's no talking 'twixt us from a rock nor a tree-top !
 There's no talking yfere, as a young man talks with a maiden.
 'Tis better in conflict we meet, and quickly determine
 For which of us meaneth the monarch of Olympus a triumph."

- Thus stood he, and ponder'd, while near him came up Achilles,
- 130 Like as Enyalios grim in arms, 'neath plume-tossing helmet,
 His spear, Pelion-hewn, above his right shoulder upholden
 Dreadfully, while round him the refulgent brass of his armour
 Shone like fire blazing, like unto the sun winning upward.
 Nor view'd untrembling, nor dar'd to remain for him Hector,
- 135 But leaving to the rear that gate, he fled from him headlong ;
 Nor spar'd Pelides with his own swift limbs to rush after.
 As when a hawk flieth, rapidest o' the fowls o' the mountain,
 After a wild wood-dove, when he aye winneth easily tow'rd her,
 And still aloof boundeth she aghast, and he, still approaching,
- 140 Screams 'twixt fierce wing-beats, and 'seize now,' his heart ever
 urges ;
 So ran he impetuous forward, so away from him Hector
 Flinch'd 'neath Troy's bulwarks : their knees were swift as a whirl-
 wind.
 That wind-woo'd sycamore they pass'd, that beacon-hill also,

- From the city's ramparts trending to the road ever outward,
 145 Up to the fair fountains, which twyfold feed the Scamander's
 Deep-eddying waters with streams of a contrary nature.
 One stream hath simmering waters ; and round it a vapor
 Soars, by it engender'd, as though from a fire ruddy-burning ;
 But th' other hath waters like-cold, at midsummer even,
 150 As snows and hailstones, or a surface of ice that is harden'd.
 And 'twixt these rivulets were large washing-houses erected,
 Beautiful and stone-wrought ; and therein wives o' the Trojans
 And delicate daughters had wash'd their bright linen oft-times
 In safe peace whilom, till arriv'd the colleaguèd Achaians.
 155 By these they ran amain, one ahead, one swiftly behind him,
 In front one good-at-arms, but a far better after him hast'ning.
 Nor was't for bull's-hide they ran, nor to earn any victim,
 Nor no prize which among mankind is set for a racer ;
 But for a man's dear life they ran, steed-mastering Hector's.
 160 As clashing-hoov'd horses that around their goal on a race-course
 Rush rapid and vehement, in games at a funeral holden,
 For some goodly reward, for a female slave or a tripod ;
 So rapid on foot around King Priam's great city circled
 Those enemies three times, having all th' high gods to behold them.
 165 These the common parent of gods and men then accosted :
 " Now, perdy, 'tis a man right dear that I have to set eyes on,
 Who round these city-walls is chas'd. My soul upon Hector
 Now rues ; for many times and oft the fat haunches of oxen
 He's for me sacrific'd, whether high within Ilion haply,
 170 Or whether on many-ridg'd mount Ida. Him noble Achilles
 Now rapid on foot around King Priam's great city chaseth.
 But let us hold council, you immortal gods, to determine
 If from death we must liberate, or must we appoint that
 This man, so good-at-arms, fall by Pelidan Achilles."
 175 Him the goddess thereat bespoke, bright-glancing Athena :
 " Father Jove, dark-cloud-canopy'd, thou lord o' the lightnings,
 What mean'st thou ? to redeem and save from abhorr'd dissolution
 This man who is mortal, to the death-doom whilom appointed ?
 Do so ! but never hope we immortals all can approve it."
 180 Thereat cloud-summoning Kronides thus in answer address'd her :
 " Fear not, Tritogenēa, my own dear child ; for in earnest
 I spoke not these things ; my intent is gently to use thee :
 Do now what gratifies thy soul, and hasten about it."

So said he, and spirited to the bent of her own will Athena ;
 185 And forth she started to descend the steep of Olympus ;
 And ever impetuous bore down upon Hector Achilles.
 As when a fawn, driven out from lair by a hound on a mountain,
 Through valley, through thicket, hies hunted, nor at all can evade
 him

In the covert even crouching ; for tracing her always
 190 He pushes on, steadfastly resolv'd at last to detect her ;
 Thus swift Pelides restrain'd from evading him Hector ;
 And ever, as forthright to the Dardan gates he attempted
 And below each strong-built tower to run up for a shelter,
 Hoping that javelins they'd fling from above to protect him,
 195 So many times outstripp'd and intercepted Achilles
 His flight, while keeping to the wall, he forc'd him a-downward.
 And as a wight in a dream cannot overtake him he hunteth—
 Pursuer cannot overtake, pursued can avoid not—
 So could nor this man come away, nor yonder attain him.
 200 And how strove Hector still against his mortal allotment,
 But that in extremest danger stood near him Apollo,
 Both making strong his heart, and limbs with swiftness enabling ?
 Nor ceas'd Pelides beckoning to the people Achaian
 That their sharp javelins they should not loose upon Hector,
 205 For none of his triumph must intervene to deprive him.
 But when now three times and well-nigh a fourth to the fountains
 They came back, then on high Jove's golden scales were erected,
 And two lots therein were plac'd of death's long arrestment,
 For the son of Peleus and for steed-mastering Hector.
 210 He pois'd them with his hand ; down sank the disaster of Hector,
 And weigh'd tow'rd Erebus : then left him Phœbus Apollo.
 Tow'rd the son of Peleus then came bright-glancing Athena,
 And, standing nigh at hand, with wing-borne words thus address'd
 him :

“ Now shall we two, I hope, thou Jove-lov'd, noble Achilles,
 215 With great glory return to the ships of Achaia, when Hector
 Shall lie low, tho' he is with strife uncloyable always.
 He shall avoid no more our hands, though Phœbus Apollo
 Make it a sore grievance, and cling to the knees o' the Father
 Jove Gorgon-buckler'd, and prostrate stoop to befriend him.
 220 But pause, and take thou breath awhile ; and I'll to yon Hector
 Go speak, and persuade him in arms to stand up against thee.”

She spoke ; and well-pleas'd in his heart he obey'd the commandment :

There upon his brass-barb'd ash-lance he lean'd as he halted ;
And she, having quitted him, came up by egregious Hector,

225 As 'twere Deïphobus by his iron voice or his aspect ;

And, standing nigh at hand, with wing-borne words she address'd him :

“ Ah brother, in very deed thou'rt sore bested by Achilles,
Who rapid on foot around King Priam's great city drives thee :
But go to, let us halt, and make a stand to resist him.”

230 And tall plume-tossing Hector address'd and made her an answer :

“ Deïphobus, whilome even most dear have I held thee

Of many my brethren, that sons of Priam are also

And of Queen Hekabē : yet I henceforth dearlier even

Shall prize thee, who alone, my danger seen, to the rescue

235 Hast come, while inside o' the wall still abode the remainder.”

Him the goddess then in answer address'd, bright-glancing Athena :

“ O brother, our gracious parents have dearly besought me,
Each in turn clasping my knees, with friends many round me,
Not to go out ; for of him they stand in sore terror each one :

240 But my soul in me with a rending care was afflicted.

Now let us hie therefore to the fight, and spare not a casting

Of lances, whereby to discern and try, shall Achilles

After having slain us, carry safe our spoils bloody-reeking

Unto the ships, or if him thy lance will sooner have humbled.”

245 So spake, so led him off with fraud's persuasion Athena.

Now but a short distance parted these foemen asunder,

When 'twixt them foremost outspoke tall plume-tossing Hector :

“ From thee, Pelides, I'll flee no more, tho' I even

Round Priam's city thrice have fled, nor have I yet awaited

250 Thine onslaught ; but against thee now my soul hath arous'd me

To stand up, whether I shall gain or yield thee a triumph.

But come now, turn we to the gods (for where is a witness
Trustier, or sanction more holy, to find for agreements ?)—

No foul shames on thee will I heap, if Jupiter aid me

255 To stand last i' the field, and of thy life to deprive thee.

But first I'll seize me thy marvellous armour, Achilles,

And then give th' Argives thy corpse : so do to me also.”

But swift Pelides, obliquely beholding him, answer'd :

- "O with me name not covenants, unabidable Hector!
 260 For never have lions and men been bound by agreements,
 Nor placable concord hath a wolf and sheep yet united;
 But this kind look upon yonder with eternal abhorrence.
 So can no fellowship betwixt us two, nor a treaty
 Be by vows 'stablish'd, until thou or I, by a death-wound
 265 Laid low, shall gratify tough-buckler'd, slaughterous Ares.
 Now therefore recollect all prowess, as only behoves thee;
 Show what a deft spearman thou be'st, and how good a fighter:
 There's no more shelter to be had; now Pallas Athena
 By this lance forthwith shall make thee render atonement
 270 For many my comrades, through thy spear's fury lamented."
 He spoke, and brandish'd till he hurl'd his spear shadow-launching;
 Nor was not well aware Hector, but th' aim he avoided
 With body thrown backward; so in earth to the rear of him enter'd
 That brass lance; but anon 'twas seiz'd and brought by Athena
 275 Tow'rd the son of Peleus: she had Hector's notice eluded;
 And Hector, that pastor of armies, address'd then Achilles:
 "Ha, now thou'st miss'd me, Pelides, peer of immortals,
 Nor from Jove knew'st thou my fate, which I heard thee averring.
 But sure, some cozener thou be'st and fraudulent avauntour,
 280 Who would'st have terrified, and made me of hardy resistance
 Unmindful: wherefore never hope as a fugitive henceforth
 To strike me, but upon my breast, as against thee I hasten,
 If thy god grant it: now avoid thou my weapon only.
 Would that I had rather through thy body made it a pathway;
 285 Much should I have thereby lighten'd war's toils to the Trojans,
 Wert thou but low-laid, for thou'rt their scourge above all men."
 He spoke, and brandish'd till he hurl'd his spear shadow-launching;
 Which the son of Peleus his buckler attain'd i' the midmost:
 It struck it and glanc'd off, to the sore vexation of Hector,
 290 Who saw that the weapon from his hand had flown ineffective.
 He stood aghast; now he had no more any lance ashen-handled:
 He call'd Deïphobus, that prince o' the silvery buckler,
 Loud and long, craving for a lance; but no man appear'd there.
 Then spoke out Hector, for his heart had appris'd him of evil:
 295 "Ah, the divine rulers to the path of ruin have urg'd me!
 Daring Deïphobus, methought, was at hand to support me,
 But sure, he's inside o' the wall: 'twas Athena beguil'd me.
 Now my death's nigh-at-hand, I ween, no more at a distance,

- Nor to be escap'd from : they whilom chose to relieve me,
 300 Jove and Jove's offspring far-working—gracious helpers ;
 But 'tis no more so, the destin'd hour has attain'd me.
 Yet be my downfall at least not ignoble or easy,
 But mark'd by such a deed, as sounds to remote generations.”
 So spake he ; then a sword that broad and ponderous hung down
 305 'Neath his hip he snatch'd out ; and, all his forces assembling,
 Like as where on a cowering hare or a lambkin an eagle
 Welkin-ranging adown through clouds dun-rolling arriveth,
 So sprang forth vehement, wielding that keen weapon, Hector.
 Nor was Pelides not arous'd, but, burning in anger,
 310 Advanc'd ; he'd thrown forth, to defend his bosom, a buckler
 Beautiful and rich-wrought, while fourfold-crested his helmet
 Glanc'd above his temples, bright gold threads dancing around it,
 Which the divine artist had join'd to the cope in abundance.
 And as shineth among the stars, when night is a-waning,
 315 Hesperus, who fairest is of all the stars o' the welkin,
 So from that lance's keen-point shot a gleam, as Achilles
 Pois'd it in his right-hand, tow'rd Hector fatally purpos'd.
 All o'er his fair shape he pried, to select his approaches ;
 And there all the remaining parts were hid below armour
 320 Beautiful and brazen, that slain Patroclus had yielded :
 Bare was one spot alone, where end those bones, the dividers
 Of the neck and shoulders, where death most easily pierces ;
 There downright struck against his throat the spear of Achilles,
 And opposite carry'd out its shining point to the daylight.
 325 Yet not in his windpipe enter'd that brass-heavy lance-point,
 But scope was left him to return to the victor an answer.
 Down he sank to the dust, and o'er him glory'd Achilles :
 “ Didst thou think, Hector, thou would'st be safe, having o'erthrown
 And stripp'd Patroclus ? didst lightly regard me afar off ?
 330 Fool ! for thou leftest me apart, me who had to come after,
 From the galleys deep-hull'd, as a foe far stronger against thee,
 Who thy knees have abas'd : now dogs shall foully deface thee,
 And prey-birds, but Achaia to him give a holy sepulture.”
 Him with faint utterance answer'd pied-plume-tossing Hector :
 335 “ Now by thy parents, thy life, thy knees that I hold by,
 Do thou ne'er give me to the dogs i' th' fleet to devour me ;
 But take my ransom, take brass and gold in abundance,
 Which my honor'd parents will pour thee forth to redeem me ;

- And send my body back, that at home in Troy fellow-townsmen
 340 And wives of citizens may attain in death to lament me.”
 But swift Pelides, obliquely beholding him, answer'd :
 “ Leave my knees, leave my parents, caitiff hound, at a distance.
 Far rather would I have such a heart (thou'st done so against me)
 As to cut in morsels thy flesh, and raw to devour it.
 345 But thine head to release from dogs there's no machination,
 Not though they'd give me tenfold or centuple even
 Thy ransom, promising still further gear in abundance,
 Not though Dardanidan Priam thy weight would amass me
 In gold ; yet not a whit therefore should thy mother have thee
 350 On thy couch to lay out, her dear child, and to lament thee ;
 Thee dogs and prey-birds shall have wholly, to rend thee asunder.”
 Bespoke him then again, dying, pied-plume-tossing Hector :
 “ I look on, and know thee well enough : thine heart is of iron
 Inside thee : wherefore did I hope to obtain any mercy ?
 355 Yet shalt thou recognise the supernal god's visitation,
 Then when Alexander some day with Phæbus Apollo
 By yon gate Scæan shall slay thee, howe'er strong a fighter.”

- He ceas'd ; then Death's veil completely was over him outdrawn ;
 The spirit his body left, and fled to the mansion of Hades,
 360 Mourning her hard fortunes, from youth and lustiness ousted.
 But swift Pelides to the dead man gave yet an answer :
 “ Lie thou slain algates, and let my death come upon me
 When Jove and the remaining immortal gods shall appoint it.”

- He spoke, and tugg'd out o' the corpse his lance heavy-pointed :
 365 Down by him he laid it, then stripp'd the blood-dripping armour
 Off Hector's shoulders ; round whom many troops of Achaians
 Came running and crowding, to behold those comely proportions
 And prince-like lineaments ; for unharm'd they had else not attain'd
 him.

- And many then murmur'd, his neighbours each one accosting :
 370 “ By the divine rulers, we have easier handling of Hector
 Than when at our galleys' ends he kindled fire to devour them.”

Such things each murmur'd, then approach'd and gave him a
 lance-thrust.

Soon, his corpse ransack'd, the swift-footed hero Achilles

- Stood forth, and th' Argives with wing-borne words he accosted :
 375 " O comrades, Danaan captains, and kingly commanders,
 Since Heaven hath given us to defeat this wight, who hath harm'd us
 Sorelier hereunto than hath all his country beside him,
 Come, let us at Troytown go up arm'd, and note the behaviour
 Of those who guard her, to discern what purpose is in them,
 380 And whether, he fallen, they mean th' high town to relinquish,
 Or stand out resolute, although lacking Hector, against us.
 But what am I doing, that I hold this parley within me ?
 Unbury'd, unwept-for, Patroclus lies i' the navy,
 Lies dead, of whom henceforth I ne'er shall lose the remembrance,
 385 While to living mortals I'm join'd, while soul yet is in me.
 Yea, where dead men are out of mind, i' the mansion of Hades,
 I'll there, there even, recollect my sweet fellow-champion.
 But, singing our pæans, come away now, lads of Achaia,
 Back to the ships dark-hull'd, and have the slain man amongst you.
 390 Great triumphs are achiev'd : we've slain that egregious Hector
 Who by Troy's citizens was ador'd on a par with immortals."
 So spake he : then anon contriv'd foul handling of Hector ;
 His feet's rear-tendons 'twixt heel and ankle he open'd,
 And strips of bull's-hide fitted into them, and to the car-frame
 395 Tied them up, and let his head trailing lie on earth to the rearward.
 Then within his chariot clombe he, the rich arms with him holding,
 And his scourge handled, nor loth to start were his horses.
 That body through dust-clouds they dragg'd : of his head was
 apparent
 Black locks only ; but all in dust was sunken his aspect,
 400 So full of all graces whilom, till Jove had allow'd him,
 Fall'n within his country's confines, by foes to be outrag'd.
 All in dust thus his head was drawn : then 'gan to lament him
 His mother ; and upturn was her hair : and down at a distance
 Dropp'd her adorn'd head-gear, when her eyes were fix'd on her
 offspring.
 405 So wail'd him likewise his father Priam, around whom
 Throng'd all their people, to laments and tears given over.
 Nor was not such a woe display'd, as if Ilion even
 Down to the foundations throughout by fire were yfallen ;
 Yea, the wretched father was scarcely refrain'd by his household
 410 When bent in rushing out to the Dardan gates in his anguish.
 Their succor imploring, by name he call'd upon each one

- In turn, as prostrate he roll'd i' the mire o' the pathway :
 " Bear, my friends, with me : your loves must not disallow me
 Singly from our city-gates to go out to the ships of Achaia.
 415 Forth to this insensate, high-handed man will I hasten
 In case he'll reverence my years, and with pity view me
 Hoar-headed, as doubtless Peleus his father appeareth,
 Even he, who gender'd and rear'd him, a pest to the Trojans,
 As for me chiefest a predestin'd author of anguish.
 420 In their life's very prime he's slain me so many children,
 All whom I've mourn'd for less sore, though griev'd to resign them,
 Than mine Hector alone, whose loss to the mansion of Hades
 With sorrow will bring me. To my arms O might he have only
 Come to perish ! then had I myself and his mother o'er him
 425 Our sorrow with wailings and tears unstintedly feasted."

- These he utter'd weeping, Troy's people groaning around him ;
 And Hekabē gave out the lamenting strains to the females :
 " Where shall I henceforward, my child, withdraw sorrow-laden ?
 After having lost thee, that wast within Ilion early
 430 And late mine orisons' burthen : but thou'dst to the Trojans
 And Trojan women all such worth, that they still ador'd thee
 Like the divine powers : thou wast such a pride to the nation,
 While living, until arriv'd thine hour and destiny baneful."

- These she utter'd weeping ; but not to the wife yet of Hector
 435 Had been shown anything : no true word-bearer arriving
 Told her that still abroad outside o' the gates was her husband.
 She, within her tall-roof'd palace-hall withdrawn, was a-weaving
 Her bright web, rich upon both sides with bravery wondrous.
 Then did she, calling to the damsels comelily-braided,
 440 Bid set a great cauldron to the fire, to provide for her Hector
 His warm bath, when again from fight she'd welcome him home-
 ward.

- Ha, shallow wight ! deeming not at all that Pallas, afar from
 Those baths, had brought him to the ground by th' hand of Achilles.
 Now the turret sounded with sobs and voices of anguish ;
 445 All her limbs trembled : she dropp'd her swift shuttle earthward,
 Then spoke out, calling to the damsels comelily-braided :
 " Come follow me, two of you ; must see what's yonder a-doing :
 Hark to the queen's accents : my bosom is all in a tremble ;

Mine heart springs up against my throat, my limbs are a-freezing.
 450 Sure to some of Priam's household there's evil arriving
 Yonder! would that it only my ear less closely regarded.
 Too much am I fearful, lest my brave Hector Achilles
 From Troy be cutting off, and chasing singly before him
 Down to the plain, threat'ning to quench that balefully noble
 455 Prowess, which not amongst our troops would allow his abiding,
 But sent him far out to the van, to the best never yielding."

She spoke, and hurry'd on, Mænad-like, out o' the chamber
 (High was her heart beating), with those two maids in attendance.
 But when she to the wall was arriv'd, where crowds were assembled,
 460 From the turret standing to look out, there saw she her Hector
 Dragg'd outside o' the town, where unto the ships of Achaia
 Unconcernedly dragg'd him along the rapid-footed horses.
 Down on her eyes straightway the shroud of darkness alighted,
 And backward to the ground she sank; her life-spirit ebb'd out;
 465 And far off from her head she cast her glistening head-gear,
 All she wore, coronall, and chains, and well-knitted hair-net,
 And her veil, given her whilom by gold Aphrodita
 That day, when, leaving many gifts, pied-plume-tossing Hector
 From the king Eëtion's household led her off as a consort.
 470 Kinswomen in numbers and kinsmen's wives stood around her,
 Nursing her, as deathwards her affrighted soul was a-sinking;
 Till, drawing breath again, when her heart its force reassembled,
 After groans deep-drawn, her townswomen all she accosted:
 "Woe's me, mine Hector: we are of one destiny sharers,
 475 Thou born in Troytown and Priam's child—I, a daughter
 Of the king Eëtion from Thebæ's lee woody-shelter'd.
 He rear'd me from a child, poor child of an unlucky father!
 Why brought into the world? Lo now to the mansion of Hades,
 Deep within Earth's hollowness, thou'rt gone, thy sad widow leaving
 480 In desolate precincts: and there's our son, still an infant,
 Born to wretched parents us twain: nor wilt thou, O Hector,
 Win for him henceforward, nor for thyself, any vantage.
 Even if he 'scapeth this Achaian war sorrow-laden,
 Yet nothing henceforward but toil and pain can await him,
 485 Since of his own heritage the stranger's hand will amerce him;
 For, when a lad's orphan'd, farewell to coæval associates.
 Then walks he timorous, then tear-distain'd is his aspect;

- And among his father's comrades oft goes he a-weeping,
 And of this man he holds to the robe, of that to the vesture,
 490 Till some one, pitying, may reach him a cup for a moment
 That brings his lip alone, but scarce his mouth any moisture.
 Then one, who has parents yet alive, from company drives him,
 After having stricken him with his hands, and fiercely rebukes him :
 ' Go thine unlucky ways : thy father is here not a messmate.'
 495 So cometh he weeping to me home, to his own widow-parent,
 My child Astyanax, who of old on knees of a father
 With marrow was nurtur'd and with the flock's very fatness ;
 Who, when sleep fell on him, with his idle playing a-weary,
 Couch'd 'neath soft coverings, had th' arms of a nurse to surround
 him ;
 500 So slept he, when his heart was appay'd with dainties abundant.
 Ah now what sufferings, his father lost, will await him,
 This mine Astyanax, as Trojans chose to re-name him,
 For that their long walls and gates thou singly defendedst.
 And must thy body now, 'mid ships prow-curl'd, at a distance
 505 From both thy parents, to the crawling worms be a portion,
 When dogs have fed on it ? There liest thou naked, O Hector !
 While delicate garments of thine and fair to set eyes on,
 By feminine labor well-adorn'd, are in our habitation.
 Now fires consuming shall on all these come to devour them,
 510 Not for thy benefit : for thou'lt never have them about thee,
 But for Troy's citizens and daughters all to revere thee."
 These she utter'd weeping, while round her moan'd her associates.

BOOK XXIII.

THE FUNEREAL GAMES.

THUS they made a lament i' the town ; but th' armies of Argos,
 When they'd come back anew to the ships and wide frith of Helle,
 There began all scattering, starting for his own vessel each one.
 Only the Myrmidonēs were not despatch'd by Achilles,

- 5 But those war-spirited comrades of his own thus address'd he :
 " Swift-hors'd Myrmidonēs, well-approv'd and dear my associates,
 Your solid-hoov'd coursers I'd have you awhile not unharness,
 But let us our chariots and steeds in a circle assemble,
 And mourn Patroclus : to the dead this falls for a portion.
- 10 Then, when we've glutted all our hearts with dreary lamentings,
 Let's go make a repast, having all our horses unharness'd."
 He spoke ; whereat yfere they wail'd, as led them Achilles.
 Thrice round that slain man, sorrowing, they drove the superb-
 man'd
 Steeds, Thētis inciting their hearts to lamenting abundant.
- 15 Then moist were sea-sands, all moist was th' armour of heroes
 With tear-shed—such a man they wail'd, Fear's mighty provider.
 There led Pelides, foremost, the lamentable accents,
 Resting on his comrade's cold bosom his hands blood-ac-
 quainted :
- " All hail, Patroclus ! for in Hades' courts will I hail thee !
- 20 Here beginneth payment now of all I vow'd thee aforetime,
 Namely, that I'd Hector to my hounds raw-feeding abandon,
 Drawn hither, and likewise that twelve fair youths o' the Trojans,
 On thy pyre slaughter'd, should atone for thee to my anger."
- So said he, and therewith contriv'd foul-handling of Hector,
- 25 Whom, in dust prostrate, under the Menætiad hero's
 Couch he thrust : meantime were swift-footed horses unharness'd,
 And bright brass-flashing arms put aside i' the Myrmidon army.
 They muster'd, many thousand strong, to the ships of Achilles,
 And sat, while to them all he parted a savory banquet.
- 30 Now many fair oxen by mortal strokes were a-falling
 Of steel, with many sheep and goats that bleated around them ;
 And many swine, tusk-white and lush with fatness abundant,
 Were through thine element, Hephæstus, pass'd for a roasting,
 So that blood ran around the slain man, deep as a goblet.
- 35 But swift Pelides, meantime, the princes Achaian
 Were leading to visit the commander of hosts Agamemnon
 (Scarce was he importun'd the lamented friend to relinquish).
 But when, thus gone abroad, Agamemnon's tent they had enter'd,
 Then the king his keen-voic'd summoners full promptly commanded
- 40 To bring a great cauldron to the fire, in case that Achilles
 Would be rul'd to wash off the stains of blood from about him :

- But that gainsay'd he with an oath, and stoutly protested :
 " So may Jove hear me, greatest and first of immortals,
 There shall no lavement come at all of water upon me,
 45 Until Patroclus to the fire I've first given over,
 And up-built him a mound, and shorn my locks ; for I have not,
 While to living mortals I'm join'd, to grieve yet again thus.
 Yet must we now awhile to detested night be obedient ;
 But to-morrow morning, thou leader of hosts Agamemnon,
 50 Get me logs furnish'd and hewn, as suits the requirements
 Of the dead, who therewith go down to the light-lacking umbrage :
 So must we bid anon the glutless fire to remove him
 Out of sight, that again may turn our hosts to be active."

- He spoke, and they apace gave ear and heed to the precept.
 55 Hastily they laid out their meats, each company singly,
 And supp'd, their banquet to them all being equally parted,
 And not a soul stinted : but anon, when they'd from among them
 Put thirst and hunger well away, then spread they on all sides,
 And sought their tents out, to repose. But among many comrades,
 60 Near the mickle-roaring sea-surge, lay groaning Achilles,
 In the space clear'd out on a beach that loudly the waves lash'd.
 Sleep was on him fast'ning, confusing his heart's machinations,
 Softly winning round him ; for sorely, by hunting of Hector
 Tow'rd wind-woo'd Troytown, he had all his fair body weary'd :
 65 And thither ill-fated Patroclus's own spirit enter'd,
 Like-tall, with like-beautiful eyes, and like him in all parts,
 Like-voic'd, and wearing what appear'd to be his very raiment ;
 And, standing by Achilles' head, this phantom address'd him :
 " Thou sleepest, ceasing to remember me, my Achilles !
 70 Not whilst I was alive, but dead, thou'st come to neglect me.
 Make haste and bury me, to get Hades' gates to me open'd :
 Souls, that are of dead men the spectres, keep me afar off—
 On yon side the river to commune they will not allow me,
 And I rove, helpless, within Hell's wide-door'd habitations.
 75 Thy right-hand do I also crave : no more to behold thee
 Must I leave Hades, when fire you once have allow'd me.
 Ah ! no more upon earth must we two, apart from associates,
 Sit together, taking counsel, since dreary disaster
 Where to I at birth-hour was assign'd, hath gap'd to devour me.
 80 And thee too, superhuman Achilles—neath the defences

- Of the gallant Trojans thy mortal doom shall attain thee.
 But this too will I ask and crave, if kindly thou hearken :
 Bestow thou not apart my bones from thine, O Achilles,
 But together, seeing that of old i' the same habitations
- 85 We twain were nurtur'd, from when my father amongst you
 Out of Opus sent me, with a deed homicidal attained.
 That son of Amphidamas I'd kill'd (I was but a child then,
 Nor meant him such a hurt) in a game of quoits when offended.
 Then the gallant Peleus, thy father, kindly receiv'd me,
- 90 And nurtur'd in his house, and bade me be thy assistant.
 Let then a last covering be shar'd—thine amphora golden
 Which thy stately mother gave thee—by both of us also.”
 And the son of Peleüs hereat bespoke him in answer :
 “ Ah, why dost thou appear, thou lov'd and gracious aspect ?
- 95 Why give me manifold instructions ? well do I hearken,
 And will perform them to the last, and not disobey thee.
 But come hither closer, that awhile embracing, if only,
 We may both glut alike our hearts with dreary lamentings.”
 So spake he, then abroad he stretch'd both arms to the phantom,
- 100 Nor reach'd it ; but adown that soul, i' the guise of a vapor,
 Shrank with a faint outcry : then arose, astounded, Achilles,
 And together struck his hands, and spoke thus amidst his asso-
 ciates :
- “ Lo ! within hell's mansions even there's left us a remnant,
 Our soul, our likeness, but an unsubstantial appearance.
- 105 The spirit of luckless Patroclus hath here stood a-wailing
 And moaning to me all this night, and told me of all things
 Point by point, bearing to himself so amazing a likeness.”
- He spoke, and fasten'd the desire to lament on his hearers,
 So that rose-finger'd Day-dawn still found them a-wailing
- 110 Round the dead and lost one. But now did great Agamemnon
 Send mules and men abroad, outside o' the camp, upon all sides,
 For the wood ; and with them was a champion trusty to lead them,
 Warlike Meriones, the king Idomeneus's assistant.
 These thus went forward, carrying their wood-cutting axes
- 115 And their ropes well-twin'd : they caus'd their mules to precede
 them.
 And right up many banks, or adown, athwart or abreast them,
 They trudg'd : but when anon they'd reach'd of fountainous Ida

The spurs, then fell they with brass long-bladed a-hewing
Its oaks tall-crested, which on earth were noisily falling.

- 120 Then lopp'd were tree-trunks and bound to the mules by Achaians,
Who to the plain hasten'd their beasts, with alacrity passing
Each thicket, and 'minishing the space right quickly before them.
Each o' the men likewise, that had hewn, took a load to remove it,
As bade Meriones, the king Idomeneus's assistant.
- 125 On the strond then it all was cast, i' the place that Achilles
For Patroclus's and for his own last home had elected.

- But when their timber they had heap'd all round in abundance,
There together seated they abode in a host ; but Achilles
Gave a command forthwith to the martial Myrmidon army,
130 They should brass-clad appear, themselves, and each man his horses
Harness in his chariot : so in haste they girt them in armour ;
And within each chariot they clomb, man-at-arms with assistant—
Their chariots foremost, then a cloud of foot to the rearward,
Countless troops, carrying the slain Patroclus among them.
- 135 All their heads shearing, they strew'd the deceas'd with abundance
Of tresses, and embracing his head came noble Achilles
Heart-stricken, as such a friend complete to the shades he attended.

- Thus when they'd brought him to the place foreshown by Achilles,
They laid him then adown, and pil'd up logs in abundance.
- 140 But swift Pelides meantime new purposes harbour'd :
Near the body station'd, he shore his locks' yellow masses,
Long-grown, which the river Sperchēus whilom awaited.
Then said he, indignant, looking out to the sea's livid heavings :
“ In vain, Sperchēus, Peleus my father appointed
145 I should, when come again yonder to the coasts o' the dear land,
Bring thee my crop of hair, and therewith a great hecatomba,
And at thy fountains sacrifice rams fifty, the breeders
Of flocks, where standeth thy fane with an odorous altar.
So pray'd old Peleus ; but his heart's wish thou'st not accomplish'd.
- 150 Now, since I never am to return to the coast o' the dear land,
My shorn hair followeth to the shades the Menœtiad hero.”

He spoke ; then fill'd he with his hair the belov'd fellow-champion's
Hands, and spread the desire to lament upon all men around him.
Yea, thus might sundown have arriv'd, and found them a-wailing ;

- 155 But the son of Peleus now approach'd, and urg'd Agamemnon :
 " Hark to me, Atrides, for thou this people Achaian
 Wilt best prompt ; to lament too much may weary them even :
 Disperse them from about our pyre, and bid them a banquet
 Set forth, but let them to the corpse leave *us* that a dearer
 160 Concernment have in it : their chiefs should abide with us also."
 And when thus was address'd the commander of hosts Agamemnon,
 Straight to the ships even-structur'd his people he hasten'd,
 So that alone mourners linger'd, who logs began heaping.
 They built up then a pyre of a hundred feet along each side,
 165 And put on its topmost that corpse, their hearts sorrow-laden ;
 And many sheep well-flesh'd, and horn-curl'd, hoof-dragging oxen
 Were flay'd, and set in order around ; and martial Achilles
 Carv'd out their fatty parts, and round his friend's body wrapp'd
 them,
 Head to foot ; and pil'd up their flay'd bodies under on all sides :
 170 And oil and honey-jars he rang'd close up to the bedside,
 Still weeping : then in haste he thrust four neck-massive horses
 Into the pyre, sorrowing full loud : and out o' that hero's
 Nine tame hounds, two were by Achilles join'd to the carnage—
 And twelve sons good-at-arms of Trojan sires mickle-hearted,
 175 Whom, brass-pierc'd, to the pyre he gave, still vengefully purpos'd.
 Then the steel'd vehemence of fire he arous'd to devour them ;
 And then again groan'd he, calling the belov'd fellow-champion :
 " All hail, Patroclus, for in Hades' courts will I hail thee !
 Here beginneth payment now of all I vow'd thee aforetime ;
 180 Here near thee slaughter'd are twelve fair youths o' the Trojans,
 Whom fire shall with thee consume : but Priamid Hector
 Shall not be given up to flame, but dogs to devour him."

 So spake he menacing ; yet ne'er came dogs upon Hector ;
 But from them screen'd him that child of Jove, Aphrodita,
 185 Night and day : she had eke rose-hued ambrosial ointment
 Pour'd on him, and therewith she kept his dragg'd body gashless.
 And dark clouds from on high were brought by Phæbus Apollo
 Down to the soil, whereby the space he rested on, wholly
 Was cloak'd, lest anywise too soon the skin should about his
 190 Limbs and thewes wither up, 'neath Daylight's splendid effulgence.
 But 'neath Patroclus when a fire was tardily kindling,
 Then to novel counsels the rapid-footed hero Achilles

- Turn'd, and standing aloof he call'd two winds to the death-pyre,
Both Zephyr and Aquilo, promising them splendid oblations ;
- 195 Yea, pouring from a golden bowl, he dearly besought them
To spare no diligence, but bring to an end the cremation
Of corpse and of pyre. To the vow gave heed rapid Iris,
And carry'd her tidings to the winds, who yfere were assembled
With fierce-breath'd Zephyrus to carouse : there Iris approach'd
them,
- 200 Entering his doorway stone-lin'd : nor sooner appear'd she
Then they rose in a group, and each one call'd her anear him.
Yet would she not abide nor sit ; but of all she appris'd them :
“ Nay, no seat ! I again must turn to the deep-running Ocean,
Where with great offerings Ethiopia's hosts are adoring
- 205 All the divine rulers : I alike must there be a sharer
Of their burnt-sacrifice. But a pray'r was breath'd by Achilles
For Zephyr and roaring Boreas : and splendid oblations
He's vow'd he'll grant you for a boon, to speed the cremation
Of yon Patroclus, that Achaia's sons are a-wailing.”
- 210 She, thus having spoken, withdrew ; but they with a monstrous
Turmoil rose, chasing the collected clouds to the vanward.
Then to the sea-surges they rush'd, and rous'd with a pealing
Blast the superb element : then deep-gleb'd Troas attain'd they,
And to the pyre hasten'd, and set fierce blazes a-roaring.
- 215 And hither and yonder the flames all night oscillated
'Neath their shrill breathings ; and all night long did Achilles
Take from a gold wine-jar cupfulls (in a cup double-handled)
Of wine, and pour them to the ground, and drench it around him,
The spirit of miserably-slain Patroclus accosting.
- 220 And as a poor father for a son, that dies when a bridegroom,
And leaves his parents desolate—with no less of anguish
Mourn'd now Pelides, whilst fire the belov'd fellow-champion's
Bones crumbled : so apace he groan'd, so crept to the death-pile.
But when Day's harbinger on earth at length was emerging,
- 225 Whom yellow-rob'd Day-dawn, spreading o'er the brine, follows
after,
Then that fire dwindled, and flame no more was apparent.
Then those winds turn'd them to go home, and flew to the surges
Of Thrace, which bellowing they rais'd in a frothy commotion.
But the son of Peleus that pyre quitted, and, very weary,

- 230 Turn'd elsewhere to repose, where sweet sleep speedily reach'd him.
 And erelong many folk were around th' Atridæ assembling,
 Whose clamor and movements, at their encounter, arous'd him ;
 Then, sitting half upright, he address'd, and spoke thus among
 them :
 " Atrides, and princes of all the colleaguèd Achaïans,
 235 Now let us extinguish with dusk wine first the cremation,
 Whereso fire's vehemence hath reach'd ; and then let us all yon
 Bones of Patroclus, the Menœtiad hero, assemble,
 Making a due difference : but it is not uneath to discern them,
 Since on that death-pyre's very midst they lay ; but around them
 240 Lay the men and horses, that yfere were burnt, at a distance ;
 Place those same in an urn of gold, with about them a layer
 Of thick fat, till I eke shall stoop to the darkness of Hades.
 And 'tis no splendid monument I'd bid you erect him,
 But fitting and moderate. Then again surviving Achaïans
 245 Loftier and broader may some day build, when Achilles
 Shall no more i' the midst o' the ships many-tier'd be amongst you."

- Thus swift Pelides them address'd ; and they were attentive :
 First with wine's dark juice throughout they quench'd the cremation,
 Whereso flame had attain'd, and deep ashes under had upgrown.
 250 Then the belov'd comrade's white bones they sadly collected ;
 These they plac'd in an urn of gold, with fat spread about them,
 And brought them to the tent, and veil'd with soft woolly textures.
 Then they trac'd him a tomb, and round his pyre they erected
 Its base ; and then apace heap'd earth on it ; and having ended
 255 His monument, were about to retire. But a-field did Achilles
 Keep the men all muster'd, and op'd a spacious arena ;
 And prizes took he out o' the ships, fair plate, many cauldrons,
 And with mules coursers, and strength of laboring oxen—
 Stately women likewise, and hoary steel in abundance.
 260 Then to the fleet charioteers were splendid prizes appointed—
 First a woman-captive, that of all fine works was a mistress,
 Also a vase double-helv'd and twenty-and-two-measure-holding.
 Then to the next foremost was a mare display'd for a guerdon,
 Six years old, teeming with a mule, herself yet unharness'd ;
 265 Then was a fair cauldron tender'd and four-measure-holding
 Unto the third charioteer, new still with brightness unalter'd.
 Then two mighty talents of gold to the fourth man in order ;

- And even to the fifth was a bowl double-op'ning apportion'd.
 Then stood up, and spoke out, amid Argos's armies, Achilles :
- 270 " Hear me, O Atridan sovereigns, O brass-clad Achaians,
 Here now for charioteers are prizes piac'd in arena ;
 And if 'twere any else, save *he*, that caus'd this assemblage,
 Truly the first guerdons I would myself carry tentwards,
 Since how my coursers excel, that's known to you each one—
- 275 They were immortal-born, and with them mighty Posidon
 Gifted my father Peleus, for of him did I hold them.
 Yet sure I shall abide, and keep the good horses inactive,
 Now they've lost such a master's hand and of such a gentle
 Driver, who hath many times their manes with moisturous unguents
- 280 Steep'd, after cleansing with water's lucid effusions.
 Him they stand mourning : to the ground their manes' rich abundance
 Flows, and they motionless abide, their hearts sorrow-burthen'd.
 But now make ready there, whoe'er i' the camp of Achaia
 Trusteth in his well-join'd equipage and hard-footed horses."
- 285 So spake Pelides : then anon charioteers were assembled.
 First by far uprose Eumelus, a prince of a people,
 Being Admetus's heir, who among charioteers was a master.
 Next rose armipotent and Tydeus-born Diomedes ;
 And Trojan coursers did he harness, taken aforetime
- 290 When bold Æneas from his arm was snatch'd by Apollo.
 Next rose, and led away to the field his swift-footed horses
 Th' Atridan, Jove-lov'd sovereign, yellow-hair'd Menelaus ;
 And two steeds, Agamemnon's Ætha, and also Podargus
 He fasten'd (of his own) to the yoke. That mare Echepolus,
- 295 Offspring of Anchises, once own'd, and gave Agamemnon
 As ransom, that abroad to the siege of towery Troytown
 He might not summon him, but at ease might leave him abiding.
 Jove had great opulence bestow'd on him ; and his abode was
 Broad-marted Sicyon. Such a mare did now Menelaus
- 300 Lead, herself coveting the strife, to the car to be harness'd.
 Fourth a son of Nestor, that brave Neleadan elder's
 Lusty young Antilochus, put in harness mane-swaggering horses,
 Swift and of Pylian lineage : meantime had approach'd him
 His father, prudently to warn not an unready learner :
- 305 " In faith, Antilochus, both Jove and mighty Posidon

- Have favor'd thee of old, and gave thee in all charioteering
 Mastery. 'Tis little I therefore have need to direct thee,
 For thou canst compass well a goal ; but least rapid horses
 Of them a-field hast thou : therein, methinks, is a mischief.
- 310 Yon steeds are fleetest, I say ; but scarcely the riders
 Are better instructed than thou thyself to manœuvre.
 Go to : set therefore thy mind on adroitness of all sorts,
 My friend, lest any man slip by thee away to the prizes.
 Not by strength triumphs, but adroitness, a wood-cutter even ;
- 315 So the ship is rescued, by a pilot's hand, thro' adroitness,
 On the livid sea-surge, when arous'd by winds to devour it :
 So too doth charioteer excel charioteer by adroitness.
 But steeds and chariot when a wight exclusively trusteth,
 He'll hither and yonder go about, unwarily wheeling,
- 320 And uncheck'd let his horses rove i' the midst o' the race-course.
 But the skill'd charioteer, when he holds inferior horses,
 Looks to the mark always, and drives in close, nor allows he
 To slip him his moment, the bull-hide-cut reins to pull inward,
 But keeps them well in hand, and his precursor he always
- 325 Is ready to steal on. Now about thy goal to direct thee
 By manifest tokens, which will not elude thy attention—
 There's a dry stem on earth, six feet of soil spreading over—
 Oak it is, or pine-wood, nor comes by rain to corruption ;
 And white stones, one at each extreme o' the trunk, are erected
- 330 In the narrow'd roadway ; but smooth is th' area round it.
 Here perchance was a tomb up-built of a man long ago dead,
 Or for a mark, very like, it serv'd in a past generation.
 Now the son of Peleus has made it a goal to the racers :
 Make this thine object then amain, and bring very near it
- 335 Thy car and horses ; but lean thou a jot to the leftward
 On thy lithe chariot ; then allow full rein to the right-hand
 Steed, and incite him with a shout and lash to push onward ;
 But bring thy left horse closer to the goal, till against it
 Thy well-wrought wheel-tire threat'neth to grate ; yet avoid thou
- 340 That jar, lest shaming thyself, thou afford thy opponents
 Grounds of mirth, by a car destroy'd and laming of horses.
 But since thou'st judgment, my friend, be warily guided,
 Since, if close to the goal thou attain, to shut out thy opponent,
 He'll no more catch thee by a rush, nor give thee a by-slip,
- 345 No, not if he follow'd up, driving that splendid Orion,

Whilom of Adrastus, the swift steed sprung from Olympus,
Or this land's choicest, those Laomedontian horses."

Thus when he had spoken, sat again the Gerenian elder,
Nestor, having tutor'd his son thus in all the devices.

350 Fifth put Meriones the superb-man'd horses in harness.

Then charioteers mounted ; then lots were mix'd, which Achilles
Drew forth ; and that of Antilochus came first to the daylight
(Nestorid Antilochus) ; then Prince Eumelus's after ;
Next had Meriones his place, and last i' the number,

355 Being best charioteer, was Tydeus-born Diomedes.

They stood forth in a line ; then a goal was mark'd by Achilles
In the level champaign far off ; and there, as an umpire
Of that field, station'd to report the truth o' the riders,
Was god-like Phœnix, his father's former assistant.

360 Then rais'd their lashes up those five charioteers in a moment,

And let fall upon each his steeds, and, lustily shouting,
Incited them : away they rush'd, and swiftly behind them,
From the galleys tending, they cast that plain, flinging upward
Dust, like clouds to behold, or like to the path of a whirlwind.

365 Then were manes, i' the gusts o' the wind, spread abroad to the
rearward,

And chariots now adown upon earth's many-nurturing acres
Swept, and now sprang aloft up in air, each reiner of horses
Standing up on mounture, while hearts for mastery thirsting
Throbb'd within each bosom, still as each man cheer'd up his horses

370 With shouts, their rapid hooves scouring that arena before them.

But when trod the returning track those swift-footed horses
Back to the white breakers, then anon the prowess of each one
Was seen : their powers they strain'd ; and soon the good horses
Of the Pherētiadan cavalier to the front were emerging.

375 Then those male Troy-bred coursers, that drew Diomedes

Came pressing, and not afar, perdy, but barely behind him ;
For still on his chariot they appear'd in the act of ascending ;
And upon his shoulders' broad blades, and 'twixt them, abundant
Roll'd hot breaths, as on him they lean'd, with flying head, over.

380 Yea, they'd now got ahead perchance, or abreast would have
enter'd,

But that with Diomed much offended, Phœbus Apollo

- His bright scourge wrested from his hand ; whereat, to resentment
 Stung, the son of Tydeus had his eyes with tears running over,
 Seeing his antagonist's coursers rushing hotlier onward,
 385 While helplessly, without the scourge, did his own follow after.
 But to defend Diomed from Apollo's guile was attentive
 Pallas, for straightway she approach'd that pastor of armies,
 And the scourge in his hands restor'd, and fir'd up his horses
 With zeal : then came she to Admetus's heir in her anger,
 390 And broke his chariot's cross-yoke, and sent the good horses
 Out o' the road straggling : yea, on earth came splintering eftsoons
 His pole, and headlong by his own wheel's side fell he over.
 Gor'd were his arms, nostrils, and mouth ; and, over his eyebrows,
 All the forehead's convex was bruis'd : then tears did his aspect
 395 Bathe ; and his mellow voice i' the gates of breath was arrested.
 But the son of Tydeus ran ahead with his hoof-clanging horses,
 And sprang clear to the front o' the rest : for th' horses Athena
 With vigor inspirited, to the triumph speeding him onward.
 Next came th' Atridan sovereign, yellow-hair'd Menelaus ;
 400 Then follow'd Antilochus, the paternal steeds thus accosting :
 " Now tug it, and do me your utmost ; nor shall I ask you
 With martial Diomed's chariot to come up, sith Athena
 Lends him pre-eminence, and unto the victory wings him.
 But catch up, and be you not foil'd, Menelaus's horses,
 405 And quick, or else *Æthe*, yon *mare*, with opprobrium henceforth
 Will load you : why are ye content, my joys, to be outdone ?
 But to you I promise here—and well the result shall avouch me—
 That never henceforward Nestor, that pastor of armies,
 Shall feed you, but against your lives keen brass will he handle
 410 Soon, if through negligence our prize fall short o' the foremost.
 But pursue them amain, exert your speed to the last pitch,
 And trust me to devise, myself, and find a manœuvre,
 And at some narrow pass shut him out ; he shall not avoid me."

- These he utter'd ; whereat they awhile hurry'd hotlier onward,
 415 By their chief's reprimand terrified. Then mark'd he a corner,
 This bold Antilochus, whereat the depress'd narrow roadway
 Was broken by a fall of ground ; for in autumn a conflux
 Of waters had abas'd this part, and over a margin
 Burst down. Here Menelaus arriv'd, who a clash was avoiding
 420 Of cars ; and outside o' the road, and just thus obliquely

After him Antilochus pursued with his hoof-clanging horses ;
 But sore was Menelaus alarm'd, and hail'd his opponent :
 " Rein them in, Antilochus ! whither art thou madly careering ?
 'Tis narrow there ! pass me by a broader road any moment !

425 Else thou wilt, hurtling chariots, do both us a mischief."
 He spoke ; Antilochus nathless drove hotlier onward,
 And plied his whip amain, and show'd not a sign that he heard
 him.

And as far as a disk, o' the sort from a man's very shoulder
 Discharg'd, goes flying, when a young man proves his attainments,
 430 So that pair followed up : but aloof Menelaus's horses
 Started, as he likewise their speed had ceas'd to be urging,
 Lest the gallant coursers i' the midst o' the road should have
 hurtled,

And their lithe chariots o'erthrown, and both men adownward
 Have launch'd, competitors for splendid victory vying.
 435 Yet thus ahead, chiding, call'd out yellow-hair'd Menelaus :
 " Antilochus, no man can match thee on earth for a nuisance !
 Go thine unlucky ways : thou'rt falsely reputed amongst us
 Shrewd ; yet thou'lt forfeit this, or else wilt swear for it : hear'st
 thou ? "

So much having spoken, thus aloud he call'd on his horses :
 440 " Now for no slackness, no abiding dismally downcast !
 For not so long a while their hooves and thewes will avail them
 As may yours, nor is either o' them by youth not abandon'd."
 So said he, and straightway the steeds rush'd hotlier onward,
 By such a call frighten'd, and ground were quickly retrieving.
 445 And now, where Danaans were array'd, intently beholding
 The steeds, whose rapid hooves upswept that arena before them,
 Crete's prince, Idomeneus, distinguish'd horses approaching,
 He foremost, who aloft on a bank outside o' the race-course
 Was sitting, and recognis'd one rider afar by his accents ;
 450 And a steed i' the front he mark'd, of a noble appearance,
 Being bay-color all, except that on his forehead only
 There was a white circlet, which appear'd o' the moon's very
 likeness.

Then stood he, and spoke out thus among the collected Achaians :
 " O my friends, Danaan sovereigns, and princely commanders,
 455 Tell me, stand I alone to discern those horses amongst you ?

- For different horses, methinks, now appear i' the foremost,
 And another charioteer; for sure on those o' the rider
 Who yonder was ahead must some mischance have alighted.
 Yet first I saw them dash around that goal of a surety;
 460 Now cannot I trace them, tho' about Troy's plain upon all sides
 Mine eyes inquisitive wander: no doubt from his handling
 His reins dropp'd i' the part which had all his mastery needed.
 He's thrown! his chariot must now be broken asunder,
 And his steeds outside o' the course have rush'd in a wildness.
 465 But rise, and look abroad yourselves, for aright can I hardly
 Distinguish; but if I should judge, methinks 't is a ruler
 Of Danaan cavaliers, of a great Ætolian household,
 That son of horse-puissant Tydeus, the strong Diomedes."
 But with taunts answer'd him Oïleus-born rapid Ajax:
 470 "Idomeneus, why of old art thou such a prater? afar off
 The steeds are galloping, be assur'd, o' the man thou upholdest;
 And amid all Argives thou'rt not so nearly the youngest,
 Nor such a keen eyesight is thine above all the remainder:
 But thou mak'st always much ado, tho' it hardly behoves thee
 475 That thou so swaggerest: we have who surpass thee amongst us.
 But those same coursers are ahead, that were so aforetime,
 And that is Eumelus yonder, their reins who is handling."
 Thereupon Idomeneus, Crete's leader, in anger address'd him:
 "Thou foul-tongued Ajax, best hand at a brawl 'mid Achaians,
 480 And else of no account; such a mind ungentele is in thee!
 Come, let us here bet on it, be it either an urn or a goblet,
 And make our umpire the commander of hosts, Agamemnon,
 As to the first horses: thou'lt be by losing a learner."
 Thus spoke he, then approach'd him Oïleus-born rapid Ajax,
 485 Fierce, and intending with taunts to return him an answer;
 And soon their bickerings had been more furious even,
 But the son of Peleus now arose, and them thus accosted:
 "Ajax, Idomeneus, do not contend any longer
 With scornful language: 'tis a thing that scarcely beseems you;
 490 And if others wrangled, you'd not be last to rebuke them.
 Sit down, and look abroad, and watch the steeds i' the race-
 course
 Yourselves, and in a trice they'll come, for victory vying,
 Up tow'rd us: then aright from amongst all steeds of Achaians
 You'll know which cometh in foremost, and which cometh after."

- 495 He spoke ; and Diomed very near them arriv'd in a moment,
 Plying off his shoulders the scourge, while high the good horses
 Came galloping, 'minishing the space right quickly before them ;
 And on their charioteer many clots of dust were alighting ;
 And his car, rich-adorn'd with gold and white metal, after
 500 Those rapid-hoov'd coursers follow'd hard ; and scarcely behind
 them
 Could their wheels' borders i' the fine dust leave any traces.
 Thus they came in again, flying, to the bounds o' the race-course ;
 And he rose i' th' arena's midst, while sweat from his horses,
 From their manes ran adown, and from their breasts in abundance.
 505 Quickly from his burnish'd chariot with a leap he alighted,
 And put against car-yoke his scourge ; nor left he inactive
 Armipotent Sthenelus, for in haste they went to the prizes ;
 And followers good-at-arms to remove the tripod he order'd
 And the woman-captive : meantime the steeds he unharness'd.
 510 Nestorid Antilochus follow'd after him, urging his horses,
 Who by guile, not a whit by speed, had past Menelaus :
 Yet near him Menelaus again sped his own rapid horses.
 As near as to the wheels is a horse, who a guide of a people
 Draweth in his chariot, scudding o'er some plain, when a wheel-rim
 515 Just brusheth his nearest tail-hairs, and closely behind him
 Runs, leaving little open space, though aloof should he hasten ;
 Thus tall Antilochus to the rearward left Menelaus,
 Thus far, but sometime had a quoit's throw nearly between them
 Interv'en'd, for apace he made up ground ; the superb-man'd
 520 Æthe, lord Agamemnon's mare, so splendidly serv'd him.
 And if they'd 'twixt them lengthen'd their race any further,
 He'd have pass'd, no doubt, and had not abreast of him enter'd.
 But brave Meriones, the king Idomeneus's assistant,
 Was left one lance-throw to the rear of fam'd Menelaus,
 525 For slowest had his horses been, and all his opponents
 As charioteers, likewise, surpass'd him upon that arena.
 Yet came last o' the five Eumelus, Admetus's offspring,
 On the batter'd chariot, the steeds in front of him urging.
 Him then with pity saw the swift-footed hero Achilles ;
 530 Up stood he, and th' Argives with wing-borne words thus accosted :
 " Here's our best charioteer that last cometh urging his horses !
 But let us all yield him such a guerdon as only beseems him ;
 Be Diomed foremost, and he next after him only."

- He spoke, and with applause that assembly receiv'd the proposal.
 535 Eumelus would have had that mare by assent of Achaïans,
 But the son of Nestor, that bold Neleadan elder's
 Hardy young Antilochus, now arose to plead with Achilles :
 " Nay, thou wilt much offend me, Achilles, if this averment
 Thou fulfil : shall I have to give up my guerdon, I ask thee,
 540 Truly because this man's chariot with those rapid horses
 Broke down ? well, first-rate is his hand ; but he ought to the
 powers
 Have pray'd, that latest he might not ha' been o' the number ;
 And if thou pityest his case, and if to relieve him
 Content thee, then about thy tent there's gold in abundance,
 545 Brass, and thralls feminine ; there's flocks, and hard-footed horses,
 From which take any day some greater prize for him even,
 Or give it him straightway, that Achaïa's sons may applaud thee ;
 But this mare will I hold myself ; and whoso opposeth
 My claims, he shall against these hands maintain the pretension."
 550 So said he ; and smiling did Achilles swift-footed hear him,
 Favoring Antilochus, for he held him dear as a comrade,
 And with words wing-borne he anon thus address'd him in answer :
 " If 'tis a new guerdon thou'dst have t' Eumelus awarded,
 Antilochus, which I have to produce, I yield to this also :
 555 He'll have a brass breastplate ('twas plunder of Asteropæus)
 Gay with a bright roundure of white metal over about it ;
 And mickle advantage thereby may accrue to the wearer."
 He spoke, and order'd to produce it his own good attendant,
 Automedon ; wherefore he went, and speedily brought it
 560 Tow'rd Eumelus's hands, nor had he no joy to receive it.

- But 'mid these Menelaus arose, a man angrily minded,
 Sorely with Antilochus displeas'd ; eftsoons an attendant
 Deck'd with a sceptre his hand, and call'd upon all the surrounding
 Argives for silence ; then amongst them spoke the divine man :
 565 " Antilochus, what is it thou'st done, thou shrewd lad aforetime ?
 Thou'st my honor stolen, my steeds unfairly retarding
 By thrusting to the front thine own, which are all too unequal.
 But look on it, sovereigns Argive and princely commanders,
 And impartially judge betwixt, nor screen of us either,
 570 Lest any man some day to the brazen-plated Achaïans
 May say, By falsehoods Menelaus oppress'd his opponent,

Antilochus, to get hold o' the mare ; since worse were his horses,
But more prowess in arms, more power had he to support him.
Look, leave me to decide myself : I say, no Achaian

575 My judgment will arraign ; I'll only pronounce what is equal.
Come to me, Antilochus Jove-lov'd, in front o' thy horses
And of thy chariot, come stand up (adhere to precedent)
With thy lithe whip in hand, which thou'st employ'd i' the race-
course ;

Then touch both coursers, and swear by mighty Posidon,
580 That not wilfully, nor by fraud, thou rann'st in upon me."
And shrewd Antilochus thereat thus address'd him in answer :
" Nay, but bear with me, for I have not, King Menelaus,
Thy years, not by a deal, nor in arms art thou less afore me ;
And thou know'st young men's conceits to be easily lifted ;
585 Therefore be patient : I too that mare will abandon
Whom I gain'd ; yea, if aught that I have, though costlier even,
Thou wert but to demand, I'd forthwith choose to resign it
Rather, Jove-nurtur'd Menelaus, than that I always
Should thy grace forfeit, setting eke the divine kin against me."

590 So much having spoken, great Nestor's son then abandon'd
That mare in Menelaus's hands ; and thereat his anger
Was mollified, as on ears of corn when dews are alighting,
In fields heav'n-prosper'd, i' the time o' the bristling of harvest.
In such guise was appeas'd in his heart Menelaus's anger ;

595 And anon, exclaiming, with wing-borne words he address'd him :
" Now will I, Antilochus, give way to thee also, abating
Mine anger ; for of old I know thee neither a wrangler
Nor perverse, not if e'en young blood gain'd mastery lately :
Yet better henceforward not attempt to defraud one of higher
600 Count than thine, seeing that among the remaining Achaians
I might unto none else have been so placable haply.
But for me many things thou'st borne, and hardily likewise
Thy veteran father's labor'd, and thy brother also ;
And therefore I allow the demand, and freely resign thee
605 This mare, in very deed mine own, whereby this assembly
May be sure, that I am not proud or churlish in humor."

So said he, and gave up that mare to Noemon, a comrade
Who follow'd Antilochus : but a shining tripod acquir'd he.
Then took Meriones, fourth-priz'd as fourth in arena,

610 His two mighty talents of gold ; but a cup double-op'ning,
 Was left intended for a fifth man : this did Achilles
 Take Nestor to the midst, when approaching he had thus address'd
 him :

“ Take this now, veteran, to be in thy store a remembrance
 Of Patroclus in his last home ; for thou'st to behold him
 615 No more 'mid warriors Argive ; and now do I hand thee
 This prize with no ado : for thou'lt not strive as a wrestler,
 Nor wilt box, nor a lance wilt throw, nor prove i' the race-course
 Thy speed, since Old-age with his hindering hands hath attam'd
 thee.”

So said he, and handed that prize, which gladly receiving,
 620 Nestor with wing-borne utterance thus in answer address'd
 him :

“ Aye, my child, true is all thou say'st, and timelily noted,
 For no longer have I firm limbs ; nor alert any longer
 Are my feet, nor is each rapid arm I've launch'd from a shoulder.
 O that I had yet again such youth, such thewes to rely on,
 625 As when that stalwart Amarynces' bones by Epeians
 In their Buprasium were inurn'd, and when by his offspring
 Games were for the monarch set afoot ! then neither Epeians
 Could stand, nor Pyliaus, nor bold Ætoli against me.
 I worsted, boxing, Clytomedes, offspring of Enops :
 630 Anceus stood against me in vain, from Pleuro, a wrestler ;
 And Iphiclus, a man well-approv'd, I pass'd as a racer,
 And then again vanquish'd both Phyleus and Polydorus
 With spears : at chariot-racings was I only defeated
 By the two Actoridæ, for number gave them a vantage,
 635 When to the last, greatest prizes they grudg'd my attaining.
 They rode one chariot ; one had only the reins which he handled,
 Reins in his hands always, while lash'd and cheer'd his associate.
 Such was I, ah long ago ! but now let a new generation
 Enter upon contests like these, since wearisome Old-age
 640 Keeps me back ; yet have I once held my rank among heroes.
 But go thou, celebrate thy games, and give thy associate
 All honor ; and well-pleas'd I'll take thy gift, sith it inly
 Brings gladness to my heart, that thou should'st kindly remember
 My good-will tow'rd thee, nor at all is my reputation
 645 Unnotic'd by thee, that I ought to possess 'mid Achaïans.
 Heav'n be pleas'd, therefore, to thy own content to requite thee.”

He spoke ; then back among the troops of Achaia departed
Pelides, having heard this praise o' the Nelead elder's.

Then to mickle-suffering boxers were prizes appointed :

650 First, a strong she-mule led he out, and tied in arena
(Six years old, untam'd, such as are least easily master'd),
And to the man vanquish'd he offer'd then a cup double-op'ning,
Pelides then arose, and spoke amid Argos's armies :

“ Hear me, O Atridan sovereigns, O brass-clad Achaians !

655 We'd have two boxers from amongst you, those that are aptest,
With blows well-launch'd-out contend for these, that on whomso
Victory by Phœbus shall be bestow'd, i' the judgment
Of the gather'd Danaans, he'll have this mule to retire with.
But to the man vanquish'd we allow this cup double-op'ning.”

660 He spoke ; and forthwith then arose one skill'd as a boxer—
His sire was Panopeus, he Epeius, a goodly man hardy.
Advancing to the mule now his hand, he spoke thus among them :
“ Come forward, whoso coveteth that cup double-op'ning !
But this mule, be assur'd, there shall not a single Achaian

665 Win from me boxing, for I have not amongst you an equal.
Ah ! 'tis enough to be outdone at arms ; but there's not a mortal
That can in all contests be skill'd. But, whoe'er will oppose me,
Hear all I promise him, for well the result shall avouch me.
I shall so batter him, so pound his bones, that about him

670 He'd better have many kind comrades, to remain in a cluster
And bear him from a-field, when he here has left me a victor.”
So said he, and silent they abode, and made not an answer :
Euryalus then alone uprose, a divine man, against him,
Heir of Mecisteus (o' the kingly Talaonid household),

675 Who visited Thebæ long ago, to behold the sepulture
Of fall'n Œdipodes, and vanquish'd all the descendants
Of Cadmus : such a man's offspring lance-fam'd Diomedes
Was busy'd encouraging, craving to behold him a victor.
Him first he belted, then about his wrist put a cæstus,

680 Straps of a field-nurtur'd bull's-hide, that well were yshapen.
Then came he belted to the midst ; so came his opponent ;
And anon, hands up-drawn, aspect encountering aspect,
They clos'd, their heavy hands were cross'd, and dreadfully knister'd
Their jaws with rapid hits ; their sweat was trickling abundant

685 All their limbs over : then immortal-like sprang Epeius
In, catching his rival's askance-turn'd face, nor allow'd him

Long to remain standing, but 'neath him unhing'd the superb knees.
 As, from a surge lifted by a north-wind, leaps to the weed-clad
 Strond some fish by a dark billow whelm'd, so plung'd to the rear-
 ward

690 That stricken Euryalus : but anon stout-hearted Epeius
 Sustain'd him with his hands ; then his own friends came up around
 him,

And from field led him off ; his feet were painfully trailing,
 And his head hung sideways ; his mouth dusk-blood was ejecting,
 And his mind wander'd ; but adown they plac'd him among them,
 695 And went back to receive his prize, that cup double-op'ning.

Then for a third contest were prizes shown by Achilles,
 'Mid the gather'd Danaans, for painful wrestling appointed.
 First, was a fire-mounting tripod to belong to the victor,
 For which twelve oxen were accounted a price by Achaïans :

700 Next a woman to the midst was led (to belong to the vanquish'd),
 Skill'd in works manifold, and priz'd at four head of oxen.

Then the son of Peleus stood forth, and spoke amid Argives :
 " Now forward any wight, whom this contention allureth !"

He spoke ; and up arose stalwart Telamonian Ajax,

705 And up arose manifold-counsell'd and wary Ulysses.

These two, having belted their waists, came out i' the midmost,
 And laid their heavy hands, slantwise, upon each his opponent.
 So stand two rafters, that a roof of a hall are upholding,
 Where the cunning workman to the wind's force bids a defiance.

710 And hither and yonder, 'neath their unfaltering hand-grips
 Tugg'd, their backs knister'd ; their sweat ran down in abundance ;
 And tumors, sometimes on a rib, sometimes on a shoulder,
 Rose livid and blood-charg'd, whilst each, intent to be owner
 Of the superb tripod, for an instant victory labor'd.

715 Nor could Ulysses trip, nor bring to the ground his opponent,
 Nor could again Ajax the resistance foil of Ulysses.

But when tedious appear'd that affray to the banded Achaïans,
 Then spoke out foremost stalwart Telamonian Ajax :

" Jove-nurtur'd, manifold-counsell'd, Laertid Ulysses,

720 Lift me, or I lift thee ; the result is Jove's to determine."

He spoke, then set about lifting ; nor at all was Ulysses
 Of cunning unmindful, but unhing'd his knees by a heel-stroke,
 And brought him supine to the ground. And o'er him Ulysses

Fell prostrate : the surrounding crowd admir'd in amazement.

- 725 Next in turn tried it much-abiding noble Ulysses,
 Who scarce mov'd Ajax from his heels : he could not uphold him,
 But twitch'd him by a knee ; then both the men, hardly divided,
 Fell down, and welter'd i' the dust ; and maybe a third time
 They might have risen up, to return to the mutual onslaught ;
 730 But that Pelides now arose, himself, to refrain them :
 " Strive no more henceforth, exchange no more of ill-usage ;
 Be you both victors ; and, sharing prizes amongst you
 Equally, leave contests open to the rest o' the people."

- He spoke ; and they anon gave ear and heed to the precept ;
 735 Their limbs they dusted, then again put on each man a tunic.
 Thence were anon prizes for swiftness set by Achilles :
 First was a rich silvern wine-jar and six-measure holding—
 There was on earth nowhere its like for beauty, sith artists
 Of Sidon wrought it, good at all fine work of a carver.
 740 Then carry'd it Punic traders to the violet-hued sea,
 And gave it Thoias, when in his seaport they had enter'd :
 Thence Eumæus, Ieson's heir, had made it a ransom,
 For which Patroclus gave freedom again to Lycaon,
 Priam's son : now a prize hereof was made by Achilles,
 745 His comrade honoring, to the most fleet-limb'd as a racer.
 Unto the next fleetest was a fine fatted ox then appointed ;
 Half a talent, likewise, of gold to the third man in order.
 Then stood up, and spoke out amid Argos's armies Achilles :
 " Now forward any wight whom this contention allureth."
 750 He spoke, and up arose Ajax, swift heir of Oileus,
 And up wary Ulysses rose, and third follow'd after
 Nestorid Antilochus, foremost o' the youths as a racer.
 They stood forth in a line ; then a goal was mark'd by Achilles,
 For which, having started, they strain'd ; and th' heir of Oileus
 755 Soon had emerg'd foremost : but next him noble Ulysses
 Pursued, as nigh at hand as a well-zon'd weaveress holdeth
 Her bosom to the warp, when her arms, despatchfully shifted,
 From web draw shuttle out, and keep it abreast ; thus Ulysses
 Came, so close following, treading into the prints o' the footsteps
 760 In front, ere any dust could fall in again from around them.
 Down on his antagonist's very nape his breath was attaining,
 Headlong as he bounded, whilst all the surrounding Achaians

- With loud shouts of approval his hopes o' the victory welcom'd.
 But when they the returning course were clearing, Ulysses
 765 In silence in his heart invok'd bright-glancing Athena :
 " Hear, goddess, and speed thou my feet with thy strong assistance."
 These he utter'd praying, not unheard by Pallas Athena ;
 Light she made him of hand and heel, and buxom his ankles ;
 But when they straightway were about to spring to the prizes,
 770 Then stumbled Ajax i' the race (for Pallas oppos'd him)
 I' th' dirt, where slaughter'd had yfall'n many loud-lungèd oxen,
 Which for Patroclus's burial were slain by Achilles,
 So that in his nostrils and mouth he largely receiv'd it.
 Then put his hand to the cup much-tholing noble Ulysses,
 775 For soonest he arriv'd : but th' ox was left for Oïleus,
 Who to the field-nurtur'd beast's horn put his hand in a moment,
 And, spitting and sneezing, thus spoke amid Argos's armies :
 " Ah, the goddess Pallas my feet hath tripp'd, who aforetime
 Like a mother standeth by Ulysses, aye to protect him."
 780 These he utter'd, moving to delightful glee the beholders.
 Meantime Antilochus laid hold o' the last o' the prizes,
 And spoke out, smiling, thus among the collected Achaïans :
 " O friends, I mention but a thing that ye all are aware of,
 How the divine rulers do th' eldest favor amongst you.
 785 Now 'tis not many years I'm short of Oïliad Ajax ;
 But one of our veterans, of a former race, is Ulysses.
 Well they call it a green old age ; but uneath an Achaïan
 Can match him in racing, methinks, if 'tis not Achilles."
 Thus shap'd he, for Achilles' praise, those words as he ended ;
 790 And swift Pelides then anon bespoke him in answer :
 " Thy praise, Antilochus, shall not be wasted upon me ;
 Take of gold a talent complete, not a moiety merely."

- He spoke, and gave it to the youth, who blithely receiv'd it.
 Then did Pelides carry forth a spear shadow-launching,
 795 And shield and morion, which adown he laid in arena,
 Arms of Sarpedon, whereof Patroclus amerc'd him.
 Then standing forwards he address'd the collected Achaïans :
 " Now for these let us have two men, that amongst you are aptest,
 Their hands on drink-blood javelins, their limbs clad in armour ;
 800 Each put other's prowess to the proof, in front o' the concourse ;
 And whoever's javelin shall attain to the fair body foremost,

And through brass penetrate, and through dusk-blood, to the vitals,
 I'll give him as guerdon this fine and silvery-boss'd glaive,
 Thracian of workmanship, a booty from Asteropæus ;
 805 And these arms both men shall acquire and jointly possess them ;
 And I mean i' the tents with a goodly repast to regale them."

He spoke, and up arose stalwart Telamonian Ajax,
 And with him armipotent and Tydeus-born Diomedes ;
 And each man put his arms on apart, outside that arena ;
 810 Then came they to the midst o' the field, so address'd to the conflict,
 With so dire aspects, that amaze fell on all the beholders.
 When but a short distance those rivals parted asunder,
 Thrice they charg'd forward, and thrice had come within arm's
 reach,
 And then plung'd Ajax i' the shield all equally rounded
 815 His point, nor reach'd he to the flesh, for a cuirass oppos'd him.
 But the son of Tydeus o'er th' ample buckler of Ajax
 Kept pointing to the neck the refulgent brass o' the lance-head,
 Till the gather'd Danaans, in alarm by reason of Ajax,
 Call'd on both to desist, and share their prizes among them.
 820 Yet was by Diomed that broadsword gain'd o' the chieftain's,
 With sheath and well-cut sword-brace complete to the wearer.

Then the son of Peleus took a coil rough-shapen of iron,
 Had task'd Eëtion's great strength as a hurler aforetime,
 Since which, on Eëtion's falling by martial Achilles,
 825 He took it, as great hoards were taken therewith aboard-ship.
 Now stood he, and spoke out these words to the banded Achaians :
 " Now forward, any wight whom this contention allureth !
 And if he owns yonder many fields, and bountiful even,
 Yet shall it, in five years running out, not fail for his uses,
 830 Nor shall ploughman of his to the town run, or herdsman, if iron
 Be needed, for enough from his own shall he have to supply them."
 He spoke ; and up arose Polypætes combat-abiding,
 Then, vying with immortal gods, the strength o' Leonteus ;
 And Ajax Telamon too arose, and noble Epeius.
 835 All stood up ; and foremost to the quoit came noble Epeius,
 And swung it, and hurl'd it—set Achaians laughing on all sides.
 Next his turn to Leonteus came, that scion of Ares,
 And then anon cast it stalwart Telamonian Ajax

Third from his hand of might, and all their lengths had he outgone.
 840 But when arose next him Polypætes combat-abiding,
 As far as from a neatherd's hand, 'mid kine in a pasture,
 Flies his rod whirling, so left he clearly behind him
 His best antagonist : then aloud rang around him applauses ;
 And up arose warlike Polypætes' company forthwith,
 845 Who their chief's guerdon carry'd off to the ships billow-ranging.

Then to reward archers he assign'd blue steel in abundance :
 Half a score axes put he out and ten demi-axes ;
 And of a ship dark-pror'd he erected a mast at a distance
 On those sands : hereon with a fine string a dove timid-hearted
 850 Was tied up by a foot ; then Achilles bade them against her
 Take aim ; and " whoso shall attain that dove timid-hearted,
 All the axes let him have for his own, to the tents to remove them ;
 But the man who reaches the string, that dove not attaining
 (He's the second marksman), let him have those ten demi-axes."'
 855 He spoke ; and up arose forthwith the strength o' the kingly
 Teucer ; Meriones too arose, that martial attendant
 Of the king Idomeneus : their lots in a brass-studded head-piece
 They cast, and Teucer's came first ; then lustily sent he
 Forth his arrow flying ; but he had not call'd on Apollo,
 860 Nor vow'd great offerings of firstling rams at his altar.
 So the dove he reach'd not ; for Apollo grudg'd him a triumph ;
 But the string, fasten'd to the bird's foot, close up against her
 He reach'd, and in a trice was string by barb cut asunder.
 Up sprang dove to the welkin aloft, but string fell a-drooping
 865 Down tow'rd earth : then aloud shouted the surrounding Achaians.
 Hereat Meriones, Teucer's bow speedily seizing
 (And with his own arrow arm'd he had already been), took his aim
 thus ;
 And in pray'r meantime he address'd far-darting Apollo,
 And vow'd great offerings of firstling rams at his altar ;
 870 He saw that timorous dove aloft in clouds now ascending,
 And below her pinion's midmost, while spirally mounting,
 He struck her, and transfix'd with a shaft, which dropp'd anon
 earthward,
 And at Meriones' very foot came down ; she, alighting
 On mast of dark-pror'd ship again, there droop'd the neck under,
 875 Drew close her pinions thick-plum'd, and soon, having 'ielded

- All the body's fleeting spirit out, she adown at a distance
 Sank, whilst admiring the surrounding people applauded.
 Then did Meriones the ten axes take to possess them,
 And to the ribb'd war-ships Teucer carry'd his demi-axes.
- 880 But the son of Peleus put adown a spear shadow-launching
 First, then a great tripod (not abiding fire) at a bull's worth
 Priz'd, and flower-adorn'd : hereunto the men good at hurling
 Rose, first th' Atridan sovereign, the supreme Agamemnon,
 Then brave Meriones, the king Idomeneus's assistant.
- 885 Then 'mid these outspoke the swift-footed hero Achilles :
 " Atrides, foremost of us all in days as in empire
 Thou stand'st, and herein none of us, we know, can oppose thee.
 But take this tripod (to the ribb'd war-ships to remove it),
 And let Meriones the spear have by thy allowance,
- 890 If good this seemeth to thy heart, as that which I ask thee."'
 He spoke ; nor gainsay'd him at all the supreme Agamemnon,
 But gave Meriones the spear, and caus'd his attendant,
 Talthybius, to remove the splendid guerdon assign'd him.

BOOK XXIV.

THE REDEMPTION OF HECTOR'S BODY.

- GAMES all concluded, the throngs forsook that arena,
 Each man his own good ship to re-seek. Their thoughts to the
 banquet
 And to sleep's solaces were turn'd ; but again did Achilles
 Mourn, his dear comrade recollecting, nor to delightful
- 5 Sleep, controller of all, were his eyes given up ; but he only
 Turn'd hither and yonder, the bloom and bravery wanting
 That grac'd Patroclus. Then thought he of all such achievements
 As they'd shar'd to the last, and all their joint tribulations
 On perilous waters or amidst th' encounter of heroes ;
- 10 And tears fell beading from his eyes at those recollections ;

And sideways couch'd he by turns, or abasing his aspect,
 Or supine, or again he rose, and dolefully wander'd
 On the strond forwards and back. No gleams o' the morning
 Rose, by him unwitness'd, o'er seas and sea-jutting headlands ;
 15 But still at his chariot the swift-footed horses he harness'd,
 And fasten'd Hector to the frame, to trail i' the rearward :
 Round the Menœtiadan cavalier's bury'd urn then he haul'd him
 Three times, and came back to repose i' the tent, having Hector
 Thrown in dust prostrate : but afar did Phœbus Apollo
 20 (He that still pity'd him, though slain), all ghastly defacement
 Keep from him, and always screen'd him with a glorious ægis
 Of gold, and labor'd to preserve his dragg'd body gashless.

Thus rag'd he, set upon disgracing illustrious Hector ;
 But the divine happy race were mov'd with ruth to behold him,
 25 And many bade vigilant Hermes, the slayer of Argus,
 To steal him : thus agreed each one save Hera the white-arm'd,
 And bright-glancing Athena the maid, and great Enosichthon.
 They still, for Paris's misguidedness, held in abhorrence
 Priamus, his Trojans, and all their town hallow'd-holy
 30 [He'd those two goddesses vilified, when his hut they had enter'd,
 And had prais'd her alone, who baleful luxury lent him].
 But, when twelve mornings had elaps'd o'er Hector yfallen,
 Then spoke out, i' the midst of immortals, Phœbus Apollo :
 " O you're hard dealers, you gods, and cruel ! Hath Hector
 35 Not burnt you many thighs of bulls and goats well-elected ?
 And you'll not therefore vouchsafe, though slain, to release him,
 Or suffer his citizens, or wife, or child, to behold him,
 Or mother, or father Priam : for speedily would they
 Have burnt him, nor allow'd any rites to remain unaccomplish'd.
 40 You side all, you immortal gods, with cruel Achilles,
 Whose mind from judgment's estrang'd, within whom is a purpose
 That bends not to reproof ; yea, wild is his heart as a lion's,
 That, spirited by enormous strength and fearless assurance,
 Runs where men pasture their flocks, intent to devour them.
 45 So there's no pity left or shame [such as hurteth immensely
 And likewise profiteth mortals] i' the mind of Achilles ;
 For 'tis seen that a man may lose some dearer head even,
 His brother, who burthen'd one womb with him, aye, or his off-
 spring ;

Then mourns he for a time and wails, but learns resignation ;
 50 Since to much endurance men are all by destiny shapen.
 But this man, when he hath brave Hector's life from him ousted,
 Has tied him to the frame of a car, to be haul'd by his horses
 Round his friend's monument : this will not adorn or enhance him .
 I'd warn him, good-at-arms as he is, that he here may offend us,
 55 Doing mere villanies to the senseless dust in his anger."

Answer'd him, much aggriev'd, white-arm'd imperial Hera :
 " Thy pleas I could approve, argent-bow-bender, if haply
 Hector on all eminence had an equal claim with Achilles—
 Hector, nurs'd at a mortal breast, and human—Achilles
 60 Being by the goddess conceiv'd, that alike as a daughter
 I rear'd and fondled myself, and found her a consort
 In Peleus, who of all mankind was lov'd by immortals.
 All you gods to the nuptials came, and thou too among them
 Sat'st harping, thou a friend to the vile, thou eternally faithless."
 65 Hereat cloud-summoning Kronides thus address'd her in answer :
 " Forbear, Hera, to vex with abuse the supernal assemblies.
 We'll no like honor here bestow ; but there's not a Trojan
 That the divine favor meriteth more dearly than Hector.
 I say't on my part, for I have ne'er miss'd his oblations,
 70 Fat, nor drink-offerings, which fall to the share of immortals.
 But let alone stealing bold Hector's corpse, for Achilles
 We could not well elude, since late and early beside him
 His mother is vigilant ; but I ask now, let some immortal
 Call Thetis here near me, that a word of weight in her hearing
 75 I may speak to this end and aim, that taking a ransom
 By Priam tender'd, her son may yield him up Hector."

So said he ; and wind-swift Iris ran in haste to declare it ;
 Down she plung'd forthwith, between Sámos and rugged Imbros,
 Into the dark waters : the marine lake chaf'd to receive her
 80 While she sank to the depth o' the surge, as sinketh a lead-weight
 Wherewith a field-nurtur'd bull's horn is sunk (an announcement,
 Unto the raw-nurtur'd finny race, of deadly disaster).
 In the cavern's hollowness she found Thetis, and in a cluster
 All the marine goddesses round her, where she was a-wailing
 85 For that consummate offspring of hers, whom fate had appointed
 In deep-gleb'd Troas to succumb, from his home at a distance.

Now, coming up near her, the swift-footed Iris address'd her :

“ Rise, Thetis, at Jove's call, whose counsel eternally fails not.”

Thereat made answer the divine Thetis argent-sandall'd :

- 90 “ Why calls me the supremest god ? me asham'd of appearing
 'Mid the divine kindreds, while griefs unabated oppress me ?
 I go though ; not a word he speaks shall reach me effectless.”

So spake, and with a veil of dark cœrulean o'er her

(There's no darker attire) that lady superb 'mid immortals

- 95 Rose to go out, following the swift and wind-footed Iris,
 O'er waters levelling their surge all round at her advent.
 Then clomb they to the beach, then aloft they sprang to the welkin.
 There she found Kronides, the beholder of all, with, around him
 Cluster'd, all the divine happy race with eternity dower'd.
 100 There they gave her a seat next Jove, for Athena receded ;
 And Hera, speaking comfort, in her hand put a gorgeous
 Gold goblet, wherefrom she drank, and handed it onward ;
 Then the common parent of gods and men thus address'd her :
 “ Ah ! well dost thou arrive, despite thy griefs, on Olympus,
 105 O Thetis, and burthen'd, I know, with an anguish abateless ;
 Yet must I tell thee, to what end I call'd thee amongst us.
 Already these nine days there's been a debate on Olympus
 O'er Hector low-laid and o'er city-rasing Achilles ;
 And many begg'd vigilant Hermes, the slayer of Argus,
 110 ‘ Go steal Hector away ;’ but I unto the praise of Achilles
 Would shape this business, studying to preserve ever henceforth
 Thine honor and friendship : go, therefore, straight to yon army,
 And make thy son aware, that in heav'n all gods are offended,
 And myself foremost, that, mad with his anger, he holdeth
 115 Hector fast i' the ships prow-curl'd, nor wills to release him.
 See whether he fears me, whether Hector's corpse he abandons ;
 And I send meantime to majestic Priamus Iris,
 Who'll charge him to redeem his son, by bearing Achilles
 Such gifts as may appease his soul, to the ships of Achaia.”
 120 He spoke, and was not disobey'd : Thetis argent-sandall'd
 Made haste, and started to descend the steeps of Olympus,
 And within her son's tent enter'd, and there in abateless
 Moans found him sorrowing ; but approvèd friends were around
 him,
 And diligent, hasting to prepare the repast o' the morning,

125 For which a great woolly sheep was fall'n i' the midst o' the precincts.

Here the goddess-parent august came up by Achilles,
And touch'd him with a blandishing hand, and dearly besought him :

“ Ah my child, how long to laments and grief given over
Wilt eat thine heart up, calling nor food to remembrance

130 Nor sleep ? nor good is it neither to eschew the communion
Of love, since 'tis but for a while that I have to retain thee.

Already death's standing with opposeless destiny near thee !

But mark me now anon, for I have Jove's charge to repeat thee !

He bids thee be aware, that in heav'n all gods are offended,

135 And himself foremost, that in anger madly thou holdest
Hector fast i' the ships prow-curl'd, and shunn'st to release him :
Yield him now therefore, and take for a dead man a ransom.”

Thereat made answer the rapid-footed hero Achilles :

“ Let the messenger arrive with gifts, and fetch the dead homeward,

140 If this be the desire indeed o' the lord of Olympus.”

Thus these two parley'd i' the midst o' the navy, the parent
And the son, exchanging their wing-borne words in abundance.

But Jove sent Iris to the Trojans' great city sacred :

“ Bestir thee to descend from Olympus's halls, rapid Iris,

145 And carry my mandate, having enter'd Troy, to the kingly
Priamus, and charge him to redeem his son from Achilles,
Bearing gifts, which his heart may appease, to the ships of Achaia.
And he must go alone : there must not a Trojan attend him,
Save a herald ancient, that may to the mules give attention,

150 And to the car well-wheel'd, and then may again carry Troyward
Hector's corpse, low-laid yonder by heroic Achilles.

And let death not alarm his thoughts, nor a doubt of it even,

For such a safe escort I'll grant, the slayer of Argus,

Who'll guide and guard him, till Achilles' tent he hath enter'd.

155 But when there he arrives and enters in, then Achilles
Shall neither slay him, nor allow any wight who attempts it ;
For the man is nowise insensate, reckless or evil,
But with an entreating suppliant he'll bear very mildly.”

So said he, and wind-swift Iris sprang abroad to declare it.

160 At Priam's household she arriv'd, and out o' the courtyard
Heard clamor and wailing ; for about their father his offspring

Were their robes wetting all with tears : and th' old man amidst
them

Stood within his close-drawn mantle, besmear'd with abundant
Mire on head and shoulders, which on earth outstretch'd he had
heap'd up ;

165 And daughters thro' his halls made moan, and wives of his off-
spring,

Calling so many wights and so good-at-arms to remembrance,
That, low-laid by Achaian spears, their souls had up-yielded.

Here Jove's ambassatrix enter'd, and softly to Priam

Came and bespoke him, for alarm on his whole body fasten'd :

170 " Take heart, Dardanidan Priam, let alarm not approach thee !

For 'tis not with an eye that scathes I come to thy household,
But with a friend's purpose, for I have Jove's charge to repeat thee,
Who pities, albeit from afar, and pays thee attention.

Go to redeem Hector, trusting to the lord of Olympus,

175 And carry some ransom, which Achilles may be pleas'd by ;

And thou must go alone : there must not a Trojan attend thee,

Save a herald ancient, that may to the mules give attention

And to the car well-wheel'd, and then may again carry Troyward
Hector's corpse, low-laid yonder by heroic Achilles.

180 And let death not alarm thy thoughts, nor a doubt of it even,

For such a safe escort he'll send, the slayer of Argus,

Who'll guide and guard thee, till Achilles' tent thou have enter'd.

But when thou'st enter'd that tent, be assur'd that Achilles

Shall neither slay thee, nor allow any wight that attempts it,

185 For the man is nowise insensate, reckless, or evil,

But with an entreating suppliant will bear very mildly."

So much having spoken withdrew from his eyes rapid Iris :

And his sons Priam bade a car well-wheel'd to prepare him

For mules, and fasten the balanc'd car-frame to the bearings.

190 Then within his tall-roof'd, redolent, and cedary chamber,

Enrich'd with precious hoards, he stepp'd, and calling in also

¹ His consort Hekabē to commune with him, he thus address'd her :

" Dame, a divine legate of Jove's hath come from Olympus,

And bids me go abroad to redeem my son from Achilles :

195 But to thy own inward judgment how appears it, I ask thee ?

There's in me such a mind and heart as manfully prompt me

Tow'rd the galleys to go out, to the wide-spread camp of Achaia."

He spoke : but thereat with a sob she made him an answer :

“Where’s now thy judgment, ah me ! which made thee aforetime

- 200 Famous among strangers, and fam’d among all that obey thee ?
 How wilt thou go alone to the ships of Achaia, to yonder
 Man’s face, that’s made thee to lament for so many children,
 So good-at-arms each one ? thine heart must sure be of iron.
 Think if in his power thou should’st be spied by him only,
 205 This savage and faithless bloody wight, he’ll no pity show thee
 Nor compunction at all. Let be ! let us here sit a-wailing
 Our lost one : let alone what opposeless destiny whilom
 Span within his life-threads, when first to the light I him yielded,
 Namely, that he yonder should feed rapid hounds at a distance
 210 From both his parents, in a proud man’s power, who, if but
 My teeth his midmost liver held and gnaw’d, ’twere a vengeance
 For my son, sith a craven’s part he kill’d not him acting ;
 Nay, to defend daughters deep-zon’d and sons o’ the Trojans
 He strove, and harbour’d not a thought of fear nor evasion.”

- 215 Hereat again Priam, god-like old man, said in answer :
 “Do not seek to resist my bent, nor a bird of ill omen
 In mine house be thou : for I am not like to regard thee ;
 For were this the behest of a mortal, a priest, or an augur,
 Or soothsayer—I ask not of whom, but of earth were it only,
 220 We’d turn further aloof our course, and deem it a falsehood.
 But since I’ve heard this from a deity, seeing her aspect,
 I go, nor shall it end in nought ; and if to die even,
 ’Mid brass-lock’d Argives, i’ th’ fleet, must be my allotment,
 I’ll brook it : and straightway let Achilles slay me, if only,
 225 Claspings my son in arms, I have eas’d mine hungering anguish.”

So said he, and open’d the splendid doors o’ the wardrobe.

Twelve veils exceedingly superb, and so many mantles,

He took up, and surcloths and vestments, each with a tunic,

With ten mighty talents of gold (he weigh’d them again there),

- 230 And two brass cauldrons, four wine-bowls, also a goblet
 Beautiful exceedingly, the rare gift he’d carry’d over
 From Thrace, where legate he’d been : yet not for his household
 Would th’ agèd sovereign spare it ; so dearly desir’d he
 His son’s corpse to redeem : then away did he urge from his hall-
 door

- 235 The throngs of citizens, and foully began to rebuke them :

"Go your unlucky ways, ye losels, shames to the country!
 Has no grief visited you at home, that ye here to bewail me
 Have come, or is 't anywise your vantage, Jove should afflict me,
 And take my noblest son away? you'll quickly decide that,
 240 Since you'll fall henceforth more easily far by Achaians,
 Through lacking him low-laid: for me be 't rather appointed,
 Or ever in ruins and waste these eyes have appris'd me
 Of my Troy's lying, to descend to the portal of Hades."

So said he, and brandish'd a staff, and made way among them,
 245 They to the vex'd sovereign yielding: then attack'd he his offspring,
 Antiphonus, Helenus, Agatho, Paris, hardy Polites,
 Pammon, Deïphobus, Dius the stately commander,
 And ninth Hippothous: these all with threats he accosted:
 "Haste, ye vile children, caitiff horde! O if all of you only
 250 'Mid the galleys yonder were slain in place o' my Hector!
 Ah most unlucky man that I am, when I had such a noble
 Offspring in our Troytown, which I have no more to delight in,
 Like the divine Mestor, like Troilus, horseman unequall'd,
 Like Hector, that amongst mankind was a god, nor appear'd he
 255 From mortal father to derive his birth, but immortal.
 These hath Ares slaughter'd, and left to me infamies only,
 Vain boasters, dancers, the selectest men for a chorus,
 Who my people oppress for lambs and kids to carouse on.
 But make haste, if you heed me at all, my car to prepare me,
 260 And set on it these things, that we may promptly get onward."
 He spoke, and, fearing the paternal blame, they obey'd him.
 His well-wheel'd chariot for mules they brought for him outward,
 New-fitted and splendid: the balanc'd car-frame on it also
 They tied, and unpegg'd then a boxwood yoke for a mule-car,
 265 With rings and with boss well-array'd; and therewith a yoke-band
 Of full nine cubits they brought, and set to the fore-tip
 Of the polish'd car-pole, whose ring to the boss they adapted;
 Then three times to the knob they tied that band up on each side,
 And its end fasten'd close-down: and out o' the chamber
 270 Tow'rd the polish'd chariot they bore those gifts in abundance,
 And loaded them aloft, to redeem the belov'd head of Hector;
 And mules they yok'd on, solid-hoov'd and buxom in harness,
 Which Mysian princes to Priam, a gift very costly,
 Gave; but those horses that from th' old king were accustom'd

- 275 At the polish'd manger to receive their day's fodder always,
 These they led to the yoke ; and thereto Priamus, holpen
 By that herald ancient, yok'd them, many thoughts pressing into
 Each man's breast : Hekabē meantime reapproach'd them afflicted,
 Bearing in her right hand honey-savor'd wine in a golden
 280 Cup, that a drink-offering might duly precede the departure.
 Thus came she to the front o' the car, and dearly besought him :
 " Take, and pour to paternal Jove, and pray to return home
 Safe from thine enemies, since 'tis thine heart's resolution
 Tow'rd their ships to go out, not assuredly with my approval ;
 285 But make thine orisons, therefore, to the ruler on Ida,
 Cloud-summoning Kronides, who views all Ilion under ;
 And pray thou to behold that strongest bird o' the welkin,
 That swift-wing'd harbinger of his, that chiefly delights him,
 On thy right flying, for if him thine eye but alights on,
 290 Then go thou fearless to the ships o' the brass-clad Achaians.
 But should th' ambassador from Jove all-seeing arrive not,
 I dare not recommend that thou should'st go to the navy
 Of steed-proud Danaans, though dearly desiring it even."
 And Priam, god-like old man, thus address'd her in answer :
 295 " Dame, I will not oppose thy wish ; 'twere good we uplifted
 Our hands to Kronides, in case he'd some pity show us."
 Thus spake old Priam : then charg'd he a maid of his household
 To bring pure water for his hands : so anon with an ewer
 And pitcher in right hand and left, she approach'd him obedient ;
 300 Therewith cleans'd he his hands, and after taking a goblet
 From that queen i' the midst o' the court, he stood looking upward,
 And pour'd drink-offerings, and made to the power a protest :
 " Father Jove, greatest and first, who rul'st upon Ida,
 Grant that worthy regard and ruth I appear to Achilles,
 305 And thy bird send me, strongest o' the birds o' the welkin,
 Thy swift-wing'd harbinger, in whom thou chiefly delightest,
 On my right flying ; for, if him mine eye but alights on,
 I'll then go fearless to the ships o' th' brass-clad Achaians."
 These he utter'd praying, by guardian Jove not unheeded,
 310 Who sent him then an eagle adown, o' the breed o' the hunter
 Which men call Pirenos (not a bird that flies is her equal).
 And as wide as a door, well-key'd and well-fitted, opens
 Into the bride-chamber, tall-roof'd, of a man very wealthy,
 So wide her pinions unfolded, as unto the right-hand

- 315 Over their city-walls she rush'd, while glad to behold her
 They gaz'd, and disquiet in all their hearts was abated.
 But the polish'd chariot now in haste old Priam ascended,
 And from his own resonant portals and gate hurry'd outward.
 Thence his mules foremost, the skill'd Idæus obeying,
 320 Dragg'd along his chariot four-wheel'd, and steeds follow'd after,
 Whom lashing and rousing with words, he quickly behind him
 Left the streets ; but a troop of friends were attending him onward
 Mourning, as if forthright to the grave they view'd him approaching !

- So the city's precincts they pass'd, and out to the low-lands ;
 325 There sons and husbands of daughters turn'd to go homeward,
 And quitted him : meantime did Jove, the beholder of all things,
 See those two coming out to the plain, and with pity ponder'd
 Priam's age, wherefore Hermes he accosted, his offspring :
 " Hermes—for none of us more gladly communes with a mortal,
 330 Nor, to them he liketh, granteth such a gracious hearing—
 Rise and go therefore, and lead to the ships of Achaia
 In such a guise Priam, that alike unseen as unheeded
 He pass through th' Argives, till Achilles' tent he have enter'd."'
 He spoke, nor disobey'd that herald, the slayer of Argus,
 335 But with bright sandals his feet he forthwith accoutred—
 Ambrosial, golden sandals, which like to the wind's breath
 Bear him above dry land, or above th' expanse o' the waters :
 And his wand he assum'd, whereby men's eyes he immerseth
 In slumbers at his option, or else he again doth arouse them.
 340 This carrying, flew down the stalwart slayer of Argus,
 And in Troas arrived, and unto the wide frith of Helle
 Eftsoons, and forwards then he hied i' the guise of a well-born
 Stripling scarce bearded—such in age as chiefly delights one,
 Whilst yon others, coming up to the mighty sepulchre of Ilus,
 345 There stopp'd their coursers and mules for a draught o' the waters
 Of the river, twilight upon earth having already fallen.
 Here th' old pursuivant was aware and heedful of Hermes
 Now coming up near them ; then spoke he, Priam accosting :
 " Beware, Dardanides, we have here most need to be heedful ;
 350 I see a wight near us, that might be a fatal assailant.
 But let us our chariot turn round for flight, or approach him,
 Knee-clasping suppliants, in case he'll some pity show us."'
 He spoke : old Priam was aghast, and sorely bewilder'd,

So that his hairs stood erect upon all his limbs that obey'd him.

355 There linger'd he amaz'd, till approach'd him luck-giving Hermes,
And, taking th' old man by his hand, he questioning hail'd him :

“ What brings thee, father, thoro' night's ambrosial umbrage,
While mankind are abed, with mules and horses in harness ?

And art thou not afraid of yon rage-breathing Achaians,

360 Camp'd so near, hostile and cruelly-minded against thee ?

Think, if a man thereof saw thee, with gear so abundant,
Through the rapid-gliding darkness, what alarm would assail thee.

No man of arms art thou, nor is he that attends but an elder,
And unmeet to resist, if a foe were first thy assailant. *

365 However, I'll do thee no scath, myself, but assist thee

'Gainst any so doing ; for like my sire thou appearest.”

Then thus anon god-like Priam bespoke him in answer :

“ Dear my lad, very near to the truth thou'st here come in all things.

There's then a god, doubtless, that his hand keeps o'er me at all
times,

370 And to my encounter brings thee ; so cheerful an omen,

And so well-featur'd thou appear'st, and fitly proportion'd,

And so shrewd-spirited : thou'st made, I'm sure, happy parents.”

Him the divine legate answer'd, the slayer of Argus :

“ All this much, father, thou'st spoken aright to the purpose ;

375 But tell me this thing that I ask, and truthfully teach me.

Art thou now carrying this gear, so fine, so abundant,

Unto foreign mansions, to remain in custody for thee,

Or do you meditate Troy's sacred town to relinquish

In terror all, seeing what a champion's slain from amongst you,

380 Thy son, who in prowess nowhere fell short of Achaians ?”

Then thus again god-like Priam bespoke him in answer :

“ Most worthy stranger, but who art thou, or whose son, I ask thee,

Thou that so well about my poor son's destiny tell'st me ?”

Him the divine legate answer'd, the slayer of Argus :

385 “ Father, about valiant Hector thou'rt fain to belie me !

These eyes in conflict, which a man grows nobly renown'd by,

Have seen him many times, where Argives up to the navy

Were driven, and he apace with brass was slaying around him :

Thereat we stood in awe gazing, restrain'd by Achilles

390 From fighting, for against Atrides still was he anger'd.

I'm one of his servants myself, of a Myrmidon household ;

And one ship well-array'd brought us to the country ; Polyctor

- Was my father, a man full wealthy, belike one who equals
 Thy years ; and I among sev'n brethren make up his offspring.
 395 Lots were drawn 'twixt us : 'twas mine to go out to the muster.
 Here I've now come abroad a scout ; for th' armies of Argos
 By to-morrow morning will against your town go up armèd.
 Already they murmur, sitting here, nor can the commanders
 Keep their troops back at all, coveting to rush out to the combat."
- 400 And thus again god-like Priam bespoke him in answer :
 " If the son of Peleus thou servest, even Achilles,
 I pray thee, tell me what I ask, and plainly direct me.
 Is my son still amongst yon ships, or is he by Achilles
 Hack'd and dismember'd, and thrown to the dogs to be eaten ?"
- 405 Him the divine legate answer'd, the slayer of Argus :
 " Neither a dog, father, nor a bird of prey yet assails him ;
 But still is he lying, 'midst yonder tents, by Achilles'
 Own galley, where Day-dawn twelve times hath seen him abiding,
 Unrotting and unscath'd by crawling worms, such as elsewhere
 410 Mar bodies of warriors low-laid : he's dragg'd by Achilles,
 Round his friend's monument, each sacred morn that appeareth,
 Yet not disfeatur'd ; thou wouldst be amaz'd to behold him
 Thyself, so dew-sweet he appears, all gory pollutions
 Wash'd off, nor gapeth now a wound on his whole body, whilom
 415 So gash'd ; for many foes with brass had cruelly maim'd him.
 Thou see'st how the divine rulers have a care o' thy offspring,
 Although dead ; for in him their souls were pleas'd above all men."
 He spoke, and glad at heart old Priam made him an answer :
 " See, dear lad, what a good thing it is to bring to the powers
 420 Pious gifts, as at home my child ne'er fail'd to remember,
 No, not in his lifetime, the supernal lords of Olympus ;
 Whence, in mortality's despite, they still recollect him.
 But this fair goblet now, I ask thee, take as a keepsake,
 And guide us forward, if immortal power allow it,
 425 Till we come to the tent of Pelidean Achilles."
- Him the divine legate answer'd, the slayer of Argus :
 " Thou seekest, father, to beguile me, being a younker !
 Wouldst have me to receive thy gifts, unknown by Achilles ?
 That must not be allow'd ! I fear and dread to defraud him
 430 Heartily, lest evil should in after-times come upon me ;
 Yet still my guidance I could contentedly lend thee
 Far as fam'd Argos, whether on my feet or aboard-ship.

None, by despising thy guide, should come to defy thee.”

These ended, to the car and steeds ran wealth-giving Hermes,
 435 Took reins and whip in hand with speed, and breath'd upon horses
 And on mules vigor and despatch. Thus anon to the moat-side
 They came, and to the walls that about those ships were erected.
 There found they sentries, to the meal's preparation attending,
 O'er all whose eyelids, Hermes, the slayer of Argus,
 440 Pour'd sleep, and open'd unawares their gates, having undone
 All gate-bars, letting-in Priam, with so many goodly
 Gifts upon his mule-car : then away to the tent of Achilles.

Here had Myrmidonēs uprear'd their chief's habitation,
 With many lopp'd fir-trunks engirt, but roof'd with a layer
 445 Of rough sedge, which a-field they cull'd ; they made then a court-
 yard

Wide round, with close-join'd palisades : to the door was a single
 Bar of pine-wood attach'd ; and 'mid the remaining Achaians
 Three together would have had to close, and three to set open
 That massy-barr'd entrance, but Achilles singly was able.

450 Now did boon Hermes this door for Priamus open ;
 Then the superb offerings he brought inside for Achilles ;
 Then spoke he thus, afoot, leaving that car to the rearward :
 “ Learn, old man, what I am that met thee, a power immortal,
 Hermes, whom as a guide my father, Jove, has assign'd thee ;
 455 Wherefore I go again yonder, nor at all on Achilles
 Must I stay to set eyes : such a thing would call for a vengeance,
 If thus upon mortals waited, disclos'd, an immortal.
 But thou must enter ; stoop thou to the knees, to salute them,
 Of the son of Peleus ; and urge him by the paternal
 460 And the mother goddess's dear name, Thetis argent-sandall'd,
 And by his own offspring, that thou mayst with pity move him.”

He spoke, and turn'd him to regain the long heights of Olympus :
 But Priam forthwith sprang adown, and left with his horses
 And mules Idæus to secure them ; but to the chamber
 465 Where the son of Peleus, the belov'd of Jove sat, he hasten'd.
 Here he found him alone, no company near, nor attendants,
 Except Automedon, with warlike Alcimus only,
 Who'd serv'd him the repast just clos'd : his table abode there

Unclear'd ; and Priam, coming-in meantime, was unheeded
 470 Till right near he approach'd, and stoop'd, and after inarming
 Both his knees, then his hands he kiss'd, those hands of Achilles
 Death-dealing, terrible, which had oft-times made him a mourner.
 Like a man whom Ate's heavy hands have brought to the country
 Of strangers, fleeing from his own, where blood doth accuse him,
 475 Whom, coming into the rich man's house, all view with amazement,
 So with amaze god-like Priam was seen by Achilles—
 Such surpris'd glances those three were changing among them.
 But now with suppliant accents did Priam accost him :
 " Thy father, superhuman Achilles, call to remembrance,
 480 Old as I am, standing within Age's portal abhorred.
 Think, if he is likewise by neighbours round him afflicted,
 And how there's none at hand, from wars and woes to protect him.
 However, he doubtless, when he hears of thy living onward,
 Is gratified in his heart, and late and early yet hopeth
 485 His dear son to behold, and from Troy welcome him homeward.
 Not like me, wretchedest of men, that have had such a goodly
 Offspring in our Troytown, which I have no more to delight in.
 Fifty did I number, when arriv'd the colleguèd Achaians,
 And eleven children from a single womb—the remainder
 490 Born from others to my house—and him, that alone stood above them
 Him, that of all Troytown and of themselves was a guardian—
 Thou'st now lately my Hector slain, his country defending :
 'Tis for him I journey'd to the ships o' the sons of Achaia,
 Thee to beseech, carrying to redeem him a ransom enormous.
 495 Do thou then reverence the supernal gods, O Achilles,
 And call thy father to remembrance, and still account me
 More ruthworthy than he by far ; for alone I of all men
 Must press thine, the bereaver's hands, to the lips o' the mourner."

So said he, and fasten'd a desire of tears on Achilles ;
 500 Who took that grey king by his hand, and gently repell'd him :
 Then mov'd by memories both wept—one his host-quelling Hector
 Wept, and sank, uttering many moans, to the feet of Achilles.
 O'er him Achilles wept, his father now recollecting,
 And now Patroclus : so abroad rang voices of anguish.
 505 But when anon sated with wail was noble Achilles
 [When the desire to lament his nerves and soul had abandon'd],
 He rose, and aged Priam with his hand he erected,

- And on his hoar head alike and hoar beard gaz'd with emotion,
 And, his voice lifting, with wing-borne words thus address'd him :
- 510 "Luckless man, many griefs, perdy, thy bosom have enter'd !
 How could'st thou venture thus alone to the ships of Achaia,
 Unto the man's aspect, who made thee so many children
 Lose, and so good-at-arms ? thine heart must sure be of iron.
 But go to ! sit upon this throne ; and each one his anguish
- 515 Let's within our bosoms compress, though gall'd by affliction ;
 For there's no benefit to be earn'd from dreary lamentings ;
 For to wretched mortals thou see'st what a life the supernals
 Have dealt of sufferings, themselves unannoyedly reigning !
 For two casks are upon Jove's floor ; one cask is of evil,
- 520 And one is of good gifts, such as unto the world he accordeth.
 If, together mingled, these kinds by thunder-obey'd Jove
 Are sent down, then a wight hath luck by turns with affliction :
 But deals he bad alone—this portion maketh an outcast ;
 O'er the superb lap of Earth hunted by deadly disaster,
- 525 And by men disavow'd he roves, disavow'd by immortals.
 Thus the divine rulers have Peleus royally gifted
 From birth-hour even, for above mankind they enhanc'd him
 With riches and estate, and Myrmidon hosts that obey'd him ;
 And a divine consort they brought to the couch of him human.
- 530 Yet therewith Providence join'd evil awards, for his household
 Doth no numerous offspring adorn, nor mighty ; but only
 One son hath he—wretchedest of men ! for I am not appointed
 His comforter in age to remain, but afar am I exil'd
 From my country, to be thy scourge, a scourge to thy offspring.
- 535 And thou too, we have heard, old man, thou wast happy whilom,
 Since down to Phrygia's confines, to the Lesbian island
 Of Mäkar, and yonder then again to the wide frith of Helle,
 There was none match'd thee for wealth nor numerous offspring.
 Whereas now, when immortal gods bring affliction upon thee,
- 540 Thy city's aye compass'd with strife and slaughter abateless.
 Yet brook it, admit not to thy heart sorrows over-abundant,
 Since complaints to replace thy heroic son can avail not,
 Nor raise up, but anew might work thee an injury rather."
- Then Priam, god-like old man, thus in answer address'd him :
- 545 "Seat me not yet awhile, Jove-nurtur'd hero, when Hector
 Lies in thy precincts thus unheeded : O hastily rather
 Yield him up, and grant him to my eyes, and here have a ransom,

Which we bring thee, an ample store, wherewith to the dear land
 Heav'n help thee to return, and thrive, since by thy allowance
 550 I survive henceforth, to behold day's glorious aspect."
 Then swift Pelides, obliquely^a beholding him, answer'd :
 " Hark, old man, give me no annoy, who am already minded
 Thine Hector to return : for my mother also, a daughter
 Of the marine ancient, hath arriv'd from Jove, to require it ;
 555 And my soul is aware, Priam, nor fails to detect thee,
 That, by a god guided, thou'st come to the ships of Achaia ;
 Else lives there not a mortal wight, I deem, not in age's
 Prime even, that across our guards could pass thus unheeded,
 Or the massive gate-bars could have easily mov'd with a lever.
 560 Vex my soul, therefore, no more with dreary lamentings,
 Lest I should not abide at peace, in these very precincts,
 With thee my suppliant, but against Jove prove an offender."

He spoke, and, terrified, old Priam obey'd the commandment :
 Up sprang Pelides, to go out, i' th' strength of a lion ;
 565 Thence went he not alone, but by two men was attended,
 Namely by Automedon with warlike Alcimus, highest
 Priz'd of his host, after Patroclus's end, by Achilles.
 Now mules and coursers from Priam's car they unharness'd,
 And that herald they brought in-doors, who th' old king attended,
 570 And on a seat plac'd him : then adown they took the superb heaps
 From the polish'd chariot, to redeem the belov'd head of Hector.
 They left two mantles with a soft-wove tunic unhandled,
 For the body's covering, that might be brought with it homeward.
 He took it unwitness'd, and call'd women out, who anointed
 575 And bath'd it (to the father's eyes he shunn'd to reveal it,
 Lest Priam's anger, when his eyes had look'd on his offspring,
 Might have so burst out, that Achilles, mov'd to resentment,
 Haply would have slain him, the behests of Jove disobeying).
 But when those women Hector's corpse had wash'd, then anointed,
 580 And set a fair mantle round it, with a tunic, Achilles
 Lifted it, and laid it with his own hands out on a bedstead ;
 And then anon moan'd he, calling to the lov'd fellow-champion :
 " Grudge not, Patroclus, should it even come to thy hearing
 Yonder in hell's darkness, that I unto the pray'r of a father
 585 Yield the gallant Hector ; for it is not a paltry requital
 He makes me, nor of all shalt thou lack a goodly proportion."

So spake, and back anew to the tent hied noble Achilles,
 And his throne reassum'd, which nigh to the wall o' the chamber
 Stood rich-wrought, then address'd Priam, sitting over against him :
 590 " Thy child I've given up, veteran, thy pray'r is allow'd thee ;
 He lies there on a couch, and thou, when morning appeareth,
 Shalt look on, and take him : but anon let's think now of eating.
 Beautiful-hair'd Niobe, perdy, call'd food to remembrance,
 Who within her palace-halls for children twelve was a mourner,
 595 Six thereof daughters, six thriving youths ; but, offended
 With Niobe, Phœbus destroy'd those youths from his argent
 Bow, whilst those daughters arrow-showering Artemis o'erethrew.
 Their mother had ventur'd to defy Latona, the rose-cheek'd,
 And said, ' Thou'st brought forth two alone, and I many children ' ;
 600 Yet were those two enough to slay that numerous offspring.
 In their gore nine days they lay, nor appear'd any mortal
 Could bury them ; seeing that of all their people around them
 Jove made flints : but anon, when a tenth day came, the supernal
 Gods gave them burial. Lo she, when tears were abated,
 605 Even she recollected food ! Now afar on a lonesome
 And craggy mount, Sipylus, whereon 'tis said that immortal
 Nymphs make their bowers, that about Achelous have empire,
 She tholes, in rocky shape even, the divine maledictions.
 Nay, but come, god-like old man, let us also remember
 610 Our food, and then again thou'lt mourn, having Ilion enter'd,
 Thy brave son, sith in him thou'st cause for mourning abateless.'

Here left off speaking, then a white-fleec'd ewe did Achilles
 Haste to kill : his followers both flay'd and duly prepar'd it,
 And with skill cut it in portions, and carefully roasted
 615 Each, after spitting it ; then brought they it all to the table,
 On the which Automedon from baskets comelily-moulded
 Plac'd and dealt bread around : the flesh was carv'd by Achilles.
 Then their food, ready cook'd and waiting, anon they assaulted ;
 But when their appetites for food and drink were abated,
 620 Then look'd Dardanidan Priam with amaze on Achilles,
 So great and such-like he appear'd, as a god to set eyes on ;
 Nor less upon Priam did Achilles look with amazement,
 Pondering his semblance august, and hearing his accents.
 But when contented they'd paus'd from mutual on-looks,
 625 Then foremost god-like old Priam accosted Achilles :

“ Now send me to repose, Jove-nurtur'd prince, that of easeful
 Sleep we both may alike lie down and taste the refreshment ;
 For these lids never o'er mine eyes have clos'd, not a moment,
 Since my son yielded to thy hands his soul ; but I always
 630 Have mourn'd, and myriads of griefs have I inly digested,
 And within our court-yard i' the mire lain weltering abject :
 And now have I tasted thy meat ; and wine ruddy-darkling
 Hath my throat enter'd : I had erewhile touch'd not a morsel.”

So said he ; and bondsmails and men were charg'd by Achilles
 635 Bedsteads nigh th' entrance to provide, and cloths to put on them
 Beautiful and vermeil-tinted, with warm tissues over,
 And woolly soft mantles, to be inward-turn'd from above them.
 So the women, carrying torches, went out to the portal,
 And took in hand bed-gear, and made two beds with alertness ;
 640 And then was Priam thus address'd in game by Achilles :
 “ Now veteran, lie down outside, for fear some Achaian
 Captain of our council should arrive, such as often about me
 Are seated, to debate on affairs, as custom approveth.
 If such a one chances, through night's fleet gloom, to behold thee,
 645 He'll tell it, and forthwith, to the leader of hosts Agamemnon ;
 Then the body's ransom were a thing not quickly determin'd.
 But, come now, tell me what I ask, and plainly direct me :
 How many days must you celebrate for inurning of Hector ?
 And I'll so long abide, and keep our troops unoffending.”
 650 Hereupon old god-like Priam thus in answer address'd him :
 “ If the gallant Hector's burial thou'dst have me accomplish,
 Then by this privilege thou wilt most dearly befriend me :
 Thou know'st, we're driven up to the town ; and wood from a
 distant
 Mount we must carry down ; our people are also dishearten'd.
 655 If we could then at home have nine full days to lament him,
 And on a tenth bury him : then give to the people a banquet,
 Make his tomb an elev'nth day's work, and after arriving
 At the twelfth let us arm, if that must needs be a sequel.”
 Him then again answer'd the swift-footed hero Achilles :
 660 “ As thou say'st, veteran Priam, this is also allow'd thee ;
 I'll keep from warfare our troops to the day thou appointest.”
 He spoke, and the old king's right-hand he clasp'd i' the wrist-joint,
 So to banish from his heart all fear : then Priam in outer

Hall with his own follower lay pensive down ; but Achilles
 665 In th' inner embrasure lay down o' the well-fitted homestead
 Withdrawn, and sweet-hued Briseïs along with Achilles.

Now the divine kindreds, now on earth all plume-tossing horsemen
 All night through rested, to benign sleep's mastery yielding ;
 But Sleep no power could assert o'er luck-giving Hermes,
 670 Whilst he still ponder'd in his heart, how he out o' the navy
 Might conduct Priam (to the guards o' the gate not appearing).
 Over his head standing, with wing-borne words he address'd him :
 " Old man, surely no harm thou fear'st, thus calmly reposing
 Here 'mid thine enemies, trusting to the grace of Achilles.
 675 Thou'st thy son ransom'd, thou'st paid much gear to regain him ;
 Yet might thine household yonder pay thrice such a ransom
 For thee being alive still, if Atreus-born Agamemnon
 And his other Danaans were aware thou lay'st thus among them."
 He spoke, and th' old man was afraid, and wak'd his attendant ;
 680 And Hermes put anon their mules and horses in harness,
 And right out o' the midst o' the camp he drove them unheeded.

But to the fair-flowing waters and ford on arriving
 Of the rippled Xanthus, by immortal Jove begot, Hermes
 Left them there, to reseek himself the long heights of Olympus ;
 685 And yellow-rob'd Day-dawn now abroad to the world was appearing.
 Then drove they citywards, with cries and voices of anguish,
 Their beasts, now carrying slain Hector : nor did a Trojan
 Mark sooner, nor a dame deep-zon'd in Troy, them arriving,
 Than Cassandra, the like in beauty to gold Aphrodita.
 690 Their citadel's topmost she'd clombe, and thence on a mule-car
 Her sire she recognis'd, and that city-cryer attending,
 And upon his corpse-bed she saw those mules dragging Hector.
 Then sobb'd she, then aloud she call'd to the town's very confines :
 " Haste to behold Hector, Trojans, Trojan women, hasten,
 695 If whilst he was alive ye once did welcome him homeward
 From battle, who so much this town, this nation hath holpen."
 She spoke ; whereat abode in Troy nor a son nor a daughter
 Exempted ; but on all their hearts fell an anguish abateless,
 Till by their very gates they met that mourner arriving.
 700 There the widow'd consort, and Hector's queen-mother hasten'd,
 And, his head embracing, they strew'd their hair for him over

All the balanc'd chariot : the throng stood weeping around them ;
 Yea, 'tis like they had all day abode, to the time o' the sunset,
 There by those city-gates, to bewEEP and mourn the dead Hector,
 705 But from on his chariot spoke out the old king to the people :
 " Let my mules get along ; make way ; then ye all can have ample
 Time for your sorrowings, when I into my house shall have enter'd."

He spoke, and yielding they anon gave place to the riders ;
 Who came now to the royal abode, and there on a chamfer'd
 710 Couch laid out Hector ; then a minstrel company round him
 They seated, to begin the laments, and take the direction
 Of the women's mournings, with a wailful metre immingled.
 White-arm'd Andromache foremost the lamentable accents
 Led, clasping with her arms the belov'd head of host-quelling
 Hector :

715 " Too young thou'st yielded thy life, and left me, O Hector,
 Lone within our household, and left our son, still an infant,
 Born to wretched parents us twain : little hope has he henceforth
 Of man's years ; sooner to the dust has Troy to be humbled,
 With thine, her guardian's downfall, who singly protectedst
 720 Ilion, her matrons prudent, and children unhelpful.
 And all they will aboard yon ships deep-hull'd be a-floating
 Soon, and I 'midst them ; but thou, babe, either in exile
 Wilt follow me, to be held at toil ignoble, a servant
 Of not a mild master, 'tis like ; or thee some Achaian
 725 Will snatch up and cast down (a revolting death) from a tower
 In despite : thus a man that calleth a son to remembrance,
 Or brother, or father, that by the spear fell of Hector,
 Will do, for many wights upon Earth's wide floor hath he hurtled,
 Teeth foremost : nor at all they found him a tender opponent,
 730 Thy sire in dolorous conflict : it is hence many mourn thee
 In Troy ; while sorrowings and wail unspeakable, Hector,
 Are left thy parents : but of anguish more yet awaits me ;
 For ne'er from death-bed to receive thy clasps was I able,
 Nor any grave precept have I heard from thee, such as often
 735 I'd have call'd, sorrowing, by night and day to remembrance."

These she utter'd weeping, Troy's daughters mourning around her ;
 And next raised Hekabē 'midst them the lamentable accents :
 " Oh dearest to my heart, by far, of so many children,

- Hector, dearly belov'd wast thou, when alive, by immortals,
 740 Whence, in mortality's despite, they still recollect thee.
 Lo, my other children the swift-footed hero Achilles
 Sold, still as he captur'd; yon-side o' the sea's barren acres
 In Sámos, or Lēmnos, that surge-beset isle, or in Imbros;
 But thee, though with a lance long-barb'd thy life he had ousted,
 745 Though round that monument many times he dragg'd thee of him
 that
 Thou slew'st, his comrade Patroclus (alack ! did it help him ?)
 Yet now new slain-like thou liest and dewy before me,
 Like a man whom argent-bow-bending Phæbus Apollo
 Shoots with arrows delicate of his own, which slaying annoy not."
- 750 These she utter'd weeping, which arous'd to laments the beholders ;
 And Helen uplifted, she third, the lamentable accents :
 " Oh among all kinsmen dearest by far to me, Hector,
 Since I call'd husband—my life should sooner have ended—
 Yon Paris of god-like aspect, who first to the confines
 755 Of Troy convey'd me. One score of years now hath ended,
 Since hither I wander'd, leaving my country behind me ;
 But from thee not a word have I heard unkind or abusive ;
 And if others even did at home rail at me, a kinsman,
 Kinswoman, or kinsman's consort—thy queen-mother even—
 760 (For belsire Priam was at all times kind as a father),
 Thou never hast fail'd me with thy mild-heartedness, Hector,
 And mild persuasions, to refrain the speaker against me ;
 Whence, in my wretchedness, thy doom and mine too afflict me,
 For never in wide Troy shall I have one kind to me henceforth,
 765 Nor yet friendly, but all will abhor and shrink to behold me."

- These she utter'd, moving to laments that countless assembly ;
 Hereupon old Priam next her spoke out to the people :
 " Bring wood now, Trojans, to the town, and of yon Achaïans
 Let the covert ambush not alarm your hearts ; for Achilles
 770 Will do nought hostile, till a twelfth day arriveth, against us."
 He spoke : his citizens put mules and oxen in harness ;
 And their cars very soon in front of Troy were assembled.
 Nine days then gave they to collecting logs in abundance ;
 But, when a tenth day-dawn the tribes o' the world had illumin'd,
 775 Then the gallant Hector's last journey in tears they attended,

And bore him to the pyre-top aloft, and lighted it under.
But when Dawn had appear'd, rose-finger'd, born o' the dew-rise,
All Troy's people around great Hector's pyre began herding.
But when they'd muster'd, and all were in order assembled,

780 Then with wine's dusk juice throughout they quench'd the cremation,

Whereso fire's vehemence had attained: then arose up of Hector
Friends and brethren, who all his white bones sadly collected,
While beading tear-drops fell adown their cheeks in abundance.
Then those bones in a shrine of gold, when duly collected,

785 They plac'd, then coverings of soft-wove purple above them.

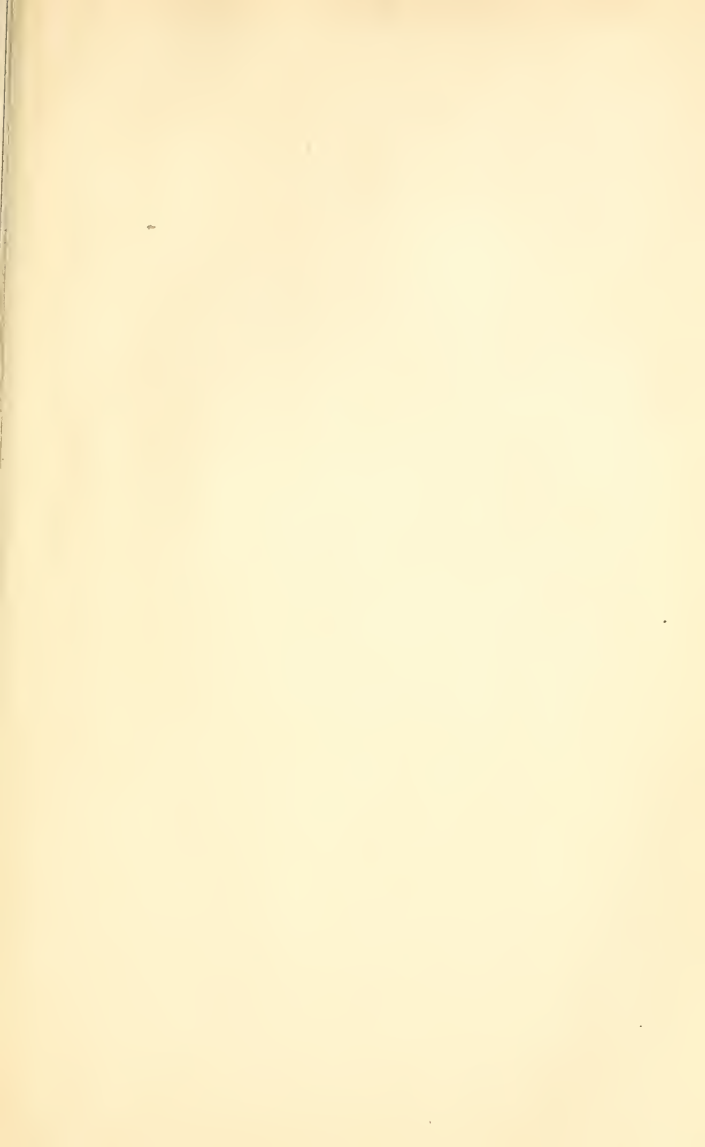
All these into the grave with speed they cast; then erected
Over it his monument with enormous stones well-united:

Hastily they rear'd it, then anon put sentries around it,
Lest brass-clad Danaans might all too soon have assail'd them.

790 From the finish'd structure they turn'd at last to go homeward,
And of a great banquet then shar'd, when they were in order
All in Jove-nurtur'd Priam's habitation assembled.

Thus was thy burial, steed-mastering Hector, accomplish'd.





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